THE J: A: Brimmer's

NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

MAGAZINE;

COMPREHENDING

LITERATURE, MORALS

AND

AMUSEMENT.

Inter cuncta leges, et percunctabere doctos,
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum.
Horace. Epist. 8. Lid. I.

HARVARD COLLEGE 1870

NUMBER II.

For JULY, AUGUST & SEPTEMBER.

BOSTON:

Printed for the proprietors, by Hosea Sprague, No. 44 Marlboro' Street, opposite Bromfield's Lane.
1802.

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P.R.S. Sep. '09

ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM the repeated enquiries for the Second Number of the New England Quarterly Magazine, the Editors feel it a duty to offer ſome apology to the public for its apparently tardy appearance.

It muſt be obvious to every one's conſideration, that an Octavo volume of 288 pages cannot be printed in a day; and alſo that the volume, as it is dated through a quarter of a year, ought not to be put to the Preſs, until that quarter has nearly expired.

Theſe conſiderations, it is hoped, will excuſe the late appearance of the publication.

The Editors are extremely ſorry to inform the public, that the unfortunate indiſpoſition of one or two of their fellow labourers has prevented the BOSTON REVIEW from aſſuming that proportion of pages in this publication, which it is deſigned to hold in future Numbers. They are, however, happy to add that from the additional aſſiſtance of ſeveral Literary Gentlemen they will hereafter be enabled to preſent to their readers more original communications, and

to render their numbers more pleaſing and ſatisfactory.

It would be extremely ungrateful to omit offering their ſincere thanks to the Public for the encouragement their infant publication has received. They aſſure them that no exertion ſhall be wanting on their part to deſerve future favors.

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THE

NEW-ENGLAND

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. II.

July, Auguſt & September, 1802.

PHILOSOPHY.

A NEW PLANET!

AN important circumſtance in Aſtronomy has juſt occurred, no leſs than the Diſcovery of ANOTHER NEW PLANET!!! This celeſtial phenomenon moves between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and is an intermediate Planet between them. It was diſcovered by M. PIAZZI, an Italian Aſtronomer, on the 1ſt of January, 1801. He concealed the diſcovery, to preſerve all the honour and obſervations to himſelf, till after ſix weeks cloſe watching, he fell ill. It is a ſmall Planet, ranking only as a Star of the eighth magnitude, and therefore not viſible to the naked eye. Its motion is nearly parallel to the ecliptic, at preſent about $4\frac{1}{2}$ to the north of it, and nearly entering the ſign Leo. The diſtance from the Sun is about $2\frac{3}{5}$ times that of the earth, and the periodical time nearly four years and two months.

But to be more particular; The celebrated Aſtronomer M. Von Zach, has communicated to Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, M. Piazzi's obſervations of the 1ſt and 23d of January, 1801; and on the 30th of May received from him a calculation of new elements of the planet's orbit. Theſe elements, however, could not be determined with any great exactneſs, as the obſervations are only twenty-two days diſtant from one-another, and are only given in minutes. Dr. Olbers found, however, from all the data then known, the Diameter of the orbit 2,947465—Longitude of the aſcending node, 2s 21° 55′ 10″—Inclination of the orbit, 7° 54′ 38″—Heliocentric longitude on the 1ſt of January, 1801, 2s 7° 40′ 36″—Sidereal Revolution, 1841,24 days = 5,04096 years—Diurnal heliocentric motion, 11′ 43″, 87—Annual motion, 71°

24′ 57″, 6—With theſe elements it would have been difficult to calculate before-hand the courſe of the planet, ſo as to be able to find it again on its re-appearing in the morning in Auguſt, if it be not at firſt ſight diſtinguiſhable from a ſtar of the 8th magnitude ; "for, probably, (ſays Dr. Olbers) it has a conſiderable excentricity. In oppoſition it may, perhaps increaſe in luminouſneſs, ſo as to equal a ſtar of the 6th magnitude. I have little doubt that it will be found in La Lande's Catalogue."

On the 16th of May Profeſſor Bode writes to M. Von Zach, "That it gave him great pleaſure to find, that M. Von Zach agreed with him in opinion reſpecting the Piazzian comet, and that Oriani and Piazzi himſelf incline towards the ſame opinion. —How often (continues he) have I wiſhed that I might live to witneſs this diſcovery—I have been ſeveral times laughed at by others about my ideas of the harmonic progreſſion in the diſtances of the planets.********* Adopting 2,75 for the diſtance, I find the heliocentric difference of longitude, betwixt the 1ſt and 23d of Jan. very well correſponding with the obſervations ; the planet goes to its node, which I placed in ♈ : its inclination muſt exceed 6° ; and this I think was one of the cauſes why it was not ſooner diſcovered."

Till towards the end of May M. Von Zach received no farther accounts relative to this ſtar. He had communicated to his friends the Pariſian aſtronomers the obſervations and elements calculated : and, not doubting that La Lande, to whom Piazzi had ſent the firſt account of the diſcovery of the comet, had likewiſe been made acquainted with the ſubſequent obſervations and conjectures, he requeſted him to ſend to him an account of all the particulars that had come to his knowledge relative to the new planet.

But to his no ſmall ſurpriſe he received, in the beginning of June ſeveral letters from Paris ; one from the Senator La Place, dated the 29th of May ; from La Lande and Burckhardt, of the 26th of May ; from De Lambre, of the 24th of May ; from Méchain, of the 26th of May ; from Henry, of the 28 of May ; in which none of theſe *ſix* aſtronomers, who had communicated ſeveral important obſervations and new diſcoveries, writes even a a ſingle ſyllable about the new planet ! Méchain only makes mention of Piazzi's comet ;—from which it appears, that ſo late as the end of May they knew nothing of the conjecture of its being a planet ; although the aſtronomers in Germany had been made acquainted therewith by Profeſſor Bode already in the month of March.—Méchain in his letter to M. Von Zach, of the 26th of May, merely ſays "Have you ſeen the comet, which the journals announce to have been diſcovered at Palermo laſt January ? No one here has yet found it. Our aſtronomers have not diſcovered any ſince that of the month of December, 1799. I ſometimes look out for them ; but without ſucceſs."

On the 10th of June, M. Von Zach received another letter from professor Bode, in which he says, " Piazzi's first letter I received on the 20th of March, and on the next post-day, the 23d, I answered it. But he did not wait for my reply ; and—conceive my joy and at the same time my vexation !—I received a second letter from Piazzi, in which I found only the following few words relative to the newly-discovered planet : ' I wrote to you in January, informing you that I had discovered a comet in Taurus, which comet I continued to observe till the 11th of Febuary, when I was attacked by a dangerous disease, from which I have not entirely recovered. As soon as the state of my health will permit, I shall calculate elements for it, and send them to you. In the mean time I have communicated my observations to M. La Lande.'—It is remarkable that he still calls the star *a comet* as in his *first letter.*"

On the 18th of June, M. Von Zach received a letter from Dr. Burckhardt, in Paris, from which we learn the following particulars : La Lande had received Piazzi's observation on the 31st of May, when Dr. Burckhardt immediately began to calculate its orbit. Two days later they received Von Zach's and Oriani's investigations, which gave them cause to hope that the supposed comet would prove to be a planet. Dr. Burckhardt had already found that the arc described by it was not considerable. The small geocentric and heliocentric motion of the comet gave him a great deal of trouble in calculating its orbit. He had first chosen for this purpose the observations of the 14th, 21st, and 28th of Jannary : but from this circumstance found himself under the necessity of selecting the observations most distant in time from one another, viz. those of the 1st and 21st of January, and of the 11th of February. During these 42 days the geocentric longitude of the comet varied only 3°, and the heliocentric longitude only $10\frac{1}{2}°$. On attempting to correct, by La Place's methods, the parabola found by his method, he discovered that nothing in this respect could be effected by the conditional equations. He then tried La Place's method of aproximation, but with as little success : the unavoidable errors of observation having too great an influence on the difference of the geocentric longitudes and latitudes. He now proved eight hypotheses by means of La Place's method of correction, but without approximating nearer to the truth. He then calculated the following orbit which agrees with the three observations to within $\pm 2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes :

Diameter of the orbit, 2,74—Epoch, 1801, 2s 8° 16′ 20″.—Ascending Node, 2s 20° 15′.—Inclination of the orbit, 11° 21′.—Period of revolution, $4\frac{1}{2}$ years.

However various the trials that had been made ; yet, as it did not thence follow, that it was impossible to find a parabola for these observations, he determined to apply a method, which had often proved successful, when all other methods of interpolation

failed.***** Putting the logarithm of the diſtance from the ſun equal 0,378, the ſmalleſt error was ± 8′; then putting the logarithm of the diſtance 0,378, the ſmalleſt error was ± 4. It was therefore neceſſary ſtill more to diminiſh the diſtance; and after 20 hypotheſes he found the following parabola:

Place of the aſcending node, 2s 20° 50′.—Inclination of the orbit, 9° 41′.—Place of the perihelium, 4s 8° 38′ 25″—Smalleſt diſtance from the ſun, 2,21883, its log. 0,3461250.—Logarithm of the diurnal motion, 9,4409408.—Time of the paſſage through the perihelium, 1801, 30th June, 19h. 1′.

Dr. Burckhadt is of opinion, that there is no other parabola that more nearly agrees with theſe three obſervations. The errors in the longitude are on the 14th and 28th of January—1′ 47″ and + 38. But Piazzi had not mentioned any thing reſpecting the accuracy with which he was able to obſerve the comet.

On the 21ſt of June M. Von Zach received the promiſed continuation of Dr. Burckhardt's reſearches. He had calculated an ellipſis for the comet, although the arc it had run through was too ſmall for us to expect great accuracy, but he thought he ſhould thereby facilitate the finding of the ſtar.

Place of the aſcending node, 2s 20° 58′ 30″.—Inclination of the path, 10° 47′ 0″.—Place of the aphelium, 2s 8° 59′ 37″.—Time of the paſſage through the aphelium, January, 1801, 1,3328.—Excentricity, 0,0364.—Logarithm of half the great axis, 0,4106586.—Period of ſidereal circumvolution, 4,13 years.

This elipſis repreſents, within a few ſeconds, the longitudes and latitudes of five obſervations. It would have been eaſy to obtain a greater degree of accuracy, but he thought it quite ſuperfluous, as the arc run through is ſo ſmall." The above ellipſis gave Dr. Burckhardt the following

Places of the Planet diſcovered by PIAZZI.

1801.	*Medium Time.*	*Geocentr. Long.*	*Geocentr. Lat.*
20th June -	13h 4′	101° 45′	30° 26′ N.
17th July -	1 43	113 3	4 6
12th Auguſt -	10 54	124 21	4 51
7th September	16 19	135 28	5 41
12th ———	22 —	137 40	5 52
18th ———	3 —	139 50	6 3
23d ———	8 —	141 58	6 15
28th ———	13 —	144 5	6 27
3d October	17 41	146 9	6 40
8th ———	22 —	148 12	6 53
14th ———	3 —	150 12	7 8
19th ———	7 —	152 11	7 22
24th ———	11 —	154 8	7 37
29th ———	14 45	156 3	7 53
3d November	18 —	157 56	8 9
8th ———	22 —	159 48	8 26

It was to be expected, that there would be various opinions respecting the name that should be given to the new planet.—A Correspondent of the Allg. Liter. Anzeig. No. 72, proposes the name of *Vulcan*. He thinks it would not be improper to assign to the god who fabricated the arms of Achilles a place in the heavens, near the God of war—to the husband of Venus a place near her paramour. Nor could Vulcan murmur that it was so late before this honour was done him, and a planet of so small luminosity called after his name, since he himself, on account of his unfortunate lameness, is not very swift of foot, or stately in his appearance. Vulcan too, he says, being the son of Jupiter, is one of the family, and in this respect, likewise, had a well-founded claim to the honour intended him.

Professor Reimarus, of Hamburg, is of opinion that it should be called *Cupid*. It being an established custom to name the planets after the deities of antiquity; there is, he thinks, sufficient reason for adopting that of Cupid, for he would be the nearest (reckoning downwards from Venus) to Mars, the lover of Venus. Others think that the name of Cupid would, therefore, be proper, because it conveys an idea of blindness; for the new planet has the appearance of a star of only the 8th magnitude, and cannot be seen by the unassisted eyes of man. But on this point, if the right of the newly-discovered star to be admitted among the number of the planets be confirmed, the plurality of voices, or perhaps only accident, will decide. It is, likewise, possible, that, as it happened with respect to Urannus, there will be no general agreement among astronomers. In Italy it will, perhaps, retain the name of *Ferdinandeum Sidus*, in France that of *Planéte Piazzi*, till time and circumstances shall have otherwise decided.

It has long been customary to express the order of the planets in Latin verses, that they might the more easily be committed to memory; as for instance, in the old well-known distich:—

Saturni atque Jovis sidus, Mars, Sol, Venus alma,
Mercurius, claudit ultima Luna chorum.

When Herschel discovered the new planet beyond Saturn, Poinsient Desivry wished to have it named after Cybele, the wife of Saturn; and gives us the order of the seven planets in the following verses:—

Ambit Solem Hermes, Venus hunc, mox Terra, Diana,
Mars sequitur. Pergit Rex Jupiter. Hunc Saturnus;
Omnes hos orbes amplectitur alma Cubelle.

A friend of M. Von Zach expresses the order of the now *eight* planets, in the following lines:—

Mercurius primus; *Venus* altera; *Terra* deinde;
Mars posthac; quintam sedem sibi vindicat *Hera*.
Jupiter hanc ultra est. Sequitur *Saturnus*; at illum
Uranus egreditur, non ausim dicere summus.

Or,

Mercurius Solem comitatur proximus. Illum Inſequitur
Venus, hanc *Tellus*, *Lunâ* comitante;
Mars poſthac; Martem prohibet Jovis eſſe ſequacem.
Hera latens fruſtra, et melioribus obvia vitris.
Saturnum extrema proavi ſtatione locabant,
Nos aliter. Supremam cœli nunc *Uranus* arcem
Uſurpat, pœnas auſi fortaſſe daturus.

Preſent State of the New Science of Galvaniſm, being the Report of a late Commiſſion of the National Inſtitute, by C. CUVIER.

ACCIDENT, the parent of moſt diſcoveries, has lately favoured the philoſophical world in a manner which will render the preſent period remarkable in the hiſtory of the ſciences. Some pieces of metal brought into contact have manifeſted phenomena which no ſagacity could foreſee, and a new field has been opened as vaſt as it is fertile in important applications. The influence of theſe phenomena becomes more and more extended. Being at firſt confined, according to every appearance, to the animal œconomy, it ſeems now to act an important part in chemiſtry. It was to the genius of VOLTA, that we were indebted for this new diſcovery. His opinion, that galvaniſm was only an application of electricity to the animal œconomy, having been confirmed by ſeveral men of ſcience, he endeavoured to find out the means of increaſing its effects, ſo far as to render the real nature of them evident to every body. He found that, by multiplying the pairs of metals, diſpoſing them always alternately, and keeping them moiſt—certain attractions, repulſions, and commotions, perfectly ſimilar to thoſe occaſioned by the electrical jar, are produced; and that, in general, a pile, formed of pieces of ſilver, zinc, and moiſtened paſteboard, placed alternately, one above the other, immediately manifeſted all the appearances of poſitive electricity at the extremity where the ſilver is, and of the negative electricity at that end where the zinc is placed. There was however, this difference, that a Leyden phial, once diſcharged, exhibits no further effects, unleſs it be charged again; whereas Volta's pile conſtantly charges itſelf, and its effects are continually renewed; it is only by diſcharging it with very large conductors that its effect can be diminiſhed even for a ſingle moment. The Leyden phial always diſcharges, if there be the leaſt moiſture in continuity between its two ſurfaces; but if the paſteboard pieces of Volta's pile are impregnated with ever ſo much water, its effects loſe none of their intenſity: the phenomena do not ceaſe till the pile is entirely immerſed in water. Theſe differences have excited ſome doubts reſpecting the perfect identity of galvaniſm with electricity; and other phenomena, ſtill more extraordinary, have increaſed theſe doubts.

If the ends of two metallic wires be immerſed in water, one of which communicates with the reſinous or negative extremity of

the pile, and the other with the vitreous or poſitive; and if they be kept at a little diſtance from each other, there are diſengaged from the extremity of the former bubbles of hydrogen gas, and from that of the other oxygen gas, which becomes fixed in the metal when the latter is oxydable, or, if it be not ſo, riſes in bubbles; and this action continues as long as the apparatus remains in this ſtate. But it is not in this that the great ſingularity of the phenomena conſiſts, and it is here that galvaniſm begins to enter the province of chemiſtry. It would have been very natural to conſider this gas as the product of the decompoſition of water, if a particular circumſtance had not excited doubts in regard to this explanation. That the diſengagement may take place, the ends of the wires muſt be at a certain diſtance: if they touch, no bubbles are ſeen. How comes it that the oxygen and hydrogen, ariſing from the ſame molecule of water ſhould appear at points ſo far diſtant? And why does each of them appear excluſively at the wire connected with one of the extremities of the pile, and never at the other?

Such was the knowledge reſpecting the phenomena of galvaniſm at the time of the report made to the Claſs in the laſt quarter. All the experiments made in France and other countries, arranged and confirmed by the commiſſion, have tended to confirm the three following reſults:—1. An augumentation of intenſity according to the number and extent of the metallic ſurfaces brought into contact:—2. A continued renewal of the action:—3. A production of the two gaſes by the communication of the two extremities of the pile through water.

During the laſt three months, philoſophers have redoubled their efforts; their curioſity has been excited, above all, by the laſt phenomenon: ſome have imagened they could diſtinguiſh in it the foundation of a new ſyſtem of chemiſtry; others, more prudent, have ſuſpended their judgment, or have endeavoured to refer the facts to the theories already known. But, whatever might be their individual ſyſtem, they ought all to have begun by a ſimilar reſearch—by trying to produce the two gaſes in ſeperate quantities of water. If the two quantities of water are perfectly inſulated, the gas does not appear: if they are made to communicate by a metallic wire, there is only a double production of gas; that is to ſay, each extremity of the intermediate wire acts in the portion of water in which it is immerſed, as if the wire came immediately from the extremity of the pile oppoſed to that which communicates with that portion, ſo that each portion gives, at the ſame time, two gaſes. But if ſulphuric acid be interpoſed between the two quantities of water, the gaſes manifeſt themſelves each on its own ſide. The caſe is the ſame if a communication be eſtabliſhed between the water by the means of a living body, ſuch as the hand. Thus, the production of each gas in the ſeperate quantities of water is completely proved.

It is evident that there are only three poſſible ways of explaining theſe facts: either the galvanic action tends in each quantity of water to take away one of its conſtituent parts, leaving the other in exceſs; or it decompoſes the water, and, ſuffering one of the gaſes to be diſengaged at the end of one of the wires, conducts the other, in an inviſible manner, to the extremity of the others, to ſuffer it to be there diſengaged; or, in the laſt place, the water is not decompoſed, but its combination with ſome principle or other, emanating from the poſitive ſide of the pile, produces oxygen gas, and with that emanating from the negative ſide, hydrogen.

The two firſt opinions have been advanced in the Claſs by Monge, and the other in a Memoir by Fourcroy; the third belongs to ſome foreigners, and particularly Profeſſor Richter, of Jena. It appears to be ſo much in contradiction with the whole of the other chemical phenomena, that it would have been impoſſible to admit it, even if the experiment in queſtion could not have been ſatisfactorily explained in another manner.

The Memoir of Fourcroy is the reſult of very numerous experiments made by Vauquelin and Thenard; and he adds to a very ingenious explanation of the principal fact, a multitude of circumſtances before unknown. Theſe authors admit the exiſtence of a peculiar fluid which they call the galvanic, and which circulates from the poſitive ſide of the pile towards the negative. According to them, this fluid, on iſſuing from the poſitive ſide, decompoſes the water, and ſuffers the oxygen to eſcape in bubbles; but it combines with the hydrogen to form a liquid which traverſes the water, or the ſulphuric acid, or the human body, in order to reach the extremity of the negative wire, where the galvaniſm abandons its hydrogen, and in its turn, ſuffers it to eſcape in the form of gas, while it itſelf penetrates the wire. The following is the experiment by which the authors prove that ſuch is the ſecret progreſs of the phenomenon :—If well waſhed oxide of ſilver be interpoſed between the two waters, the negative wire, near which the hydrogen gas ought to manifeſt itſelf, produces no effervеſcence, and the oxide is in part reduced on the poſitive ſide: the reaſon of this, ſay theſe authors, is, becauſe the galvanic fluid, charged with hydrogen, loſes it in traverſing the oxide, the oxygen of which takes it up in re-forming the water.

CRUICKSHANK ON PHLOGISTON.

A MEMOIR, by Mr. Cruickſhank, of Woolwith, is inſerted in the laſt number of Mr. Nicholſon's Journal, which for its importance, merits a particular analyſis. Dr. Prieſtley's experiments, in his late work on the ſubject of Phlogiſton, were attended with ſuch unexpected reſults, and apparently ſo formidable

to the French theory of chemiſtry, that the philoſophers of Europe ſeemed, as if by common conſent, to have agreed to conſider them as incorrect or unanſwerable; Mr. C. however, to his own credit, and that of ſcience, has repeated the moſt ſtriking experiments, completely confirmed Dr. Prieſtley's accuracy, diſcoverd a new gaſſeous ſubſtance, and has adduced freſh proofs of the truth of Lavoisier's ſyſtem. Dr. Prieſtley, by heating together ſcales of iron (the grey oxyd) and charcoal, or the ſame oxyd and carbonat of barytes, obtained, beſides carbonic acid a large quantity of inflammable gas. The inferences deducible from theſe experiments againſt the decompoſition of water by hot iron, and in favour of the doctrine of phlogiſton, are ſufficiently obvious, and have occaſioned conſiderable embarraſment to the ſupporters of the anti-phlogiſtic theory. Mr. Cruickſhank, in conſequence, inſtituted a ſeries of experiments, in which, by heating together perfectly dried oxyd of iron and charcoal, he obtained, beſides carbonic acid, a large quantity of inflammable gas; ſimilar reſults were perceived, when oxyds of zinc, of copper, of lead, of manganeſe, were ſubſtituted for the iron. Hence he concludes, that all metallic oxyds, capable of enduring a red heat, will, when heated with charcoal, yield carbonic acid, and inflammable gas; that thoſe oxyds, in which the affinity between their component parts is the ſtrongeſt, yield the greateſt quantity of inflammable gas; that the carbonic acid is diſengaged principally at the beginning of the proceſs, and the inflammable gas at the latter end. From experiments with metallic oxyds and charcoal, Mr. C. proceeded to examine the other ſource of the gas; here, by heating the carbonats of barytes and lime with iron, he obtained, as Dr. P. had done, carbonic acid and inflammable gas. For aſcertaining whether this gas was the ſame with hydrogen, or any of the known hydrocarbonats, the following proofs were made:—1. The ſpecific gravity of the gas in queſtion is, to that of atmoſpheric air, as 95 to 100; whereas, that of the heavieſt hydro-carbonat amounts to no more than 67.—2. When mixed with common air it does not explode, but burns with a lambent blue flame.—3. The product of the combuſtion is carbonic acid, without any perceptible quantity of water.—4. For the converſion of this gas into carbonic acid, only 40 per cent. of oxygen is requiſite.—Hence this gas is eſſentially different from the hydro-carbonats in the total abſence of hydrogen; it conſiſts of 21 oxygen, and abont 9 carbon; may be properly called the gaſſeous oxyd of carbon, as is bears the ſame relation to carbonic acid as the gaſſeous oxyd of azot does to nitrous acid. The inferences of Dr. P. eſſentially depending on the ſuppoſed preſence of hydrogen in this gas, are of conſequence unfounded.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF EARTHS.

THE poſſibility of decompoſing the earths and fixed alkalis has of late been particularly diſcuſſed, and the improvements which chemiſtry has gained by the zeal and genius of modern chemiſts, ſeems to entitle us to hope, that the earths are likely to be ſoon exploded from the catalogue of ſimple bodies or elements. The following facts and obſervations deſerve to be attended to:—1. The cauſtic ſtrontian earth, barytes, and lime, are decompoſed in the ſtrongeſt white heat, by combining them with carbon; the firſt is particlarly attracted by coal, and forms azote, water, and carbonic-acid, during that proceſs. The decompoſition of thoſe bodies alſo proceeds under the blow-pipe. 2. Earths poſſeſs much affinity for oxygen, which is proved by the excellent experiments of Humboldt, in decompoſing the pure argilaceous earth by oxygen gas; and it appears from the following facts, how great the influence of oxygen is upon the earths. 3. The *fermentatio foſſilis* of the porcelain earth, according to ſome mineralogiſts, is formed by the foſſil fermentation of the fieldſpar, but it continues to be in this way decompoſed, when it is farther expoſed to the action of the air, by which means it is alſo prepared for the intended uſe, loſing thus its ſandy particles, and becoming ſoft and fit for being worked. 4. The oxydated argilaceous earth is with more difficulty diſſolved in acids, than the deoxydated. Pure argil, which he happened to keep in combination with oxygen gas and water for ſix months, was not perfectly ſoluble in ſulphuric acid. The ſolution, however, proceeded, as ſoon as the earth, after being diſſolved by cauſtic lyre in a ſilver crucible, was precipitated by acetous acid, by which it ſeems probable, that the cauſtic fixed alkali deprives the argillaceous earth of its oxygen in the glowfire. Hence it may be explained, why the ſapphire is ſoluble in acids, after being burnt with alkali, &c. 5. It deſerves to be attended to and proved by farther experiments, what the late Mr. Girtanner has conjectured of the oxydation of earths. 6. The earths are formed in plants and animals from elements, which they receive with their nutriment, and through the mediums with which they are ſurrounded. The intereſting experiments of the ingenious Vauquelin on the formation of the calcareous earth in hens, are known to every chemiſt. The earths contained in plants are the ſame, even when they grow in different ſoils, from which, accordingly, they do not originate. 7. Earths are alſo formed in the atmoſphere, which appears from the late obſervations of ſtony maſſes having fallen from the atmoſphere. If we dare acknowledge the hydrogen, oxygen, and azote, as the elements of the earth, that phenomenon will be eaſily explained. From theſe remarks we may conclude, that very little is to be depended on the analyſes, which have hitherto been made of terreous

ſubſtances. Profeſſor LAMPADIUS is at preſent much engaged in experiments to aſcertain the nature of ſiliceous earth, which he conceives to be nothing but argilaceous earth in the higheſt degree of oxydation, and which is changed into argillaceous earth by treating it with deoxydant ſubſtances. It ſeems, therefore, probable that ſeveral foſſils, which, according to their external or oryctogynoſtic ſigns appear to be ſiliceous, are changed in the hands of chemiſts into argillaceous earth! Though conſcious of the boldneſs of this aſſertion, the Profeſſor obſerves, that in different analyſes of the ſame ſubſtances he has ſometimes obtained a greater, ſometimes a leſs, quantity of argillaceous or of ſiliceous earths, which he aſcribes to the above circumſtance. On the whole he thinks, that earths, as well as fixed alkalis, are compoſed of azote, hydrogen, and oxygen.

ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR INSTANCE OF ATMOSPHERIC REFRACTION. *In a Letter from* WILLIAM LATHAM, *Eſq. F. R. S. and A. S. to the Rev.* HENRY WHITFIELD, *D. D. F. R. S. and A. S.*

HASTINGS, AUGUST 1, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

ON Wedneſday July 26, about five o'clock in the afternoon, while I was ſitting in my dining-room at this place, which is ſituated upon the Parade, cloſe to the ſea-ſhore, nearly fronting the ſouth, my attention was excited by a number of people running down to the ſea-ſide. Upon enquiring the reaſon, I was informed that the coaſt of France was plainly to be diſtinguiſhed by the naked eye. I immediately went down to the ſhore, and was ſurpriſed to find that, even without the aſſiſtance of a teleſcope, I could very plainly ſee the cliffs on the oppoſite coaſt; which, at the neareſt part, are between 40 and 50 miles diſtant, and are not to be diſcerned, from that low ſituation, by the aid of the beſt glaſſes. They appeared to be only a few miles off, and ſeemed to extend for ſome leagues along the coaſt. I purſued my walk along the ſhore eaſtward, cloſe to the water's edge, converſing with the ſailors and fiſhermen upon the ſubject. They, at firſt, could not be perſuaded of the reality of the appearance; but they ſoon became ſo thoroughly convinced, by the cliffs gradually appearing more elevated, and approaching nearer, as it were, that they pointed out and named to me the different places they had been accuſtomed to viſit; ſuch as the Bay, the Old Head or Man, the Windmill, &c. at Boulogne; St. Vallery, and other places on the coaſt of Picardy; which they afterwards confirmed when they viewed them through their teleſcopes. Their obſervations were, that the places appeared as near as if they were ſailing, at a ſmall diſtance, into the harbours.

Having indulged my curioſity upon the ſhore for near an hour, during which the cliffs appeared to be at ſome times more

bright and near, at others more faint and at a greater diſtance, but never out of ſight, I went upon the eaſtern cliff or hill, which is of a very conſiderable height, when a moſt beautiful ſcene preſented itſelf to my view; for I could at once ſee Dengeneſs,* Dover cliffs, and the French coaſt, all along from Calais, Boulogne, &c. to St. Vallery; and, as ſome of the fiſhermen affirmed, as far to the weſtward even as Dieppe. By the teleſcope, the French fiſhing-boats were plainly to be ſeen at anchor; and the different colours of the land upon the heights, together with the buildings, were perfectly diſcernible. This curious phenominon continued in the higheſt ſplendour till paſt 8 o'clock, (although a black cloud totally obſcured the face of the ſun for ſome time,) when it gradually vaniſhed.

Now, Sir, as I was aſſured, from every inquiry I could poſſibly make, that ſo remarkable an inſtance of atmoſpherical refraction had never been witneſſed by the oldeſt inhabitant of Haſtings, nor by any of the numerous viſitors (it happened to be the day of the great annual fair, called Rockfair, which always attracts multitudes from the neighbouring places), I thought an account of it, however trifling, would be gratifying to you.

The day was extremely hot (68° at 10 A. M. 76° at 5 P. M.) I had no barometer with me, but ſuppoſe the mercury muſt have been high, as that and the three preceeding days were remarkably fine and clear. To the beſt of my recollection it was high water at Haſtings about two o'clock P. M. Not a breath of wind was ſtirring the whole of the day; but the ſmall pennons at the maſt-heads of the fiſhing-boats in the harbour were in the morning at all points of the compaſs.

I was a few days afterwards at Winchelſea, and at ſeveral places along the coaſt; where I was informed the above phenomenon had been equally viſible.

ILLUMINATION OF ROTTEN WOOD.

THE illumination of rotten wood has been of late a ſubject of inquiry and diſcuſſion among naturaliſts. The late M. SPALLANZANI maintained that there is a perfect analogy between the illumination of rotten wood, and the artificial phoſphorus; and he imagines, that in the putrid fermentation, the hydrogen and the carbon of the wood come more eaſily in contact with the oxygen of the atmoſphere, by which combination a ſlow combuſt-

* The cape of land called Dengeneſs, which extends nearly two miles into the ſea, and is about ſixteen miles diſtant from Haſtings, in a right line, appeared as if quite cloſe to it; as did the fiſhing-boats and other veſſels which were ſailing between the two places: they were likewiſe magnified to a great degree. L.

ion, and the illumination of the wood, is produced; and he at the ſame time thinks, that this proceſs cannot proceed in the irreſpirable kinds of gaſſes. Rotten wood alſo, in which the neceſſary quantity of hydrogen and carbon is not at the ſame time diſengaged, does not obtain the property of illuminating. Mr. CORRADORI, however, objects to this theory, that the ſlow combuſtion does not take place according to the above theory, as the wood, at the time when it begins to illuminate, is moſtly deprived of its reſinous particles, and conſequently contains but very little hydrogen and carbon; and it appears to him more probable, that the more it loſes of combuſtible matter, the more it obtains the property of illuminating. There is, in ſhort, he thinks, a very great difference between this natural and the artificial phoſphorus. Mr. HUMBOLDT concludes from his experiments, that the illumination of rotten wood takes place only when it gets in contact with oxygen; and when it has loſt the property of emitting light in irreſpirable gaſſes, it recovers it again by expoſing it to oxygen-gas. Dr. GARTNER, however, is of opinion that according to his experiments, a certain degree of humidity is always requiſite; and he thinks, that oxygen gas is not quite neceſſary, though the illumination is increaſed by it. This phenomenon, however, being ſo very different from all known proceſſes of combuſtion, where light is diſengaged, Dr. Gartner aſks whether it is not more agreeing with the animal proceſs of reſpiration, than with a true combuſtion, or whether the illumination of the wood is produced by phoſphorus and carbon in a proportion hitherto unknown. Dr. Gartner is, on the whole, inclined to think, that it is at preſent impoſſible to give a ſatisfactory explanation of the all phenomena that occur in this proceſs. Mr. BOECKMANN has made numerous obſervations and experiments on the illumination of rotten wood, in different gaſſes and fluids, in order to throw ſome light on the ideas of the above naturaliſts. The reſults of theſe experiments differ in ſome points from what the experiment of thoſe gentlemen have ſhewn, which, however, Mr. Boeckmann aſcribes to the nature of rotten wood, as a ſubſtance that is not always of the ſame kind, and has not always an equal degree of putrefaction and humidity. It ſeems to differ likewiſe materially from the artificial phoſphorus by the following diagnoſtics. 1. It ſhines in oxygen gas at a very low temperature. 2. It emits light in all irreſpirable gaſſes, at leaſt for a ſhort time. 3. In muriatic gas its light is ſuddenly extinguiſhed. 4. It ſhines in a leſs degree in air, rariſied by the air pump. 5. According to Mr. Corradori, it even ſhines in the toricellian vacuum. 6. Its illumination is extinguiſhed in oxygen gas, as well as in other kinds of gaſſes, when they are heated. 7. By its illumination in oxygen gas, carbonic gas is produced. 8. One may ſuffer the rotten wood to be extinguiſhed ſeveral times, one after another, in irreſpirable gaſſes, without depriving them of the property of making new pieces of rotten wood ſhine again. 9. Humidity

greatly promotes the illumination, and ſeems even to be neceſſary in producing it. 10. The rotten wood continues to ſhine under water, oil, and other fluidities, and in ſome of them its light is even increaſed. All this ſeems to ſhew, that the extinction of rotten wood, in different media, does not immediately depend on a want of oxygen, but rather on a particular change, to which the wood itſelf has been expoſed.

ON THE EFFECTS OF OXYGEN IN ACCELERATING GERMINATION.

MR. HUMBOLT diſcovered, in 1793, that ſimple metallic ſubſtances are unfavourable to the germination of plants, and that metallic oxydes favour it in proportion to their degrees of oxydation. This diſcovery induced him to ſearch for a ſubſtance with which oxygen might be ſo weakly combined as to be eaſily ſeparated, and he made choice of oxygenated muriatic acid gas mixed with water. Creſſes (*lepidium ſativum*) in the oxygenated muriatic acid ſhewed germs at the end of ſix hours, and in common water at the end of 32 hours. The action of the firſt fluid on the vegetable fibres is announced by an enormous quantity of air bubbles which cover the ſeeds, a phenomenon not exhibited by water till at the end of from 30 to 45 minutes. Theſe experiments announced in Humboldt's *Flora Subterranea Fribergenſis*, and in his Aphoriſms on the chemical phyſiology of Plants, have been repeated by others.* They were made at a temperature of from 12 to 15 Reaumur. In the ſummer of 1796, Humboldt began a new ſeries of experiments, and found that by joining the ſtimulus of caloric to that of oxygen he was enabled ſtill more to accelerate the progreſs of vegetation. • He took the ſeeds of garden creſſes (*lepidium ſativium*,) peas (*piſum ſativum*,) French beans (*phaſeolus vulgaris*,) garden lettuce (*lactuca ſativa*,) mignonette (*reſeda odorata*;) equal quantities of which were thrown into pure water and the oxygenated muriatic acid at a temperature of 88° F. Creſſes exhibited germs in three hours in the oxygenated muriatic acid, while none were ſeen in water till the end of 26 hours. In the muriatic nitric † or ſulphuric acid, pure or

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* See Uſlar's Fragments of Phythology, Plenck's Phyſiology, Villdenow's Dendrology, and *Dictionnaire de Phyſique* par Gehler.

† The nitric acid, however, diluted with a great deal of water, accelerates germination alſo, according to the experiments of Candolle, a young naturaliſt, who has applied with great ſucceſs to vegetable phyſiology. This phenomenon is the more intereſting, as chemiſtry affords other analogies of the oxygenated muriatic acid and the nitric acid. Profeſſor Pfaſs, at Kiel, by purſuing Humboldt's experiments, has found that frogs ſuffocated in oxygenated muriatic acid gas increaſe in irratability, while thoſe which periſh in carbonic acid gas are leſs ſenſible of Galvaniſm.

mixed with water, there was no germ at all: the oxygen ſeemed there to be intimately united with baſes of azot or ſulphur, to be diſengaged by the affinities preſented by the fibres of the vegetable. The author announces that his diſcoveries may one day be of great benefit in the cultivation of plants. His experiments have been repeated with great induſtry and zeal by ſeveral diſtinguiſhed philoſophers. Profeſſor Pohl at Dreſden cauſed to germinate in oxygenated muriatic acid the ſeed of a new kind of *euphorbia* taken from Bocconi's collection of dried plants, 110 or 120 years old. Jacquin and Vander Schott at Vienna threw into oxygenated muriatic acid all the old ſeeds which had been kept 20 or 30 years at the botanical garden, every attempt to produce vegetation in which had been fruitleſs, and the greater part of them were ſtimulated with ſucceſs. Even the hardeſt ſeeds yielded to this agent. Among thoſe which germinated were the yellow bonduc or nickar tree (*guilandina bonduc*,) the pigeon cytiſus or pigeon pea (*cytiſus cajan*,) the *dodonæa anguſtifolia*, the climbing mimoſa (*mimoſa ſcandens*,) and new kinds of the *homæa*.—There are now ſhewn at Vienna very valuable plants which are entirely owing to the oxygenated muriatic acid, and which are at preſent from five to eight inches in height. Humboldt cauſed to germinate the *cluſia roſea*, the ſeeds of which had been brought from the Bahama iſlands by Booſe, and which before had reſiſted every effort to make them vegetate. For this purpoſe he employed a new proceſs, which ſeems likely to be much eaſier for gardeners who have not an opportunity of procuring the oxygenated muriatic acid: He formed a paſte by mixing the ſeeds with the black oxyde of manganeſe,, and then poured over it the muriatic acid diluted with water. Three cubic inches of water were mixed with half a cubic inch of the muriatic acid. The veſſel which contains this mixture muſt be covered but not cloſely ſhut: elſe it might readily burſt. At the temperature of 95° the muriatic acid becomes ſtrongly oxydated; the oxygenated muriatic gas which is diſengaged paſſes through the ſeeds; and it is during this paſſage that irritation of the vegetable fibres takes place.

HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY, FOR THE YEAR 1800,

By Je'rôme de Lelande, Delivered on his Entrance into the French College.

THE laſt century has produced many remarkable events in aſtronomy: teleſcopes indeed and Kepler's laws and attraction will place it before every other. Nothing was before achieved, and the century when aſtronomers began to labour ſhould be that of diſcoveries. We have been furniſhed with twelve memorable epochs,—A new and principal planet, eight ſattellites diſcovered, the return of comets known and demonſtrated, with ſixty-eight new comets obſerved; the aberration and nutation of the ſtars,

Venus's tranſit, with the preciſe diſtance of the ſun and all the planets; the form of the earth with its irregularities; calculations as to inequalities produced by attraction, and principally with reſpect to Jupiter and Saturn, which have afforded correct tables of each planet, and its ſatellite; lunar tables, the moſt important, ſo preciſe as to aſcertain its motion within a quarter of a minute; and laſtly 50,000 ſtars obſerved: to theſe may be added, improvements on aſtronomical inſtruments: ſectors, meridian teleſcopes, whole circles, reflecting circles, Short's and Herſchel's teleſcopes, compenſation-balances, and marine time keepers, all of which have aſſumed a new face during the laſt century.

The concluſion of the laſt century was remarkable on many accounts. Some days before the concluſion of 1799, C. Mechain made the diſcovery of a comet in Ophiuchus; Meſſier likewiſe obſerved it. Mechain and Burckhardt took an early opportunity of calculating its elements.

What was deemed difficult fifty years ſince, is now but the labor of a few hours. This comet was only perceivable for a few days, and to the naked eye appeared as a ſtar of the fifth or ſixth magnitude. This makes the 91ſt whoſe orbits have been calculated. Its calculation was alſo made in Germany by M. Olbers & M. De. Wahl.

The arduous labour with regard to the ſtars, which commenced Auguſt 5, 1789, has been vigorouſly continued and happily terminated by Le Français Lalande. He has determined the places of 50,000 ſtars, from the pole to two or three degrees below the tropic of Capricorn; and with Burckhardt has commenced a review of the zodiacal conſtellations, in the hope of diſcovering ſome new planets. Madame Le Français having reduced 10,000 ſtars, has commenced the reduction of the whole number with unexampled ſpirit.

The cloſe of the century has alſo been particularly diſtinguiſhed by the theory of the moon.

June the 13th Laplace made known a new reſult of the theory, which is a nutation of the lunar orbit, the reſult of the earth's oblate form. By this inequality we may infer, that the lunar orbit, inſtead of moving with a conſtant inclination to the ecliptic, moves in a plane, and paſſes the equinoxes between the equator and ecliptic, inclining to the latter at an angle of ſix or ſeven ſeconds. He finds alſo an inequality of the moon, depending on the longitude of the node, which is ſix ſeconds.

The courſe of the moon for 1002 years was attended with a difficulty now removed. The obſervations of the Arabians in the 10th century were of the greateſt importance in this reſpect.

The Inſtitute propoſed, as the ſubject of a prize, the compariſon of numerous obſervations of the moon, with the tables to fix the epochs of the lunar longitude, of the apogeum and the node. Burg and Bouvard, who ſhared the prize, have given new determinations of the moon's motion, ſo well founded, that there is reaſon to believe their tables will never vary more than fifteen or twenty ſeconds; viz. one half or a third leſs than Maſon's, pub-

liſhed in England. Dr. Maſkelyne made him undertake them by determining the co-efficients of twenty-four equations of Meyer's tables by compariſon with Bradley's.

The equations diſcovered by De La Place, have brought them to greater perfection, and nothing now remains but the latitude.

Burg has made a calculation of 3233 of Maſkelyne's obſervations, to certify the epoch of the moon. He alſo determined with more correctneſs Maſon's twenty-four equations of the moon. Madame Lavit calculated upwards of 500 places of the moon for Bouvard's reſearches.

That able aſtronomer Burckhardt, calculated lunar tables, according to Burg's reſults, for the uſe of aſtronomers ſetting out on a diſtant expedition; as there may be ſituations when it will be important for them to have exact calculations of the longitude.

The French Board of Longitude has offered a prize of 250l for more perfect lunar tables, which will ſhortly be obtained. This branch, ſo important to aſtronomy and navigation, which has occupied full 100 years, is thus terminated in the moſt ſatisfactory manner.

Dr. Parceval has concluded the grand analytical theory of the moon, giving preciſe formulæ for more equations than are mentioned in the before quoted tables. De La Place is likewiſe occupied on the theory of the moon. He has finiſhed a memoir of the ſatellites of Saturn and Herſchel's planet. He proves that the ſatellite of Saturn has an inclination, and aſcertains the motion of its nodes.

Vidal has ſent the rareſt obſervations on Mercury, made at Mirepoix. This aſtoniſhing obſerver, who has done more in this reſpect than all the aſtronomers in the known world, has forwarded upwards of 500 obſervations on Mercury. He has been appointed Director of the National Obſervatory at Toulouſe.

Burckhardt has diſcovered a formula repreſenting the magnetic needle's declinations, obſerved at Paris ſince 1580. It appears, its declination at Paris is 860 years; that the greateſt declination weſt is 30° 4′ and takes place in 1878; the greateſt eaſtern is only 23°.

The printing of tables of ſines to thouſandth parts of the circle has been completed. Delambre put the laſt hand to them.

Prony, at the Bureau du Cadaſtre, has alſo calculated more fully the decimal tables.

In the Ephemerides at Vienna, for 1800 and 1801, Trieſnecker has made a collection of all the calculations of eclipſes obſerved ſince 1747, from thence to deduce the longitudes of the European and American cities, and the errors in the tables. Never was ſo great a calculation of eclipſes; this able aſtronomer has by this rendered government a moſt important ſervice.

Goudin has by his Analyſis fully determined the eclipſe of 1847, the moſt conſiderable of the new century. Duvaucel, who has delineated eclipſes for 30 years paſt, has likewiſe delineated

this for every country on the globe. By his diagram it appears that it will be annular in England, France, Turkey and even Cochin China.

Duvaucel has alſo delineated the eclipſe of February 11th, 1804, which will be total and in ſome countries annular, according to the ſun's altitude. It is ſuppoſed ſome voyages will be undertaken on this occaſion for determining the differences of the ſun's and moon's diameters, the irradiation and inflection.

In the Philoſophical Tranſactions for 1799 there is a new method of diſcovering the longitude by two altitudes of the ſun, and the interval of time elapſed, by Mr. Lax, Aſtronomical Profeſſor at Cambridge. Alſo a fourth catalogue of ſtars, by Herſchel, in order to aſcertain their degree of light.

The Tranſactions for 1800 contain a very curious Memoir by Herſchel, on the power which teleſcopes poſſeſs of penetrating into ſpace; viz. rendering viſible very remote and faint objects, which, by their want of light, would be imperceptible were it not for the aſſiſtance of inſtruments; uſeful remarks on the difference between that force of light and that of enlargement; on the ſeveral caſes to which either may apply and the means of procuring a proper degree of light. Herſchel likewiſe calculates the loſs of light occaſioned by mirrors. To him it appears that the greateſt amplification does not exceed what is produced by a teleſcope of from 20 to 25 feet. The opinons of ſuch a celebrated optician are worthy of credit. In the tranſactions for 1800, Herſchel gives a paper on the different influence of ſolar rays; the yellow rays, he remarks, illuminate moſt, while the red communicate the greateſt degree of heat.

PRESENT STATE OF CHEMISTRY IN GERMANY.

Extracted from a letter from Dr. Girtanner to Van Moſs.

"THE ſyſtem of chemiſtry in Germany has undergone a revolution. The exiſtence of phlogiſton is no longer defended, but by Gren (a man of diſtinguiſhed talents, though obſtinate,) Weſtrumb, Gmelin and Crell. The three laſt have declared eternal war againſt the anti-phlogiſtic doctrine. Their enthuſiaſm even proceeds ſo far that, if we ſtill lived in the age of martyrdom, they would not heſitate to ſuffer themſelves to be burnt, in order to prove the exiſtence of phlogiſton in their bodies. Trommſdorf, who has embraced the new doctrine, ſtill adheres, however, in ſome ſmall points to the old. Gottling defends his new hypotheſis. Among our young chemiſts, Scherer of Jena promiſes great things. He is a zealous follower of the French chemiſtry, a good experimenter, and poſſeſſed of great knowledge; there is nothing but the *res anguſta domi* which prevents him from labouring and making new diſcoveries. Profeſſor Mayer at Erlangen is a man

of great talents, who to natural philoſophy and chemiſtry unites a profound knowledge of the mathematics like Monge at Paris. Hermbſtädt does every thing he can for the advancement of the new doctrine. The above is a faint ſketch of the preſent ſtate of chemiſtry in Germany.

"As my occupations have not permitted me to continue my experiments on phoſphorus and alkalies, I am unwilling to communicate to you thoſe I have made, until I repeat them: I will, however, venture to aſſure you, that phoſphorus is a compound of azot and hydrogen. All phoſphorus contains more or leſs carbon; but, in my opinion, that principle does not enter into its compoſition.

"I have proved that phoſphorus may ſhine in azotic gas and carbonic acid gas by means of the water which theſe gaſes contains, and which the phoſphorus decompoſes; as is proved by the phoſphorated hydrogen gas obtained in theſe experiments. I explain by this the experiments of Göttling. I wait with impatience for the memoir you have announced, and in which you have proved that I was deceived in regard to the muriatic radical. I ſhall repeat the experiments; and whatever be the reſult, ſhall render homage to truth."

The following obſervations on the above letter have been publiſhed by Van Mons: "This letter might induce people to believe that the four chemiſts, of whom Girtanner ſpeaks, ſtill profeſs the principles of the theory of Stahl. On this ſubject, I ought to undeceive thoſe who have been prevented by the war from being fully acquainted with the progreſs of the new chemiſtry in Germany. That country has ceaſed to have among its chemical writers any partizan of the unqualified ſyſtem of phlogiſton, ſince I convinced them of the preſence of oxygen in the oxyd of red mercury. They have all adopted the new doctrine without reſtriction, or with reſtrictions of very little conſequence. Crell, Weſtrumb, Wiegleb, Trommſdorf, Gmelin, Richter, Leonardi, &c. in endeavouring to unite the new theory with the exiſtence of phlogiſton in combuſtible bodies, all admit it in general and all its conſequences. They wiſh only to ſave themſelves from the appearance of a complete defeat. Thoſe who ſtill adhere to the preſervation of that agent, conſider it as the baſis of light, or as dormant light. This baſis, abundantly contained in inflammable ſubſtances, when it meets and combines itſelf with caloric, conſtitutes luminous fire; which explains why combuſtible ſubſtances require a certain degree of heat before they are inflamed. This ſyſtem, and the applications of it which follow, are the only points in which they differ from us; in all other explanations they agree perfectly with our principles. We ſhall ſee how little influence theſe theories modified will have over the future progreſs of ſound chemiſtry in Germany.

"Gren, as profound a philoſopher as a chemiſt, a great mathematician and geometrician, no longer attaches any importance to

the admiſſion of a particular inflammable matter. His Foundations of the New Chemiſtry, the firſt volume of which he has juſt publiſhed, are entirely written according to the principles of the French ſyſtem. In his Manual of Chemiſtry, printed two years ago, he gave the theory of oxygen along with that of phlogiſton. He did almoſt the ſame thing, the preceding year, in the ſecond edition of The Grounds of Natural Philoſophy. A third edition of that work is now printing, in which he will give an account of the phenomena of that ſcience according to the pure ſyſtem of Lavoiſier. His Journal of Natural Philoſophy, of which eleven volumes have appeared, has always admitted indiſcriminately articles for and againſt both theories. That Gren ſhould ſo long doubt, can aſtoniſh thoſe only who are ignorant, that to think for oneſelf gives birth to ſcepticiſm and diverſity of opinions.

"Gmelin is excluſively employed, as we may ſay, with hiſtorical and technical chemiſtry. In the ſecond edition of his Manual of Chemiſtry, as applied to the Arts, which he has juſt finiſhed, he gives the little theory required in ſuch a work according to the old principles; but in addreſſing himſelf to beginners, ought he not to ſpeak in language that is known and ſuited to their comprehenſion? His Introduction to General Chemiſtry gives an account of the ſtate and progreſs of the ſcience of both theories.

"Weſtrumb gives alſo many articles of technical chemiſtry, which he treats of with a knowledge and diſcernment which denote a chemiſt well verſed in the practical part of his art. His writings on pharmacy evidently ſhew that they are the work of a man who has ſeen much and reflected well on an art where a great deal ſtill remains to be done. In both theſe kinds of labour he prefers facts to reaſoning.

"Crell is ſtill the editor of the Chemical Annals; a valuable collection, which has tended much to promote the cultivation of chemiſtry in Germany; and in which he gives, with fidelity, not only the opinions, but even the language of the authors. He ſtill finds it difficult to adopt our principles; but at the age of that reſpectable literary veteran it is not eaſy to abandon old ideas. Beſides, Crell has among his ſubſcribers and correſpondents ſome diſciples of Stahl, whoſe ſupport he muſt endeavour to retain."

An Account of TOALDO'S *Syſtem reſpecting the Probability of a Change of Weather at the different Changes of the Moon. From* Journal des Sciences Utiles.

WERE the ſun the only cauſe of the variations of the weather, the regular courſe of that luminary, from year to year, would produce the ſame weather in the ſame ſeaſons. The principal variations of the weather, however, depend upon ſome other cauſe not ſo uniform, the diſcovery of which has long given employment to philoſophers; and as we find that the motion of

the ſea ſeems to have an intimate connection with the motion of the moon, it has thence been believed, that the latter acts a principal part, not only in this phenomenon of the flux and reflux, but that it could not produce theſe variations on the earth, without having at the ſame time, a conſiderable influence on the atmoſphere. The difference of the fluids which compoſe it, and, above all, the great elaſticity of the air, can alter this effect, but not entirely deſtroy it.

It is well known that no philoſopher has yet been able, from mere theory, to form any proper concluſion reſpecting theſe variations of the weather. To ſupply this deficiency, M. Toaldo called in the aid of experience, and compared the ſtate of the atmoſphere with the ſituation of the moon, where its activity appeared to be ſtrongeſt and weakeſt. From obſervations made at Padua on this ſubject, during the courſe of fifty years, he at length found that good and bad weather have been always determined by certain ſituations of the moon; and this circumſtance furniſhed him the means of foretelling, with ſome degree of certainty, the ſtate of the atmoſphere by the ſituation of that luminary deduced from aſtronomical calculations. He diſtinguiſhes ten ſituations of the moon, each of which is capable of producing a ſenſible effect on our atmoſphere; and, in order to comprehend theſe, it muſt be obſerved, that the motion of the moon has three different relations, from which there ariſe the ſame number of revolutions, and that each of theſe has a particular duration, and at the ſame time certain ſituations, as expreſſed in the following table:

REVOLUTIONS.	SITUATIONS OF THE MOON.
1. *Synodical*, in regard to the ſun; continues 29 days 12 hours 44 minutes.	New moon Firſt quarter Full moon Laſt quarter
2. *Anomaliſtic*, in regard to the moon's courſe; continues 27 days 13 hours 43 minutes.	Apogeum Perigeum
3. *Periodical*, in regard to the moon's paſſing the equator; continues 27 days 7 hours 43 minutes.	Aſcending equinoxes Northern luniſtices Deſcending equinoxes Southern luniſtices

The ſituations of the moon which have a relation to the ſynodical revolution are well known. It may, however, be remarked, that new and full moon are called the ſyzigies, and the firſt and laſt quarter the quadratures. The perigeum and apogeum are comprehended under the term apſides.

On account of the difference in the periods of theſe three revolutions, the ſituations of the moon do not return in the ſame order, till after a long ſeries of years; and in the difference of their coincidence, connected with the regular effect of the ſun at

each ſeaſon, lies the cauſe of the different variations of the weather. The following are the rules which M. Toaldo has deduced from his obſervations.

The probabilities that the weather will change at a certain period of the moon are in the following proportions :

New moon - - - - - -	6 : 1
Firſt quarter - - - - -	5 : 2
Full moon - - - - - -	5 : 2
Laſt quarter - - - - -	5 : 4
Perigeum - - - - -	7 : 1
Apogeum - - - - - -	4 : 1
Aſcending equinox - - - -	13 : 4
Northern luniſtice - - - -	11 : 4
Deſcending equinox - - - -	11 : 4
Southern luniſtice - - - -	3 : 1

That is to ſay, a perſon may bet ſix to one, that the new moon will bring with it a change of weather. Each ſituation of the moon alters that ſtate of the atmoſphere which has been occaſioned by the preceding one ; and it ſeldom happens that any change in the weather takes place without a change in the lunar ſituations. Theſe ſituations are combined, on account of the inequality of their revolutions, and the greateſt effect is produced by the union of the ſyzigies with the apſides. The proportions of their power to produce variations are as follows :

New moon coinciding with the perigeum	33 : 1
Ditto - - - - - - with the apogeum	7 : 1
Full moon - - - with the perigeum	10 : 1
Ditto - - - - - - with the apogeum	8 : 1

The combination of theſe ſituations generally occaſions ſtorms and tempeſts ; and this perturbing power will always have the greater effect, the nearer theſe combined ſituations are to the moon's paſſage over the equator, particularly in the months of March and September. At the new and full moons, in the months of March and September, and even at the ſolſtices, eſpecially the winter ſolſtice, the atmoſphere aſſumes a certain character, by which it is diſtinguiſhed for three, and, ſometimes, ſix months. The new moons which produce no change in the weather, are thoſe that happen at a diſtance from the apſides.

As it is perfectly true that each ſituation of the moon alters that ſtate of the atmoſphere which has been produced by another, it is however obſerved that many ſituations of the moon are favourable to good and others to bad weather. Thoſe belonging to the latter claſs are the perigeum, new and full moon, paſſage of the equator, and the northern luniſtice. Thoſe belonging to the former are the apogeum, quadratures, and the ſouthern luniſtice. Changes of the weather ſeldom take place on the very days of the moon's ſituations, but either precede or follow them. It has been found by obſervation, that the changes effected by the lunar ſituations in the ſix winter months precede, and in the ſix ſummer months follow them.

Beſides the lunar ſituations to which the above obſervations refer, attention muſt be paid alſo to the fourth day before new and full moon, which are called the octants. At theſe times the weather is inclined to changes; and it may be eaſily ſeen, that theſe will follow at the next lunar ſituation. Virgil calls this fourth day a very ſure prophet. If on that day the horns of the moon are clear and well defined, good weather may be expected; but if they are dull, and not clearly marked on the edges, it is a ſign that bad weather will enſue. When the weather remains unchanged on the fourth, fifth and ſixth day of the moon, we may conjecture that it will continue ſo till full moon, even ſometimes till the next new moon; and in that caſe the lunar ſituations have only a very weak effect. Many obſervers of nature have alſo remarked, that the approach of the lunar ſituations is ſomewhat critical for the ſick.

Conjectures on the Periods of Rain.

The riſing and ſetting of the moon, as well as its ſuperior and inferior paſſage of the meridian, may ſerve as a rule for foretelling the times of rain. M. Toaldo calls theſe ſituations the moon's angles.

The times moſt expoſed to rain are the riſing and ſetting; thoſe moſt favourable to good weather, the paſſage of the meridian. It has been remarked that, during rainy days, bad weather is always a little interrupted about the time when the moon paſſes the meridian. We muſt, however, make an exception to this rule as often as the angle of the moon does not coincide with that of the ſun. As theſe obſervations may be very eaſily made, by means of aſtronomical tables, in which the angles of the moon and ſun are marked, they are exceedingly well calculated to prove the truth of this ſyſtem. No one, for inſtance, will refuſe aſſent to it, when the daily changes correſpond with the angles of the moon; and when, independently of the effects of the moon's ſituation, the horizontal effect of the moon at riſing and ſetting is different from that produced by its paſſage over the meridian.

It rains oftener in the day time than in the night, and oftener in the evening than in the morning.

Influence of the Moon in regard to extraordinary Years.

Bad years take place when the apſides of the moon fall in the four cardinal points of the zodiac. Their intervals, therefore, are as 4 to 5, 8 to 9, &c. or as the intervals of the paſſage of the apſides through the four cardinal points of the zodiac. Thus the year 1777 was, in general, a bad year; and in that year the apſides of the moon were in the equinoctial ſigns; and it is probable that the years in which the apſides fall in the ſigns Taurus, Leo, Virgo and Aquarius, will be good and moderate years, as the year 1776 really was; and in that year the apſides of the moon were in Taurus and Virgo.

Every eighteenth year muſt be ſimilar. We, however, cannot depend upon a return altogether the ſame, on account of the three different revolutions of the moon; and therefore it may happen, that the epoch of this extraordinary year may be retarded a year or perhaps two. Though approximations only are here given, this does not prevent their being uſeful to farmers, if they only pay attention to circumſtances. Beſides, various exceptions muſt be made for different parts of the earth; and it is difficult to determine theſe beforehand, as what regards this ſyſtem is applicable to the whole globe; but when the reſult of the ſyſtem has been improved by local obſervations, the conjectures for each country will be attended with more certainty.

The fifty-fourth year muſt have a greater ſimilarity to the firſt than to all the reſt; becauſe, at this period, the ſituations of the moon, in regard to the ſun and the earth, are again found in the ſame points.

The quantity of the rain which falls in nine ſucceſſive years is almoſt equal to that which falls in the next following nine. But this is not the caſe when we compare in like manner the quantity of rain which falls in ſix, eight or ten years.

Effects of the Moon on the Barometer.

The variations of the barometer are ſo intimately connected with changes of the weather, that there is reaſon to ſuppoſe that the moon has ſome influence on the ſtate of that inſtrument. For the ſake of more certainty, however, M. Tolado compared a dairy of the ſtate of the barometer, kept for many years, with the ſituations of the moon, and found the following reſult: 1ſt, That the barometer at the time of the moon's apogeum riſes the ſixth part of a line higher than at the perigeum; 2d, that at the time of the quadratures it ſtands a tenth of a line higher than at the time of the ſyzigies; and 3d, that it is a fourth of a line higher at the ſouthern luniſtice than the northern.

Thus far the compariſon of the moon's ſituations with the ſtate of the barometer agrees perfectly with meteorological obſervations. This, however, is not the caſe at the time of the moon's paſſage through her equinoctial points; for the heights of the barometer are then greater, chiefly when ſhe paſſes in Libra: a circumſtance which is contrary to meteorological obſervations, ſince theſe ſituations of the moon indicate bad weather. It muſt, however, be remarked, that in this contradiction the indications of the moon's ſituations are more to be depended on than thoſe of the barometer.

It has a like connection with the coincidence of the equinoctial point and the perigeum, which alſo gives heights conſiderably greater. The union of theſe points, however, is a ſign of great irregularity. It muſt here be remarked that, according to De Luc, the rapid movement of the barometer indicates a ſtorm of ſhort duration, and that in ſuch a caſe, even when it riſes, bad weather is likely to follow.

M. Toaldo ſays, that the Europeans, when they firſt viſited Mexico, found a ſingular cuſtom prevalent in that country. When a new emperor was choſen, he was obliged to ſwear that, during his government, rain ſhould fall according to the pleaſure of his ſubjects; that no inundations ſhould be occaſioned, and that the fields ſhould not be rendered unfruitful, &c. The multitude imagine that the meteorologiſt enters into an obligation of the like kind; but all that can be expected from him is confined merely to conjectural rules reſpecting changes of the weather; and even theſe prognoſtics, when determined for particular places, muſt not be conſidered as free from frequent error, as thoſe cauſes which act upon the earth, in general, may be much changed by local cauſes in different diſtricts.

THE PARACHUTE.

THE following extract from a letter from the celebrated Montgolfier, to one of his æroſtatic friends, dated March 24th, 1789, and given in the laſt number of the *Annales de Chimie*, will ſhew that this ingenious philoſopher was the firſt that conſtructed the *Parachute*, an inſtrument for deſcending from great heights, which is now brought to conſiderable perfection in France. "An idea has occured to me, which I will immediately communicate to you, as perhaps you may derive ſome advantage from it in caſe of an accidental ſeparation from your balloon, when in the air. It is to make a parachute, by means of which you may come down from any height without danger or inconvenience. The principle on which I reaſon is the following. A maſs of matter, when at reſt, cannot be moved without being ſtruck by another maſs in motion; and the motion acquired by the former, is at the expence of that of the latter. Thus, a hundred weight of matter, when at reſt, if it is ſet in motion by an equal quantity of matter, moving at the rate of twenty feet in a ſecond, the united maſſes will only move at the rate of ten feet in a ſecond. If the body in motion only weighs ten pounds, the whole will proceed only at the rate of two feet in a ſecond. Hence, if eight hundred weight of air be incloſed in a bag among the clouds, and the bag, with a man attached to it, only weigh two hundred weight, the fall of the whole will be retarded three-fourths of its velocity. If to this be added the reſiſtance of the air againſt the falling body, you ſee that a man may deſcend very agreeably even from the clouds; and ſo, if you pleaſe, you may ſhower down an army into a town, as Mr. Brante and I did a few ſheep, in the experiment which we made yeſterday afternoon. For this purpoſe we made a ſilk bag, from ſeven to eight feet in diameter, and of the form of a hemiſphere. We tied twelve cords, each ſeven feet long, to the margin of the bag, at equal diſtances from each other; and to the other end we faſ-

tened a ſtrong ozier baſket, and beneath the baſket, we fixed four hogs bladders by means of a napkin. A ſheep was put in the baſket and the whole apparatus thus loaded, weighed fifty pounds. We took this to the top of the higheſt tower in Avignon, which is about a hundred feet from the ſtreet, and I launched it off, with all my ſtrength, to make it clear the wall. For the firſt fifty feet, the fall was very rapid; but the parachute being then fully expanded, the deſcent became very gradual, ſo that the crowd of ſpectators ran underneath to receive it. As ſoon as the baſket touched the ground, the ſheep took to his heels with all his might. He was brought back and made much of by the crowd, and taken up again to the tower, and made to deſcend again unhurt. This voyage was repeated ſix times, and the ſheep was not in the leaſt degree injured by any one of them. From this experiment it appears, that a hemiſphere of ſilk, twenty feet in diameter, would enable a man to deſcend with ſafety from the clouds; and I would adviſe you to furniſh your balloon with one of them. Seventy-five ells would be ſufficient for this purpoſe, which, at fifty-five *ſols* the ell, would not make the whole machine come to more than ten *louis*."

OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON ON OUR ATMOSPHERE.

CITIZEN LAMARCK, Member of the National Inſtitute, has juſt publiſhed at Paris, a work on Meteorology, in which he attempts to ſolve the queſtion ſo frequently diſcuſſed, "*Whether the moon has any ſpecific influence on our atmoſphere?*" After a long courſe of obſervations, LAMARCK is of opinion, that the principal cauſe of the changes in the atmoſphere, is to be found in the aſcenſion and declination of the moon above and below the equator. "It is well known," he obſerves, "that every time the moon traverſes the equator, ſhe remains for the ſpace of fourteen days in a northern or ſouthern hemiſphere. In this manner every lunar month produces a revolution of the moon in the zodiac, which revolution may be divided into two diſtinct periods, and occaſions two peculiar atmoſpherical conſtitutions, a northern and a ſouthern. The winds which prevail during the firſt of theſe conſtitutions, are ſouth-ſouth-weſt, or weſterly winds, as the moon at that time aſcending towards the north, diſlodges a portion of atmoſpheric air, and gives a direction from the ſouth towards the north, and thus occaſions ſoutherly winds, which local circumſtances generally direct towards the weſt. It is in this conſtitution that tempeſts prevail. During a ſouthern conſtitution, the prevailing winds are generally north, or north-weſt, and frequently, eſpecially in ſummer, north-eaſt and eaſterly. In proportion as the moon declines below the equator, in her approach to the ſouth pole, ſhe carries with her a quantity of atmoſpheric air in the di-

rection of her declination from north to ſouth. During this conſtitution, the weather is generally calm." LAMARCK admits that concurrent circumſtances may increaſe or diminiſh the moon's influence in different declinations, ſuch as the apogees and perigees of that planet, her oppoſition to and conjunction with the ſun, the ſolſtices, and above all the ſolar equinoxes. From a proper obſervation of the combination of theſe circumſtances, he concludes that a probable expectation may be formed of the nature of the weather, which will prevail in any of the twenty-four atmoſpherical conſtitutions into which the year is divided.

NATURAL HISTORY.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE IRRITABILITY OF VEGETABLES. By T. GARNETT, M. D. F. L. S.

THAT the different functions of animals and vegetables depend upon the action of certain powers upon their irritability, has been ſhewn ſeveral years ago by Dr. Brown, who preſented to the world the firſt ſpecimen of juſt reaſoning on the philoſophy of living matter. This ſubject has ſince been elucidated by Dr. Darwin in his Zoonomia, as well as in his Phytologia, and by ſeveral other philoſophers. I ſhall not here enter into the conſideration of the principles of this doctrine, ſince that has been done at ſome length in my lecture on the Preſervation of Health, which is now before the public; all that I intend here, is to mention a fact that fell under my obſervation this laſt ſummer, and which appears to admit of an eaſy explanation by the laws of irritability.

In the month of May laſt, the bloſſom on the gooſeberry trees in the neighbourhood of Kirkby Lonſdale in Weſtmorland, was very luxuriant, and ſeemed to promiſe abundance of fruit; about the middle of that month however, a froſty night, ſucceeded by a very fine warm morning, fruſtrated all thoſe promiſing proſpects. In a few days the trees aſſumed the appearance of having been blighted, the bloſſoms dropt off, and very few gooſeberries arrived at maturity. In this inſtance, the ſubtraction of heat had allowed the irritability of the vegetables to accumulate, and the heat in the morning, acting upon this morbidly accumulated irritability, had overpowered it, bringing on a ſtate of exhauſted irritability, with gangrene or blight in ſeveral parts of the plant. This may perhaps be made more clear by an analagous inſtance which is better known. If a perſon, whoſe hands are benumbed with cold, and whoſe irritability is conſequently

accumulated by the ſubduction of the heat, bring the frigid limbs near a fire, the heat will act ſo powerfully on their accumulated irritability, that a violent inflammation and ſometimes mortification will follow; whereas, if they had been expoſed to warmth by degrees, the ſuperabundant irritability would have been gradually exhauſted, and no bad effects would have enſued.

That the effects produced on the gooſeberry-trees muſt be explained in a ſimilar manner, will appear from the following fact. My father's houſe is at the foot of a ſteep mountain, at the diſtance of about four miles from Kirkby Lonſdale. This mountain is to the eaſtward of the houſe, and intercepts the rays of the ſun in ſuch a manner that they do not ſhine on the garden for more than an hour after they have illuminated the town of Kirkby Lonſdale and the ſurrounded country. Though from this ſituation being cold and expoſed, there is ſeldom abundance of fruit: yet this year the bloſſoms on the gooſeberry-trees were very promiſing, and, contrary to what happened in other parts of the country, they were ſucceeded by great plenty of fine fruit. The froſt had here been as ſevere to the full, as in the immediate neighbourhood of Kirkby Lonſdale; the ſituation of the houſe is high, and expoſed; and the irritability would be accumulated here by the ſubtraction of the ſtimulus of heat, to the full as much as in the other ſituations; but then they were not immediately expoſed to the direct rays of the ſun; the atmoſphere had become in ſome degree warmed by the effect of the ſun on the ſurrounding country; the morbid irritability was then gradually worn off, and by the time that the ſun's rays reached the garden, the vegetables were in a ſituation to bear their action without being overpowered.

A nearly ſimilar effect took place with reſpect to the hazel; the bloſſoms were very abundant, but the proſpect of nuts was in a conſiderable degree deſtroyed by the ſame change of temperature in the atmoſphere; that night proved almoſt equally as deſtructive to the nuts as to the gooſeberries; yet in ſituations where the trees were ſhaded from the morning ſun, this fruit was to be met with in the greateſt abundance. In warm, ſunny ſituations however, ſcarce a ſingle nut was to be found, and before the end of Auguſt, the autumnal tints had begun to vary the ſcene; a clear proof that a ſtate of indirect debility, or exhauſted irritability, had taken place. In ſhort, I am pretty well convinced, not only from a number of facts which I have myſelf obſerved, and which I have ſtated fully in my lectures, but alſo from the obſervations of Uſſar, that blight is almoſt always a ſpecies of gangrene or mortification, brought on by the action of the rays of the ſun in the ſpring, on the morbidly accumulated irritability which had been produced by a conſiderable ſubtraction of heat during the night. A froſty night ſucceeded by a cloudy or miſty morning is never attended with theſe effects, which almoſt certainly follow, if when the ſpring is conſiderably advanced, a froſt ſhould be ſucceeded by a fine, warm morning.

ON THE BREAD-FRUIT-TREE.

CITIZEN DESFONTAINES has communicated to the public ſome intereſting details on the culture of the bread-fruit-tree. This valuable tree, *Artocarpus inciſa,* belongs to the family of *urtica*, and has much affinity with the genus of mulberry-tree. Its organs of fructification are well known, and have been accurately deſcribed by FORSTER and other botaniſts. It it to Citizens LABILLARDIERE and LAHAYE, in the colonies, that France is indebted for them. On their return from the voyage in ſearch of La Peyrouſe, they depoſited ſeveral live ſhoots of it in the Iſle of France, which they had brought from the Friendly Iſlands; and we have lately learned, by a letter from Citizen MARTIN, director of the colonial nurſeries in French Guiana, that the plant ſent thither from France three years ago, ſucceeds perfectly well, that it has multiplied, and is on the point of flowering, and that, in all probability, it will produce fruit in the courſe of this year. We muſt not confound the bread-tree of the Friendly Iſlands with the wild ſpecies that grows in the Moluccas, and which we have already poſſeſſed for ſome time in many of our colonies, although the one be only a variety of the other. Every full grown plant of the wild bread-fruit-tree ſeldom bears above thirty or forty fruits, which are, at the ſame time, much ſmaller, leſs fecculent, filled with large kernels, and difficult to digeſt. The variety in the Friendly Iſlands produces from three to four hundred, which ſucceed one another on the ſame tree during eight months of the year. They are of an oval form, and are about three decimetres in length, by two in breadth. The ſeeds, which all prove abortive, are replaced by a ſavory and very nouriſhing pulp. This abortion is, doubtleſs, owing to the practice which they have had from time immemorial, in the Friendly Iſlands, of multiplying theſe trees by ſhoots, which equally happens to many other plants, ſuch as the ananas, the banana tree, &c. which they propagate in the ſame manner. The fruit of the bread-tree is the principal food of the inhabitants of the Friendly Iſlands, and of many other tribes in the South Sea Iſlands. It is eaten, baked under the aſhes, and in water. According to Citizen Labillardière, it is much preferable to the *ignames*, or yams, and this naturaliſt aſſures us that the crews of the two veſſels ſent in ſearch of La Peyrouſe, voluntarily gave up the biſcuit, and a ſmall portion of good freſh bread, which was diſtributed to them every day, to live on the apples of the bread-fruit-tree, during a month of their ſtopping at the Friendly Iſlands. The Engliſh government has ſo well known the importance of this tree, that it has ordered two ſucceſſive expeditions for the ſole purpoſe of procuring it to enrich their colonies with it. The bread-fruit-tree might be cultivated to advantage in Egypt, and perhaps it would be poſſible to naturalize it in Corſica and in our ſouthern departments; it grows under the ſame latitude as the paper mulberry tree *(murier à papier)* which reſiſts the rigour of our winter.

ON THE MISLETOE.

THE miſletoe is well known to be a paraſitical plant, growing equally on ſeveral trees, and in every direction. Decondolle has made the following experiments on this ſingular vegetable :—

1. To prove that the miſletoe draws its nouriſhment from the plant on which it grows, he dipped in water, coloured red by cochineal, a branch of an apple-tree bearing a miſletoe. The coloured water penetrated the wood and inner bark of the apple and paſſed into the miſletoe, where its colour was even more intenſe than in the former. It does not appear, however, that there is a true anaſtomoſis between the fibres of the miſletoe and thoſe of the apple ; but the baſe of the paraſitical plant is ſurrounded with a kind of cellular ſubſtance in which the fibres of the apple-tree appear to depoſit the ſap, and from which thoſe of the miſletoe abſorb it. The pith of this plant is green in the young ſhoots, and an inſpection of a tranſverſe ſection of the ſtem amply confirms the opinion of C. Desfontaines that the cellular tiſſue is an exterior pith or medulla, rendered green by the light.

2. C. Decandolle took a branch of apple bearing a miſletoe, and dipped the latter in the coloured water. The leaves began ſoon to fall, and ſhewed a red cicatrice. The injection followed the woody fibres of the miſletoe, deſcended to its inſertion in the apple branch, paſſed into the wood of the latter, and deſcended quite into its roots.

3. Having taken two apple branches loaded with two miſletoe plants of equal ſize, having ſtripped the leaves off both the apple-ſtalks, and one of the miſletoes, introduced the baſis of each of the branches into cylindrical tubes, hermetically ſealed, and filled with water, and inverted theſe tubes in a trough of mercury, he found the miſletoe that had kept its leaves to raiſe the mercury 119 millimetres in nine hours, and the ſtripped miſleto only 32 hereby ſhewiug that the leaves of this plant perform the ſame functions to the apple-tree as the true leaves of this tree do.

4. Having taken two miſleto-branches with their leaves on, one of them planted on an apple ſtock, the other dipping directly into the water, and having diſpoſed them as in the preceeding experiment, the firſt raiſed the mercury 115 millimetres, and the ſecond raiſed it a ſingle time to 11 millimetres, and another time did not raiſe it at all. This ſingular experiment ſhews that the miſletoe of itſelf is almoſt entirely unable to raiſe the ſap.

C. Decandolle remarks, on this occaſion, that the property of raiſing the ſap by means of a root is intimately connected with a perpendicularity of direction. Therefore plants, relative to their nutrition, may be divided into two claſſes ; the firſt draw nutriment from their whole ſurface, and live in a ſingle medium only, which, in the lichens is air, in the ſea-weed water ; and earth in the truffle. Theſe vegetables have no tendency to perpendicu-

larity. The plants of the ſecond claſs derive nutriment at a determinate part which is called the root, and theſe exiſt in ſeveral mediums at once, the potamogetons, for inſtance, in earth and water; the ſtratiotes, in water and air; the oak, in earth and air; the nymphæa, in earth, water, and air: all this claſs point more or leſs to the zenith.

INFLUENCE OF SOLAR LIGHT ON THE GERMINATION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

ALTHOUGH the influence of ſolar-light is ſo eſſential to the well-being of plants and animals, yet ſome late experiments of Dr. MICHELOTTI, of Turin, ſeem to prove that the ſun's rays are a ſtimulus too ſtrong to be ſupported, for any conſiderable length of time, by vegetables and inſects in their embryo ſtate. Having collected moth's eggs, in December, (the *Phalæna diſpar. Linn.*) he put a few into two bottles coated with black-wax, and an equal number into two tranſparent bottles; a pair of each, viz. an opaque and a tranſparent one, were placed on the outſide of a window, expoſed to the full ſun; and the other pair was ſo ſituated in a northern aſpect, as only to receive the light by reflection. On the 21ſt of April, the eggs in the firſt opaque-bottle were moſtly hatched, and the little caterpillars had crawled to the top of the bottle, while on the ſame day only one of the eggs in the tranſparent-bottle had hatched—as this was the firſt ſo it was alſo the laſt. On the next day a few caterpillars made their appearance in the opaque-bottle expoſed to the north, and it was five days after before any eggs were hatched in the tranſparent one: the next year a ſimilar experiment was tried with four more bottles, of which one was covered with black-varniſh, another with red, a third with white, and the other was left tranſparent; into each of theſe ſome moth's-eggs were put and the bottles were expoſed to the ſun. Thoſe in the black-bottle were firſt hatched, then thoſe in the red and laſtly thoſe in the white one; all the eggs in the tranſparent-bottle periſhed. Similar experiments were tried with correſponding reſults on the ſeeds of vegetables; thoſe ſelected for the purpoſe were the lupin, kidney-bean, and chick-pea: theſe were kept moiſtened with water till the proceſs of germination commenced; their cotyledons were then ſtripped of their opaque ſkin, and ſome of each were put in thin tubes with wet cotton, of which ſome were tranſparent and others coated with thin lead; all the tubes were then put in the ſame bottle of water and expoſed to the ſun. The proceſs of germination went on at firſt rapidly in all the tubes, and the cotyledons aſſumed a yellow colour; at this period all thoſe in the tranſparent tubes died, whereas thoſe in opaque ones became green, and vegetated vigorouſly till they had filled the tubes.

ON THE PHOCA.

From a foreign Journal for July, 1801.

THE *Phoca*, that ſingular amphibious animal, which ſeems to be the model according to which the ancients repreſented the Tritons, the Syrens, &c. is only common in the Northern ſeas, and is very rarely ſeen in the Southern ſeas, and eſpecially in the Mediterranean. The fact we are going to relate, muſt be, therefore, intereſting to naturaliſts. A woodcutter, being at his labour, in the month of laſt Pluvioſe, in the environs of Baſtia, diſcovered on the ſhore an animal which he did not know, and the ſight of which excited in him a ſmall degree of trepidation. It was a *phoca*, which lay aſleep on the ſand. The woodcutter called ſome neighbours; the animal was taken, and put in a large tub full of water. The following is a deſcription of it. It was about four feet long, had a round head, which was about 6 inches in diameter, and pretty much like that of a calf; but in lieu of ears nothing was to be ſeen but very narrow apertures, almoſt entirely concealed by hairs. Its ſkin, very thick and hard, was alſo covered with a ſmooth, ſhort and oily hair. It was a female. Its eyes were pretty much like thoſe of an ox; it had a confident look, and yet an air of miſtruſt. From its flat noſtrils there ran down without ceaſing, eſpecially when it was out of the water, a mucus of the moſt fetid odour. The neck was big, but much leſs than the head. Very near the neck iſſued out the arms or rather membranous hands, very cloſe to the body. Each claw had four phalanges, the nails were near ſix lines in length. At the firſt view theſe hands appeared without hair; but the hair was only ſhorter on them than on the other parts. The hind legs, which were nearly a foot in length, in a manner touched one another, and were laid in the direction of the tail. This tail terminated in a round point, and might be about 2 ½ inches long by 12 or 14 lines in width. It proceeded from the middle of the two feet or hind fins. Such was nearly the figure of this animal, which they could only keep four and twenty days, although ſufficient care was taken of it. But it would not eat. Its appetite failed it as ſoon as it came into the hands of men. It refuſed ſmall fiſh, freſh meat, freſh graſs, bread, wine, &c. The ſixth day they gave it a preparation of treacle in cow's milk. It ſwallowed it very heartily, but refuſed a ſecond doſe. They then thought of letting it plunge into the ſea, after ſecuring it by a collar to which a long cord was attached. It plunged very deep, and remained a long time buried under the water. It was not without ſome trouble that they forced it to mount again to the top. There is reaſon to think, that in theſe immerſions, which they repeated pretty often, becauſe it appeared to deſire them, that it fed on certain fiſh. It was endowed with a tolerable degree of intelligence. For example, it took a pleaſure in being careſſed near the neck, and teſtified its gratitude by ſmall cries and by the winking of its eyes. When the man, to the keep-

ing of whom it was intruſted, and who had given him the name of Moro, ſaid, "*Give me your hand, poor Moro,*" it raiſed the fore part, ſtretched out its hand, and bending the phalanges, really interlocked it with the hand preſented to it. Although its conformation did not permit it to be very agile, it walked or rather crept with ſome degree of celerity. One day that its keeper, thinking it aſleep, had left the door of its chamber open, the animal got out and deſcended ſeven or eight ſteps to find again its keeper who was taking the air on an eſplanade. It was remarked that it had not deviated a line, (the 12th part of an inch) from the way by which the perſon it was ſeeking had paſſed more than an hour before. We ſhould have ſome difficulty to believe theſe facts, ſay the authors of the *Decade Philoſophique*, if they did not make part of a relation ſent by the prefect of Golo, who was himſelf occaſionally a witneſs of it: it was in contemplation to ſend it to Paris, but it was not long before it was found to be waſting away. The diet to which it was reſtrained, was, perhaps, leſs the cauſe than a wound it had received on the right foot, it was not known how, and which every day grew worſe and worſe.

LIONS IN FRANCE.

ONE of the lioneſſes of the Botanical Garden at Paris whelped during the night between the 18th and 19th Brumaire (year 9) three young ones, alive and at the full time. This is the ſame lioneſs, which, having become pregnant, for the firſt time laſt year, hurt herſelf and miſcarried on the 17th Meſſidor. On the day of her whelping ſhe appeared languiſhing, and would not eat. She whelped her firſt young-one at ten o'clock at night, the ſecond at eleven o'clock within a quarter, and a third at two o'clock in the morning. She uttered no cry, and was as gentle to her keeper as uſual. Theſe young lions, all three males, were at their birth about as big as adult cats, but they had a bigger head and their eyes were open; they crawled along the ground, and their cries were like the very loud mewings of a cat when exaſperated. Their heads were void of mane and their whole bodies covered with a reddiſh hair, ſpotted with points and blackiſh bands; their tails were marked with black rings on a ground of tawny colour. Theſe three young lions are well in health and grow ſtronger every day. The mother cheriſhes them with the greateſt care. This is not the firſt time that lions have produced in Europe. An example of this is quoted in the *Ami de la Nature*, or *Choix d'Obſervations ſur divers objects de la Nature et de l'Art*, which the author has taken from an Engliſh book, intitled *London in Miniature*, and printed in that city in 1755. "Entering the Tower of London, we were conducted to ſome iron-grated cells, in form of half-moons, inhabited by lioneſſes of different ages. The firſt ſhewn us was the Princeſs Dido, then in all the vigour

of youth, about ſix years old, and handſome in every reſpect. The ſecond was named Jenny; we were told ſhe was about forty years old. This was the oldeſt lioneſs ever ſeen in the Tower, although for five hundred years this kind of animal has been kept there. She has been mother of nine young lions, all begotten by a lion named *Marco*, now dead. Theſe nine young lions died in rearing, with the exception of *Nero*, who died about two years ago, having lived to be ten years old; and of *Nancy*, who lived double that age. It was not without extreme care that they could preſerve theſe two laſt young lions, for no animals are more difficult to rear, on account of the convulſions which they are ſubject to at the period of dentition. They were kept for the firſt year in a warm chamber, and fed with milk. They were as gentle as ſheep, but their natural ferocity was quickly developed with their growing ſtrength."

HORSE WITHOUT HAIR.

THE French journals make mention of a horſe without hair, which is ſtated to have been bought at Vienna ten years ago. He is about twenty years old, eats the ſame food, and in the ſame quantity, as ordinary horſes; is lean, and very ſenſible to cold. Over his whole body he has no other hair than one at the lower eye-lid. The ſkin is black, approaching to grey, with ſome white ſpots about the groin, ſoft to touch, ſhining, and rather unctuous. The ſkin of the noſe, of all the noſtrils, and of the lips, is like that of the reſt of the body. The bones of the noſe are depreſſed, which embarraſſes his reſpiration, and makes him utter a noiſe whenever he takes or reſpires breath. Citizen LASTEYRIE, by whom this notice is given, is of opinion, that this horſe forms a variety in the ſpecies, and that its ſtate is neither the effect of art, nor of diſeaſe.

A CHILD WITH TWO HEADS.

IN the 80th volume of the Philoſophical Tranſactions there is a paper by E. Home Eſq. giving an account of a child with a double head. The child had been born in India, where he died when he was upwards of four years old; his double ſkull was ſent to England, and was exhibited at a meeting of the Royal Society. Mr. Dent, the gentleman who had tranſmitted the above mentioned ſkull from India, returning not long ago to England, furniſhed Mr. Home with further particulars relative to the double-headed child; and likewiſe two portraits of him; namely, a front view and a profile of the double head, taken whilſt the child was living, by a Mr. Devis, an artiſt of conſiderable merit. Two copper-plate engravings of the por-

traits are annexed to the paper. The additional remarks, which were furniſhed by Mr. Dent are as follows :

The child was a male.

The mother had had three other children naturally formed. She could aſſign no imaginary or accidental cauſe during her pregnancy, that might have been productive of the monſtrous child.

The body of the child was uncommonly thin.

"The neck of the ſuperior head was about four inches long ; and the upper part of it terminated in a hard, round griſly tumour, nearly 4 inches in diamiter.

"The front teeth had cut the gums in the upper and lower jaw of both heads.

"When the child cried, the features of the ſuperior head were not always affected ; and when it ſmiled, the features of the ſuperior head did not ſympathize in that action.

"The dura mater belonging to each brain was continued acroſs, at the part where the two ſkulls joined, ſo that each brain was invected in the uſual way, by its own proper coverings ; but the dura mater, which covered the cerebum of the upper brain, adhered firmly to the dura mater of the lower brain."

A number of large ateries and veins were found paſſing through the union of the duræ matres ; it was therefore through thoſe blood-veſſels that the upper brain received its nouriſhment.

ON THE ELEPHANT.

IT is a matter of wonder, that though elephants have been long ſought after, employed, and admired, on account of their ſize, ſagacity, and docility, yet the knowledge of their œconomy, manners, &c. has been always involved in myſtery and doubt. A reſidence of upwards of ten years in Tiperah, a province of Bengal, where herds of elephants are caught every ſeaſon, afforded John Corſe Eſq. opportunities ſufficient to aſcertain ſeveral intereſting particulars, and enabled him to contradict many vulgar errors relative to thoſe animals.

It has been repeatedly aſſerted, that elephants poſſeſs the ſentiments of modeſty in a high degree ; and that they are ſo much affected by the loſs of their liberty, as to refuſe to propagate the ſpecies whilſt they remain in a ſtate of captivity.

The uſual ſize of thoſe animals has likewiſe been much exaggerated.

It has been aſſerted, as an inſtance of their great ſagacity, and retentive memory, that if an elephant once eſcapes, it is not poſſible to catch him again by any art.

Mr. Corſe's obſervations contradict thoſe vulgar notions ; he reduces their ſize to the real ſtandard, and aſcertains ſeveral other particulars relative to theſe animals. We ſhall endeavour

to condenſe the moſt remarkable particulars into the following paragraqhs:

Several elephants, to Mr. Corſe's certain knowledge, after having effected their eſcape, have been retaken, and often in a very eaſy manner.

In India, the height of female elephants is, in general, from ſeven to eight feet, and that of males from eight to ten, meaſured at the ſhoulder. One elephant only, amongſt thoſe that came within Mr. Corſe's knowledge, exceeded the height of ten feet. The dimenſions of this elephant were as follows:

	feet.	*inches.*
"From foot to foot over the ſhoulder . .	22	10½
From the top of the ſhoulder, perpendicular height	10	6
From the top of the head, when ſet up as he ought to march in ſtate	12	2
From the front of the face to the inſertion of the tail	15	11."

Tame elephants copulate without heſitation, provided the females are in a proper ſtate; and Mr. Corſe, beſides a great many other perſons has been repeatedly ſpectator of the fact.

The females begin to give evident ſigns of impregnation within about three months from the time of their having been covered. Their uſual time of geſtation ſeems to be about 21 months, or 20 months and 18 days.

The elephant at the time of its birth, ſeldom exceeds the height of thirty-four inches; and they generally obtain their full ſize, between the age of eighteen and twenty-four years.

The young elephants begin to nibble, and ſuck the breaſt ſoon after birth.

"Tame elephants," ſays Mr. Corſe, "are never ſuffered to remain looſe; as inſtances occur of the mother leaving even her young, and eſcaping into the woods.

"Another circumſtance deſerves notice: if a wild elephant happens to be ſeperated from her young, for only two days, though giving ſuck, ſhe never afterwards recognizes or acknowledges it. This ſeperation ſometimes happened unavoidably, when they were enticed ſeparately into the outlet of the *Keddah*. I have been much mortified at ſuch unnatural conduct in the mother; particularly when it was evident the young elephant knew its dam, and by its plaintive cries and ſubmiſſive approaches ſolicited her aſſiſtance."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE REGENERATION OF A FRUIT TREE.

From an Engliſh Publication.

THE following piece of natural hiſtory has been thought by many of my friends ſo curious as to be worthy of being communicated to the public. I therefore ſend it to you, that if you think it merits the notice of your readers, you may give it a place in your valuable miſcellany:

About the middle of my garden ſtood an old plumb-tree, which had gone to decay, and loſt moſt of its branches. As it produced little, if any fruit, and ſhaded the green-houſe, I ordered it to be cut down towards the end of the year 1793. The head and the root were cut off and burned, with a part of the trunk, the lower part of which, about eight or nine feet in length, lay on the ground all the winter.

In the ſpring of the year 1794, having occaſion to make a boarded fence to ſcreen the cucumber-bed, I ordered this old tree to be put in the ground as a poſt, merely to ſave the expence of a new one. As the ſpring advanced, I obſerved ſeveral leaves ſhoot forth toward the top of it, which I expected ſhortly to wither away: but they grew conſiderably in the ſummer; and the next ſpring, to my aſtoniſhment, they put forth again, and ſeveral bloſſoms appeared. In the courſe of that year theſe little ſhoots became vigorous branches, and the year following produced twelve or fourteen fine plumbs, much like a damſon, but of a much larger ſize.

The body of the tree ſtill appears old and decayed, but the branches have continued to grow more luxuriant than thoſe of any young tree in the garden. The laſt year it was full of bloſſoms; but the ſharp north-eaſt wind cut them all off. At this time there is the appearance of a fine bloom.

As this tree ſtands at the entrance from the garden into the burying-ground, it has often reminded me of the ſtriking contraſt, ſo finely illuſtrated in the book of Job, between "a tree cut down, of which there is hope," and the bodies of men, which, when once laid in the duſt, "riſe not till the heavens be no more." *See Job* xiv. 7—12.

AGRICULTURAL.

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF FARM YARDS.

IF the making of good manure in large quantities be deſerving of the particular regard of the practical farmer; the form and conſtruction of the places in which it is to be made or preſerved, ſurely ſtill more powerfully claim his regard, as being not only the principal hinges on which his ſucceſs muſt depend, but on which that of his whole ſyſtem of huſbandry muſt turn. It is however extremely common to ſee extenſive farm-yards unprovided with the means of collecting and preſerving the richeſt and moſt powerful manures, and farmers quite inattentive and regardleſs of their loſs. In ſome inſtances there are neither drains for conveying the moiſture from the places in which the animals are

kept, or reſervoirs for receiving it; in others it is deſignedly conducted away and loſt, as if it were of no value. In general too, the ſolid part of the manure is by no means well managed, much of it being ſuffered to be ſcattered about and expoſed to the action of the ſun and wind, by which much of its virtue is diſſipated and loſt. In many caſes indeed where dung is permitted to be thus expoſed for a length of time, it becomes perfectly inert; and three or four loads are required where one would have been fully ſufficient. It is evident therefore that every farm-yard ſhould not only be provided with convenient drains for conveying the excretions of animals, and proper reſervoirs for containing them, but means ſhould be taken for mixing and impregnating other ſubſtances with them, in order to augment and increaſe the quantity.

The quantity of manure of a farm may be conſiderably increaſed by proper attention to the mixture of other ſubſtances with the urine of animals, eſpecially where all the different offices for cattle and other ſtock are ſo contrived as to diſcharge the liquid matters which they contain into a proper receptacle. In Sweden and many other countries particular regard is paid to this buſineſs, and a great variety of vegetable products as well as ſoils of different kinds are thus immerſed, and even frequently placed under the cattle in the houſes in which they ſtand. What proportion, in reſpect to ſtrength and effect, manures thus prepared bear to that of freſh dung, has not yet perhaps been fully aſcertained. There cannot however be any doubt of manures prepared by means of the proceſs of fermentation being very efficacious in improving the condition of land, when properly applied.

The ſtall-feeding of cattle is likewiſe another advantageous mode of procuring manure, as well as of producing large profits of other kinds; but it requires large capital, great attention, and much labour. It is well known that a piece of ground which in graſs could not afford food for one animal, will ſupply four in the ſtall, provided its produce be cut at a ſuitable time and properly adminiſtered to them. Beſides, double the quantity of manure is made from the ſame number of animals. The advantages in the way of milk and fattening are alſo much greater than in the common practice. This method of management is probably not yet ſufficiently employed in many parts of the country.

In the Low Countries cattle are ſometimes fed with coleſeed cake, which is found to be a very wholeſome and nutritious fodder. The expence of cultivation and preparation are however probably too great for ſuch a practice being generally introduced with any proſpect of advantage. Other ſimilar ſubſtances may perhaps be employed with more ſucceſs.

THE APPLICATION OF MANURES.

IT has been commonly ſuppoſed by farmers, that ſeeds and plants will degenerate, unleſs the ground on which they are planted be frequently changed. Some obſervations and experiments that have been lately made in this country, as well as in America, ſeem to render the truth of this ſuppoſition doubtful. It has been found here, that even potatoes may be conſtantly grown on the ſame piece of ground without any degeneration, provided the cuttings be always made from the fineſt potatoes, inſtead of the ſmalleſt and worſt, which have actually been employed for this purpoſe; and in this country it has been ſhewn, by the actual experiments of Mr. COOPER, that the ſame thing happens with reſpect to the ſeeds of the long watery ſquaſh, early peas, potatoes, and ſeveral other kinds of vegetables. The ſame principle has, indeed, long ago been applied in the breeding of animals, by Mr. BAKEWELL. It is generally known, that he improved his breeds by merely coupling thoſe in which the properties he wiſhed to produce were the moſt evident, not regarding conſanguinity, or any other circumſtance.

This is a matter of ſuch extenſive application and importance, that it ought more particularly to engage the attention and obſervation of the practical farmer as well as the horticulturiſt.

In the application of manures to lands, too little regard ſeems to have been paid both in reſpect to its nature, and the time of its being laid on. In regard to the laſt, it has been a common practice for farmers to apply manures to graſs lands during the time of froſt in the winter. This is certainly an improper practice, as during ſuch periods, no advantage can be derived to the land from it, and, at the thaw, much of its virtues muſt be waſhed away, and its ſoluble parts be deſtroyed; the ground being, in this ſtate, incapable of abſorbing liquids. Many other reaſons forbid this practice, which may be ſeen in an ingenious paper written by Dr. FENWICK. He conceives, that as the elaſtic fluids are the greateſt ſupports of vegetation, manures ought to be applied under circumſtances that favour their generation. Theſe, he ſays, chiefly occur in ſpring, after the graſs has, in ſome degree, covered the ground, by which the dung is ſhaded from the ſun, or early in the autumn, after the hay-crop is removed. This laſt is unqueſtionably the moſt convenient, and leaſt objectionable period for the purpoſe in queſtion.

METHOD OF DESTROYING CATERPILLARS.

IN the *Proſe Eſſays and Tranſactions of the Highland Society, vol. i.* is given a receipt for deſtroying caterpillars on gooſeberry buſhes, which has obtained a premium from the Society, after

due examination. It is as follows: Take one Scotch pint (two quarts Engliſh) of tobacco liquor, and mix with it one ounce of alum; when this is diſſolved, dip a bruſh in the liquor, and as ſoon in the beginning of the ſeaſon as you perceive the leaves of the buſhes to be eaten by the grub, or covered with its eggs, which is generally on the under ſide, hold the leaf up, and draw your hand gently over the hairs of the bruſh, by which a ſmall ſhower of drops of the liquor will fall on the leaf, and wherever they touch the egg it will be deſtroyed, or if the worm ſhould be hatched, it will periſh in a few minutes, and may be ſhaken off without injuring the leaf. The tobacco liquor here mentioned, is the ſuperfluous moiſture contained in the roll tobacco, which is preſſed out, and mixed by the tobacconiſts with four or five times its quantity of cold water, and ſold in this ſtate, as a liquor for deſtroying bugs. It is in fact, nothing more than a ſtrong infuſion of tobacco in water; and may be made equally well by adding water to any kind of tobacco.

MANUFACTURES.

ON BLEACHING COTTON.

THE manufacture at Paſſy, by Citizen BAWENS, for ſpeedily bleaching cotton-cloth, in which the proceſs invented by Citizen CHAPTAL is employed, is the firſt in France which has been carried on on a large ſcale. The ſucceſs has ſurpaſſed expectation; and the proprietors of that eſtabliſhment are proceeding to multiply them in many parts of the Republic, and eſpecially in Belgium, where the manufacture of linen cloth is conſiderable. The bleaching of theſe laſt is much eaſier, and the proceſs has been extremely ſimplified by the intelligence of Citizen BOURLIER, one of the manufacturers; two or three days ſuffice, at preſent, to give to the coarſeſt linen a degree of whiteneſs which the bleachers in general only obtain by long and expenſive methods. The Firſt Conſul, accompanied by the Third Conſul, and the Miniſter of Interior, went lately to viſit this manufacture; he minutely inſpected all the departments; traced the operation of combing, of ſpinning, and of weaving; and terminated his viſit by examining the bleaching machine, executed on the model of that of Citizen Chaptal. He ſaw wrought in this machine, by a ſingle operation, 2000 metres of cotton-cloth. Another very valuable experiment has been made, under the care of Citizen Chaptal, in the ſame manufacture, and its full ſucceſs merits the greateſt publicity: this is the ordinary waſhing of linen, proofs of which have been made, after many trials, on many hundred pairs of ſheets, choſen among the dirtieſt in the Hôtel Dieu at

Paris. The uniform reſult of theſe experiments is, that it ſcarcely requires half of the ordinary expence; that two or three days are ſufficient to terminate the operation; that the linen is neither altered by the liquor, nor rent, nor worn, as it only paſſes once through the hands, and that there is no neceſſity to beat it; and, laſtly, that the alcaline liquor made uſe of, penetrating by the extreme heat of the apparatus, into the weft of the linen, all the foreign materials attached to it, and all infectious *miaſma* introduced into it, are deſtroyed, which cannot be expected from ordinary lye, and which frequently become, eſpecially in hoſpitals, the germ of dangerous maladies.

A NEW METHOD OF BLEACHING HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

AN account has already been given of the proceſs recommended by Citizen Chaptal to bleach cotton, which conſiſts in impregnating it with an alkaline lye, and expoſing it, in that condition, to the vapour of boiling water. We have ſince made mention, after the ſame learned man, of the ſucceſs which his proceſs had obtained, and of the improvements made upon it in Ireland, where the public papers had carried the account of it; at Paris, in the manufacture of Citizen Bawens; and in many ſimilar eſtabliſhments, which this manufacturer has formed, in partnerſhip with another diſtinguiſhed artiſt, Citizen Bourlier, in different parts of France, ſimple machines have been contrived to turn the ſtuffs in the apparatus, and to preſent them on all ſides to the vapour. It has been found, that linen requires only a weak lye; but that, to bleach it completely, the action of the lye ſhould operate alternately with that of the atmoſpherical air; and, at length, they have been enabled to produce, in two or three days, a perfect whiteneſs on the coarſeſt linens, and for a price leſs, by half, than that of ordinary bleaching.

Citizen Chaptal, wiſhing to carry as far as poſſible the utility of his proceſs, has made an experimental uſe of it for the waſhing of linen. Trials have been made on ſome hundred pair of ſheets taken from the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, and ſelected from among the dirtieſt; and it is allowed that they have been perfectly waſhed in two days, at ſeven tenths only of the ordinary expence. Another advantage attends it, that from their not being ſubmitted to batting, or the other operations of waſher-women, they are much leſs worn away, and the extreme heat to which they are expoſed, muſt totally deſtroy in them every contagious principle.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ART OF MAKING PAPER.

CITIZEN SEGUIN, who has been employed, for five years paſt, in the art of making paper, has obtained for his firſt reſults the means of performing in ſome hours what before re-

quired a proceſs of ſeveral months; he has, at length, ſucceeded ſo far as to ſubſtitute ſtraw for rags, in this manufacture; and he has preſented to the claſs a number of ſpecimens of paper formed with this ſubſtance. This paper is not yet as white as that made with well-ſorted rags; but Citizen Seguin remarks, that this imperfection is owing to the little care taken in making it, and not to the nature of the firſt materials; and that in its preſent condition it may very well ſuffice for counting-houſe-writings, law-writings, and all printing of a common nature.

The author has not, as yet, communicated his proceſs.

CHIMNEYS UNNECESSARY.

IT is known, that wood, on being burnt, yields one-ſixth of its weight of coal and five-ſixths of ſmoke, containing a conſiderable proportion of inflammable air, which is commonly waſted without uſe. For employing it to the purpoſe of heating and illuminating the room at the ſame time, an apparatus has been diſcovered by Citizen LEBON, engineer of bridges and roads, which he calls *thermolamp*, conſiſting of a box or veſſel, in which the double advantage of heating and illuminating is united. The ſmoke riſing out of it, freed from all vapours and ſoot, may be conducted through the ſmalleſt tubes, which may eaſily be concealed in the plaſter of the walls or ceiling. They may be made of oiled ſilk, but the orifice muſt conſiſt of metal to prevent the burning of the ſilk when the air takes fire at the contact with the atmoſpherical air. By this apparatus chimneys become quite needleſs, as the flame may be conducted in a moment from one apartment to another, without leaving either ſoot, aſhes, or coals. The fire thus produced wants no particular care to be kept up, and has beſides the advantage that its pure light may be formed into flowers, feſtoons, &c. or it may be made to emit its light from above in the pureſt brightneſs. The author of this curious diſcovery, who announced it to the National Inſtitute in the year 7, is preparing for publication a full account of its nature and compoſition.

From the "DECADE PHILOSOPHIQUE."

MEMOIR OF A METHOD OF PAINTING WITH MILK.

By A. A. CADET-DE-VAUX, *Member of the Academical Society of Sciences.*

I Publiſhed, in the "Feuille de Cultivateur," but at a time when the thoughts of every one were abſorbed by the public miſfortunes, a ſingular economical proceſs for painting, which the want of materials induced me to ſubſtitute inſtead of painting in diſtemper.

Take ſkimmed milk, one quart, (or one Paris pint)—freſh ſlacked lime, ſix ounces—oil of carraway, or linſeed, or nut, four ounces—Spaniſh white, ſay whiting, five pounds.

Put the lime into a veſſel of ſtone ware, and pour upon it a ſufficient quantity of milk, to make a ſmooth mixture; then add the oil by degrees, ſtirring the mixture by a ſmall wooden ſpatula, then add the remainder of the milk, and finally, the Spaniſh white. Skimmed milk in ſummer is often curdled, but this is of no conſequence, as its fluidity is ſoon reſtored by its contact with the lime. It is, however, abſolutely neceſſary that it ſhould not be ſour, for in that caſe it would form with the lime a kind of calcarious acetite, ſuſceptible of attracting moiſture.

The lime is ſlackened by plunging it into water, drawing it out, and laying it to fall to pieces in the air.

It is indifferent which of the three oils above mentioned we uſe; however, for painting white, the oil of carraways is to be preferred, as it is colorleſs. For painting with the ochres, the commoneſt lamp-oil may be uſed.

The oil, when mixed with the milk and lime, diſappears, being entirely diſſolved by the lime, with which it forms a calcarious ſoap.

The Spaniſh white muſt be crumbled, and gently ſpread upon the ſurface of the liquid, which it gradually imbibes, and at laſt ſinks; it muſt then be ſtirred with a ſtick. This paint is coloured like diſtemper, with charcoal levigated in water, yellow ochre, &c. It is uſed in the ſame manner as diſtemper.

The quantity above mentioned is ſufficient for painting the firſt layer of ſix toiſes.

One of the properties of my paint, which we may term *Milk Diſtemper Paint, (Peinture au lait de trempe,)* is, that it will keep for whole months, and requires neither time nor fire, nor even maniputation; in ten minutes we may prepare enough of it to paint a whole houſe.

One may ſleep in a chamber the night after it has been painted.

A ſingle coating is ſufficient for places that have already been painted. It is not neceſſary to lay on two, unleſs where greaſe ſpots repel the firſt coating; theſe ſhould be removed by waſhing them off with ſtrong lime water, or a ley of ſoap, or ſcraped off.

New wood requires two coatings. One coating is ſufficient for a ſtair-caſe, paſſage, or cieling.

I have ſince given a greater degree of ſolidity to this method of painting, for it has been my aim, not only to ſubſtitute it in the place of painting in diſtemper, but alſo of oil paint.

Reſinous Milk Painting.

For work out of doors I add to the Milk Diſtemper Painting—ſlacked lime, 2 ounces—oil, 2 oz.—white Burgundy pitch, 2 oz.

The pitch is to be melted in the oil by a gentle heat, and added to the ſmooth mixture of milk and oil. In cold weather the mixture ſhould be warmed, to prevent its cooling the pitch too

ſuddenly, and to facilitate its union with the milk and lime. This painting has ſome analogy with that known by the name of encaſtic.

[☞ There appears to be a miſtake reſpecting the quantity of Milk, occaſioned, no doubt, by the tranſlator—two quarts of Milk are requiſite for the materials mentioned, or they may be ſo far diluted as to ſpread conveniently with a bruſh.

The cheapneſs of the articles for this Paint, makes it an important object for thoſe people that have large wooden houſes and fences.

An experiment has been made with this Paint in this country, and it, at preſent, appears to anſwer perfectly the deſcription of the inventor.]

BIOGRAPHY, and NOTICES of DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

TITUS LIVIUS, THE ROMAN HISTORIAN.

TITUS Livius may be ranked among the moſt celebrated hiſtorians that the world has ever produced. He compoſed a hiſtory of Rome from the foundation of the city, to the concluſion of the German war conducted by Druſus, in the time of the emperor Auguſtus. This great work conſiſted originally of one hundred and forty books; of which there now remain only thirty-five, viz. the firſt Decade, and the whole from book twenty-one to book forty-five, both incluſive. Of the other hundred and five books, nothing more has ſurvived the ravages of time and barbarians than their general contents. In a perſpicuous arrangement of his ſubject, in a full and circumſtantial account of tranſactions, in the expreſſion of characters and other objects of deſcription, in juſtneſs and aptitude of ſentiment, and an air of majeſty pervading the whole compoſition, this author may be regarded as one of the beſt models extant of hiſtorical narrative. His ſtyle is ſplendid without meretricious ornament, and copious without being redundant; a fluency to which Quintilian gives the expreſſive appellation of *lactea ubertas*. Amongſt the beauties which we admire in his writings, beſides the animated ſpeeches frequently interſperſed, are thoſe conciſe and peculiarly applicable eulogiums, with which he characteriſes every eminent perſon mentioned, at the cloſe of their life. Of his induſtry in collating, and his judgment in deciding upon the preference due to diſſentient authorities, in matters of teſtimony, the work affords numberleſs proofs. Of the freedom and impartiality, with which he treated even of the recent periods of hiſtory, there connot be

more convincing evidence, than that he was rallied by Auguſtus as a favorer of Pompey; and that, under the ſame emperor, he not only beſtowed upon Cicero the tribute of warm approbation, but dared to aſcribe, in an age when their names were obnoxious, even to Brutus and Caſſius the virtues of conſiſtency and patriotiſm. If in any thing the conduct of Livy violates our ſentiments of hiſtorical dignity, it is the apparent complacency and reverence, with which he every where mentions the popular belief in omens and prodigies: but this was the general ſuperſtition of the times; and totally to renounce the prejudices of ſuperſtitious education, is the laſt heroic ſacrifice to philoſophical ſcepticiſm. In general, however, the credulity of Livy appears to be rather affected than real; and his account of the exit of Romulus, in the following paſſage, may be adduced as an inſtance in confirmation of this remark.

His immortalibus editis operibus, quum ad exercitum recenſendum concionem in campo ad Capræ paludem haberet, ſubita coorta tempeſtate cum magno fragore tonitribuſque tam denſo regem operuit nimbo, ut conſpectum ejus concioni abſtulerit: nec deinde in terris Romulus fuit. Romana pubes, ſedato tandem pavore, poſtquam ex tam turbido die ſerena & tranquilla lux rediit, ubi vacuam ſedem regiam vidit; etſi ſatis credebat Patribus, qui proximi ſteterant, ſublimem raptum procella; tamen veluti orbitatis metu icta, mæſtum aliquamdiu ſilentium obtinuit. Deinde a paucis initio facto, Deum Deo natum, regem parentemque urbis Romanæ ſalvere univerſi Romulum jubent; pacem precibus expoſcunt, uti volens propitius ſuam ſemper ſoſpitet progeniem. Fuiſſe credo tum quoque aliquos, qui diſcerptum regem Patrum manibus taciti arguerent: manavit enim hæc quoque, & perobſcura, fama. Illam alteram admiratio viri, & pavor præſens nobilitavit. Conſilio etiam unius hominis addita rei decitur fides: namque Proculus Julius ſollicita civitate deſiderio regis, & infenſa Patribus, gravis, ut traditur, quamvis magnæ rei auctor, in concionem prodit. "Romulus, inquit, Quirites, parens urbis hujus, prima hodierna luce cælo repente delapſus, ſe mihi obvium dedit: quum profuſus horrore venerabunduſque aſtitiſſem, petens precibus, ut contra intueri fas eſſet; Abi, nuncia, inquit, Romanis, Cæleſtes ita velle, ut mea Roma caput orbis terrarum ſit: proinde rem militarem colant: ſciantque, & ita poſteris tradant, nullas opes humanas armis Romanis reſiſtere poſſe. Hæc, inquit, locutus, ſublimis abiit. Mirum, quantum illi viro nuncianti hæc fidei fuerit; quamque deſiderium Romuli apud plebem exercitumque, facta fide immortalitatis, lenitum ſit.

Scarcely any incident in ancient hiſtory favors more of the marvellous than the account above delivered reſpecting tho firſt Roman king: and amidſt all the ſolemnity with which it is related, we may perceive that the hiſtorian was not the dupe of credulity. There is more implied than the author thought proper to avow, in the ſentence, *Fuiſſe credo*, &c. In whatever light this anecdote be viewed, it is involved in perplexity. That Romulus affected a deſpotic power, is not only highly probable, from

his aſpiring diſpoſition, but ſeems to be confirmed by his recent appointment of the *Celeres*, as a guard to his perſon. He might therefore naturally incur the odium of the Patricians, whoſe importance was diminiſhed, and their inſtitution rendered abortive, by the encreaſe of his power. But that they ſhould chooſe the opportunity of a military review, for the purpoſe of removing the tyrant by a violent death, ſeems not very conſiſtent with the dictates even of common prudence; and it is the more incredible, as the circumſtance which favored the execution of the plot, is repreſented to have been entirely a fortuitous occurrence. The tempeſt which is ſaid to have happened, is not eaſily reconcilable with our knowledge of that phenomenon. Such a cloud, or miſt, as could have enveloped Romulus from the eyes of the aſſembly, is not a natural concomitant of a thunder-ſtorm. There is ſome reaſon to ſuſpect, that both the noiſe and cloud, if they actually exiſted, were artificial; the former intended to divert the attention of the ſpectators, and the latter to conceal the tranſaction. The word *fragor*, a noiſe or craſh, appears to be an unneceſſary addition where thunder is expreſſed, though ſometimes ſo uſed by the poets; and may therefore imply ſuch a noiſe from ſome other cauſe. If Romulus was killed by any pointed or ſharp-edged weapon, his blood might have been diſcovered on the ſpot; or if by other means, ſtill the body was equally an object of public aſcertainment. If the people ſuſpected the Patricians to be guilty of murder, why did they not endeavour to trace the fact by this evidence? and if the Patricians were really innocent, why did they not urge the examination? But the body, without doubt, was ſecreted to favor the impoſture. The whole narrative is ſtrongly marked with circumſtances calculated to affect credulity with ideas of national importance; and to countenance the deſign, there is evidently a chaſm in the Roman hiſtory immediately preceding this tranſaction, and intimately connected with it.

Livy was born at Patavium, and has been charged by Aſinius Pollio and others with the provincial dialect of his country. The objections to his Patavinity, as it is called, relate chiefly to the ſpelling of ſome words; in which, however, there ſeems to be nothing ſo peculiar, as either to occaſion any obſcurity or merit reprehenſion.

Livy and Salluſt being the only two exiſting rivals in Roman hiſtory, it may not be improper to draw a ſhort compariſon between them, in reſpect of their principal qualities, as writers. With regard to language, there is leſs apparent affectation in Livy than in Salluſt. The narrative of both is diſtinguiſhed by an elevation of ſtyle: the elevation of Salluſt ſeems to be often ſupported by the dignity of aſſumed virtue; that of Livy by a majeſtic air of hiſtorical, and ſometimes of national importance. In the drawing of characters, Salluſt infuſes more expreſſion, and Livy more fullneſs into the features. In the ſpeeches aſcribed to

particular perſons, theſe writers are equally elegant and animated.

So great was the fame of Livy in his own life-time, that people came from the extremity of Spain and Gaul, for the purpoſe only of beholding ſo celebrated a hiſtorian, who was regarded, for his abilities, as a prodigy. This affords a ſtrong proof, not only of the literary taſte which then prevailed over the moſt extenſive of the Roman provinces, but of the extraordinary pains with which ſo great a work muſt have been propagated, when the art of printing was unknown. In the fifteenth century, upon the revival of learning in Europe, the name of this great writer recovered its ancient veneration; and Alphonſus of Arragon, with a ſuperſtition characteriſtic of that age, requeſted of the people of Padua, where Livy was born, and is ſaid to have been buried, to be favored by them with the hand which had written ſo admirable a work.

JOHN WALLIS, D. D.

THE Originals of the following Letters, written by this great Mathematician, prove the vaſt power of abſtraction which his ſtrong and energetic mind poſſeſſed:

"*December* 22, 1669.

"In the dark night, in bed, without pen, ink, or paper, or any 'thing equivalent, I did, by memory, extract the ſquare-root of '3,0000 00000, 00000, 00000, 00000, 00000, 00000, 00000, 'which I fouud to be, 177205, 08075, 68077, 29353, *ferè*; and "did the next day commit it to writing."

"*February* 18, 1670, *ſtylo Angliæ.*

"Johannes Georgius Pelſhower (Regiomontanus Boruſſus) "giving me a viſit, and deſiring an example of the like (when I "had for a long time been afflicted with a quartan ague) I did "that night propoſe to myſelf (in bed by dark) without help to "my memory, a number in fifty-three places.

"2,4681, 3579, 1012, 1411, 1315, 1618, 2017, 1921, 2224, "2628, 3023, 2527, 2931, of which I extracted the ſquare root "of 27 places, viz.

"157, 1030, 1687, 1482, 8058, 1715, 2171, *proximè*; which "numbers (as well as the other) I did not commit to paper till "he gave me another viſit March following, when I did from "my memory dictate them to him, who then wrote them from "my mouth, and took them with him to examine.

"Yours,

"JOHN WALLIS."

"*Oxford, Febr.* 16, 1680.

"For Mr. Thomas Smith, B. D.

"Fellow of Magdelen College."

ISAAC BARROW, D. D.

THE precurſor of Sir Iſaac Newton in mathematics, a great ſcholar, and a moſt able Divine, was a very violent Cavalier; and on Charles the Second's return, nothing being done for him, he wrote this diſtich:

Te magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo,
Et nemo ſenſit te rediiſſe minus.

O how my breaſt did ever burn
To ſee my lawful King return!
Yet, whilſt his happy fate I bleſs,
No one has felt its influence leſs.

Mr. Williams, in a Letter addreſſed to Archbiſhop Tillotſon, which is prefixed to the folio edition of Dr. Barrow's Works, ſays, "His firſt ſchooling was at the Charter-houſe, London, for two or three years; when his greateſt recreation was ſuch ſports as brought on fighting among the boys. In his after-time a very great courage remained, whereof many inſtances might be ſet down; yet he had perfectly ſubdued all inclination to quarrelling; but a negligence of cloaths did always continue with him. For his book he minded it not, and his father had little hopes of ſucceſs in the profeſſion of a ſcholar, to which he had deſigned him. Nay, there was then ſo little appearance of that comfort which his father afterward received from him, that he often ſolemnly wiſhed, that if it pleaſed God to take away any of his children from him, it might be his ſon Iſaac. So vain a thing is man's judgment, and our providence unfit to guide our own affairs!"

When Charles the Second made him Maſter of Trinity College in Cambridge, he ſaid he had given that dignity to the beſt ſcholar in the kingdom.

His Biographer ſays, "For our Plays, he was an enemy to them, as a principal cauſe of the debauchery of the times (the other cauſes he thought to be the French education, and the ill examples of great perſons.) He was very free in the uſe of tobacco, believing it did help to regulate his thinking."

In his perſon he was very thin and ſmall, but had a mind of ſuch courage, that "one morning going out of a friend's houſe, before a huge and fierce maſtiff was chained up (as he uſed to be all the day,) the dog flew at him, and he had that preſent courage to take him by the throat, and, after much ſtruggling, bore him to the ground, and held him there till the people could riſe and part them, without any other hurt than the ſtraining of his hands, which he felt ſome days after."

Charles the Second, who was a man of a moſt excellent underſtanding whenever he thought fit to exert it, uſed to ſay of Dr. Barrow, that he exhauſted every ſubject which he treated. How well-founded this obſervation was, let the following quotation, containing a definition of Wit, evince. It is taken from his Sermon "Againſt Fooliſh Talking and Jeſting."

"Wit is indeed," ſays this great Divine, "a thing ſo verſatile and multiform, appearing in ſo many ſhapes, ſo many poſtures, ſo many garbs, ſo variouſly apprehended by ſeveral eyes and judgments, that it ſeemeth no leſs hard to ſettle a clear and certain notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat alluſion to a known ſtory, or in ſeaſonable application of a trivial ſaying, or in forging an appoſite tale; ſometimes it playeth on words and phraſes, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their ſenſe, or the affinity of their ſound; ſometimes it is wrapped up in a dreſs of humorous expreſſion; ſometimes it lurketh under an odd ſimilitude; ſometimes it is lodged in a ſly queſtion, in a ſmart anſwer, in a quirkiſh reaſon, in a ſhrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or ſmartly retorting an objection: ſometimes it is couched in a bold ſcheme of ſpeech, in a tart crony or in a luſty hyperbole, in a ſtartling metaphor, in a plauſible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonſenſe; ſometimes a ſcenical repreſentation of perſons or things, a counterfeit ſpeech, a mimical look or geſture, paſſeth for it; ſometimes an affected ſimplicity, ſometimes a preſumptuous bluntneſs, gives it being; ſometimes it riſeth only from a lucky hitting upon what is ſtrange, ſometimes from a crafty wreſting obvious matter to the purpoſe; often it conſiſteth in one knows not what, and ſpringeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being anſwerable to the numberleſs rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in ſhort, a manner of ſpeaking out of the ſimple and plain way (ſuch as reaſon teacheth and proveth things by,) which, by a pretty ſurpriſing uncouthneſs in conceit or expreſſion, doth affect and amuſe the fancy, ſtirring it in ſome wonder, and breeding ſome delight thereto. It raiſeth admiration, as ſignifying a nimble ſagacity of apprehenſion, a ſpecial felicity of invention, a veracity of ſpirit and reach of wit more than vulgar, it ſeeming to argue a rare quickneſs of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable, a notable ſkill that he can dextrouſly accommodate them to the purpoſe before him, together with a lively briſkneſs of humour, not apt to damp thoſe ſportful flaſhes of imagination: whence, in Ariſtotle, ſuch perſons are called dextrous men, and men of facile and verſatile manners, who can eaſily turn themſelves to all things, or turn all things to themſelves. It alſo procureth delight by gratifying curioſity with its rareneſs, or ſemblance of difficulty (as monſters, not for their beauty but for their rarity, as juggling tricks, not for their uſe but for their abſtruſeneſs, are beheld with pleaſure,) by diverting the mind from its road of ſerious thoughts, by inſtilling gaiety and airyneſs of ſpirit, by provoking to ſuch diſpoſitions of ſpirit in way of emulation or complaiſance, and by ſeaſoning matters otherwiſe diſtaſteful or inſipid with an unuſual and thence grateful tang."

The following Letter to Dr. John Mapletoft, one of the Greſham Profeſſors (and which is included in a ſeries of ſeveral other fragments of ſome of the greateſt literary Characters of the laſt century, publiſhed by a Grandſon of Dr. Mapletoft in the European Magazine,) will furniſh the reader with a ſpacimen of Dr. Barrow's epiſtolary talents:

DR. BARROW TO DR. MAPLESTOFT.

"DEARE SIR,

"I doe heartily bid you welcome home, and receive your kind ſalutations moſt thankfully; but your project concerning Mr. Davies I cannot admitt. Trinity College is, God be thanked, in peace (I wiſh all Chriſtendome were ſo well,) and it is my duty, if I can, to keep uproars thence. I doe wiſh Mr. Davis heartily well, and would doe him any good I could; but this I conceive neither faiſible nor fitting. We ſhall diſcourſe more of it when I come. I have ſeverely admoniſhed T. H. for his clowniſh poltronry in not daring to encountre the gentle Monſieur that ſaluted him from Blois. Pardon my grave avocations that I deferr ſaying more till I ſhall be ſo happy to ſee you. In the meane time (with my beſt wiſhes and ſervices to you, your good Madam Comfortable, the good Doctor, and all our friends) I am,

Deare Sir,
Your moſt affectionate friend,
and obliged ſervant,

Trin. Col. July 19, 1673. IS. BARROW."

DR. SYDENHAM.

THIS great obſerver of nature ſtill keeps his well-earned and long-acknowledged medical fame, amidſt the modern wildneſs of theory and ſingularity of practice. "*Opinionum commenta delet dies*," ſays Tully very beautifully, "*Natura judicia confirmat.*"

Sydenham had a troop of horſe when King Charles the Firſt had made a garriſon town of Oxford, and ſtudied medicine by accidentally falling into the company of Dr. Coxe, an eminent phyſician, who, finding him to be a man of great parts, recommended to him his own profeſſion, and gave him directions for his method of purſuing his ſtudies in that art. Theſe he purſued with ſuch ſucceſs, that in a few years afterwards he became the chief phyſician of the metropolis.

Sir Richard Blackmore ſays of him. "that he built all his maxims and rules of practice upon repeated obſervations on the nature and properties of diſeaſes, and on the power of remedies: that he compiled ſo good a hiſtory of diſtempers, and ſo prevalent a method of cure, that he has advanced the healing art more than Dr. Wallis, with all his curious ſpeculations and fanciful hypotheſes."

In the Dedication of one of his Treatiſes to his friend Dr. Mapletoft, Sydenham ſays, "that the medical art could not be learned ſo well, and ſo ſurely, as by uſe and experience; and that he who ſhould pay the niceſt and moſt accurate attention to the ſymptoms of diſtempers, would ſucceed beſt in finding out the true means of cure." He ſays afterwards, "that it was no ſmall ſanction to his method that it was approved by Mr. Locke, a common friend to them both, who had diligently conſidered it; than whom," adds he, "whether I conſider his genius, or the acuteneſs and accuracy of his judgment, and his antient (that is the beſt) morals, I hardly think that I can find any one ſuperior, certainly very few that are equal to him.*"

Sydenham had ſuch confidence in exerciſe on horſeback, that in one of his medical Treatiſes he ſays, "that if any man were poſſeſſed of a remedy that would do equal ſervice to the human conſtitution with riding gently on horſeback twice a-day, he would be in poſſeſſion of the Philoſopher's Stone."

The very extraordinary caſe mentioned by this great Phyſician, of the cure of a moſt inveterate diarrhœa, in a learned Prelate, by ſlow journies on horſeback, was that of Seth Ward, the Biſhop of Sarum, a great Mathematician, and one of the firſt Members of the Royal Society. It is mentioned in the Life of the Biſhop by Dr. Walter Pope.

Sydenham died of the gout; and in the latter part of his life is deſcribed as viſited with that dreadful diſorder, and ſitting near an open window, on the ground-floor of his houſe in St. James's-ſquare, reſpiring the cool breeze on a ſummer's evening, and reflecting with a ſerene countenance, and great complacency, on the alleviation to human miſery that his ſkill in his art had enabled him to give. While this divine man was enjoying one of theſe delicious reveries, a thief took away from the table near to which he was ſitting, a ſilver tankard filled with his favorite beverage, ſmall-bear in which a ſprig of roſmary had been immerſed, and ran off with it. Sydenham was too lame in his feet to ring his bell, and too feeble in his voice to give the alarm after him.

Sydenham has been accuſed of diſcouraging ſtudents in medicine from reading on their very complicated art. When Sir Richard Blackmore aſked what books he ſhould read on his profeſſion, he replied, "Read Don Quixote; it is a very good book —I read it ſtill." There might be many reaſons given for this advice: at that time, perhaps, the art of medicine was not approaching ſo nearly to a ſcience as it is at preſent. He, perhaps, diſcovered that Sir Richard had as little geuius for medicine as he had for poetry; and he very well knew, that in a profeſſion which peculiarly requires obſervation and diſcrimination, books alone cannot ſupply what Nature has denied.

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* Mr. Locke appended a copy of Latin verſes to Dr. Sydenham's "Treatiſe upon Fevers."

ROBERT NELSON, Esq.

THIS learned and pious Gentleman was peculiarly ſplendid in his dreſs and appearance. He was not willing to render the practice of piety more difficult than was neceſſary; and, to attract mankind to goodneſs, he ſubmitted to embelliſh the charms of virtue by the graces of elegance; thinking, perhaps, with Virgil,

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus:
Virtue more pleaſing in a pleaſing form.

Dr. Johnſon always ſuppoſed that Mr. Richardſon had Mr. Nelſon in his thoughts, when he delineated the character of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

BOERHAAVE.

"FIFTY years are now elapſed," ſays the learned Baron Haller, "ſince I was the diſciple of the immortal Boerhaave; but his immage is continually preſent to my mind. I have always before my eyes the venerable ſimplicity of that great man, who poſſeſſed in an eminent degree the power of perſuaſion. How often have I heard him ſay, when he ſpoke of the precepts of the Goſpel, that the Divine Teacher of it had much more knowledge of the human heart than Socrates! He particularly alluded to that ſentence in the New Teſtament, "Whoſoever looketh after a woman to luſt after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart: for," added my illuſtrious maſter, "the firſt attacks of vice are always feeble; reaſon has then ſome power over the mind. It is then in the very moment that ſuch thoughts occur as have a tendency to withdraw us from our duty, that if we with diligence ſuppreſs them, and turn our attention to ſomething elſe, we may avoid the approaching danger, and not fall into the temptations of vice."

Boerhaave wrote in Latin a Commentary on his own Life, in which, in the third perſon, he takes notice of his opinions, of his ſtudies, and of his purſuits. He there tells us, "that he was perſuaded the Scriptures, as recorded in their originals, did inſtruct us in the way of ſalvation, and afford tranquility to the mind, when joined with obedience to Chriſt's precepts and example." He complains, however, that many of thoſe who make the moſt unequivocal profeſſion of our Saviour's doctrine, pay too little deference to his example recommended in one of his precepts—"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

Not long before he died, he told his friends, that he had never doubted of the ſpiritual and immaterial nature of the ſoul; but that in a very ſevere illneſs with which he was afflicted, he had a

kind of experimental certainty of the diſtinction between corporeal and thinking ſubſtances, which mere reaſon and philoſophy cannot ſupply, and had opportunities of contemplating the wonderful and inexplicable union of ſoul and body. "This," ſays Dr. Johnſon in his exquiſite Life of him, "he illuſtrated by the effects which the infirmities of his body had upon his faculties; which yet they did not ſo oppreſs or vanquiſh, but thathisſoul was always maſter of itſelf, and always reſigned to the pleaſure of its Author."

This great man, on all occaſions, declared Sir Iſaac Newton to have been a moſt accurate obſerver in chemiſtry, as well as in the other branches of natural philoſophy. In his Lectures he conſtantly called the immortal Sydenham, the Britiſh Hippocrates.

Muſic and gardening were the conſtant amuſements of Boerhaave. In the latter part of his life his great pleaſure was to retire to his country ſeat near Leyden, where he had a garden of eight acres, enriched with all the exotic ſhrubs and plants which he could procure, that would live in that ſoil. "Thus," ſays Dr. Lobb, "the amuſement of the youth and of the age of this great man was of the ſame kind—the cultivation of plants; an employment coeval with mankind, the firſt to which neceſſity compelled them, and the laſt to which, wearied with the tireſome round of vanities, they are fond of retreating, as to the moſt innocent and entertaining recreation."

Boerhaave is buried in the great Church of Leyden, under a large marble urn thus ſimply inſcribed:

Salutifero Boerhaavii Genio
Sacr.

It has been mentioned, to the honour of Boerhaave, by one of his Biographers, that he received the viſits of three crowned heads,—the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, William the Third, and Peter the Great, the laſt of whom ſlept in his barge all night, over againſt the houſe of our illuſtrious Profeſſor, that he might have two hours converſation with him before he gave his Lectures. Theſe viſits moſt aſſuredly did more honour to the Princes than to the Philoſopher, whoſe power, like that of the Poets mentioned by Charles the Ninth in his Epiſtle to Ronſard, is exerciſed upon the minds, while that of the Sovereign is confined to the bodies of mankind.

SAMUEL CLARKE, D. D.

IN the opinion of Dr. Johnſon, Dr. Samuel Clarke was the moſt complete literary character that England ever produced. Every one muſt be inclined to be of this opinion, when he conſiders what a good critical ſcholar, what an excellent philoſopher, what an acute metaphyſician he was. Amongſt Dr.

Clarke's papers was found a letter from Sarah Ducheſs of Marlborough, offering him an Iriſh Biſhoprick, which he refuſed; and a letter of that great Greek ſcholar Dr. Bentley to him, expreſſive of his concurrence of opinion with him upon the formation of the tenſes of the Greek verbs, which he has ſo fully illuſtrated in a note on the firſt book of his edition of Homer.

This great man was ſo chary of his time, that he conſtantly took with him wherever he went ſome book or other in his pocket. This he uſed to pull out in company and read, and ſcratch under the remarkable paſſages with his nail.

Dr. Clarke has been cenſured by ſome idle and fooliſh perſons for playing at cards, and for being occaſionally a practical joker. Thoſe who make this objection only to the perfection of the character of Dr. Clarke, do not conſider that the moſt buſy perſons are in general the moſt eaſily amuſed. The Doctor's great and fervid mind, wearied with laborious and painful thinking, required mere reſpite and relaxation from toil, and did not exact either the delicacy or the violence of amuſement which thoſe perſons demand whoſe great buſineſs is pleaſure.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

AS Lucretius ſays of his great Philoſopher,

Qui genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, & omnis
Præſtrinxit, ſtellas exortus uti Ætherius Sol,

Whoſe comprehenſive energy of mind
Obſcur'd the meaner talents of mankind,
As the ris'n Sun in radiant glory bright
Extinguiſhes the Star's diminiſh'd light,

ſays, with a noble modeſty, in one of his letters to Dr. Bentley, "When I wrote my Treatiſe about our Syſtem, I had an eye upon ſuch principles as might work with conſidering men for the belief of a Deity; and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it uſeful for that purpoſe: but if I have done the public any ſervice this way, it is due to nothing but induſtry and patient thought.*

"You ſometimes," adds this great Philoſopher, "ſpeak of gravity as eſſential and inherent to matter. Pray do not aſcribe that notion to me; for the cauſe of gravity is what I do not pretend to know, and therefore would take more time to conſider it."

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* "*Genie c'eſt le travail,*" ſays M. de Buffon, "Genius is the repeated effort of thinking; it comes not by inſpiration, but is the working of a powerful mind applied to a particular ſubject." Sir Iſaac Newton told Biſhop Pearce, "that he had ſpent thirty years, at intervals, in reading over all the authors or parts of authors, which could furniſh him with materials for his "Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms;" and that he had written that Work over ſixteen times with his own hand."

"The hypotheſis of matter's being at firſt evenly ſpread through the Heavens is, in my opinion, inconſiſtent with the hypotheſis of innate gravity, without a ſupernatural power to aſſiſt them; and therefore it infers a Deity."

Dr. Johnſon ſaid, that he had been told by an acquaintance of Sir Iſaac, that in early life he ſtarted as a clamorous infidel; but that, as he became more more informed on the ſubject, he was converted to Chriſtianity, and became one of its moſt zealous defenders.

As Dr. Edmund Halley, the Aſtronomer, a man of very lively parts, was one day talking againſt Chriſtianity before Sir Iſaac, and ſaying that it wanted mathematical demonſtration, Sir Iſaac ſtopped him by ſaying, "Mun, you had better hold your tongue; you have never ſufficiently conſidered the matter."

Sir Iſaac bore his laſt illneſs, that of the ſtone, with great fortitude and reſignation; "and though," as his Niece uſed to ſay, "his agony was ſo great, that large drops of ſweat forced themſelves through a donble night-cap which he wore, he never complained or cried out."

Backgammon was a favourite recreation with him, at which he uſed to play with Mr. Flamſtead. Fontenelle concludes his exquiſite Eulogium upon this great man with ſaying, that he diſtinguiſhed himſelf from other men by no kind of ſingularity whatever: a diſtinction but too often affected by many who, poſſeſſing no degree of Sir Iſaac's talents or virtues, and having no claims to the indulgence of others, endeavour to procure celebrity to themſelves by affectation. Sir Iſaac, indeed, was in one reſpect but too like the common race of mortals: his deſire of gain induced him to have ſome concern in the fatal bubble of the South Sea; by which (as his Niece uſed to ſay) he loſt twenty thouſand pounds. Of this, however, he never much liked to hear; nor, perhaps, ſhould it ever be mentioned, but to warn mankind againſt the indulgence of a paſſion which rendered the character of this wonder of humanity imperfect, and which has too often entailed diſgrace and ruin on thoſe who have improvidently ſuffered themſelves to be governed by it.

AUGUSTUS LAFONTAINE.

THE celebrated Lafontaine, whoſe Clara Dupleſſis and Count St. Julien have met with more than common applauſe in the world, being frequently confounded with his French nameſake, the celebrated author of Fables and other Poems; we deem it our duty to rectify this error, and to inform our readers, that he was born of German parents, whoſe anceſtors were French refugees, and at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes ſettled in Pruſſia. His father, who, if we be not miſinformed, is miniſter of one of the numerous French colonies, to which

Pruſſia is indebted for a great part of her preſent poliſh and wealth, ſpared neither expenſe nor diligence to give him an excellent education, and to ſtore his mind with practical knowledge. He inſpired him with an ardent love of Greek and Roman literature; and the cloſe application with which he ſtudied the claſſics of theſe celebrated ancient nations, together with a practical acquaintance with the beſt Engliſh, French, and Italian authors, whom he was early taught to read in the original language, gave his mind a high degree of poliſh, and a keenneſs of judgment, which enabled him to ſteer clear of thoſe prejudices which but too generally check the growth of the ableſt geniuſes, and infect them with an illiberality highly detrimental to the progreſs of truth and humanity. He commenced his academical career at a period when profeſſor Kant of Königſberg, began to revive again the long neglected ſtudy of Metaphyſics; and the works of that philoſopher had a powerful influence on the turn which his genius took. Having finiſhed his academical ſtudies, he attended a young nobleman, as tutor, on his travels through France, Italy, Swiſſerland, and a great part of Germany, which contributed very much to enlarge his knowledge of men and manners, and to acquire that eminent degree of elegance and urbanity which he diſplays in all his writings. He at preſent, is chaplain to the regiment of Rhadden, which is in garriſon at Halle in Pruſſia, where he divides his time between a familiar intercourſe with the principal learned men, who grace that univerſity, and his literary compoſitions. Germany gratefully acknowledges his great merits in polite literature; and he has obtained more popularity than any one of his moſt eminent predeceſſors ever enjoyed, and his ſovereign has taken the moſt honourable notice of his ſucceſsful attempts to reform the frivolous taſte of his cotemporaries, which produced the moſt monſtrous compoſitions in the novel line, that have inundated the continent ſince the invention of the art of printing. Quintius Heymeran von Fleming, a novel, in four volumes, in which he laſhes the ſervile followers of ſyſtems, and the intolerance and illiberality of thinking to which they are liable, was the firſt elaborate work with which he opened his career, under the fictitious name of GUSTAV FREYER. This firſt product of his elegant muſe, which abounds with a profound knowledge of the human heart, and of principles which cannot ſpread without being attended with the moſt ſalutary conſequences, eſtabliſhed his credit ſo much at the firſt outſet, that he ſoon after ventured to appear without diſguiſe on the ſtage of polite literature, and publiſhed his ROMULUS, GORGUS and ARISTOMENES, and RUDOLPH of WERDENBERG; three detached Legendary Tales, in which he ſucceſsfully attempted to correct certain favourite erroneous notions of our times, which have been, and ſtill are productive of incalculable miſchief. Amongſt his later publications, CLARA DUPLESSIS, St. JULIEN, the hiſtory of the Family of HALDEN, the SONDERLING (the EXCENTRIC,)

the NATURMENSCH (the Pupil of Nature,) the GEWALT *der* LIEBE (the Power of Love;) and, laſt of all, HERMANN LANGE, deſerve particular notice, as they breathe the moſt amiable ſpirit of truth, juſtice, and humanity, and are principally calculated to animate the reader with an ardent zeal of rendering his fellow-men wiſer and happier.

JOHN PAUL FRED. RICHTER,

WHO has lately been appointed Secretary of Legation by the Duke of Hilburghauſen. This Celebrated poet with two heads, one of which has the phyſiognomy of a Cherub, and the other that of a Satyr, has but lately joined the poetic hand who ſtray among the fertile and tuneful meads and groves of Weimar. The free and charming Muſe of that place ſeems to have allured him from the noiſe and buſtle of commercial Leipzig, where he before reſided. Richter was born at Hoff, in the Marquiſate of Bayreuth, where in his earlier years he was employed as a domeſtic tutor, and where his genius was gradually developed under circumſtances not the moſt favorable, till at laſt he roſe with the flight of an eagle before the wondering eyes of the literary world. The work in which his talents firſt ſhone forth and attracted applauſe and admiration, was a humorous romance, in three volumes, entitled *Heſperus*. His preceeding publications are poſſeſſed of very inferior merit, and he himſelf conſiders his *Heſperus* to be his maſter-piece. When Wieland firſt read this work, he exclaimed, "There comes one with one of Shakeſpeare's wings!"

The moſt lively ſprightlineſs, and a mien which notices whatever is ridiculous, are depicted in his expreſſive countenance. In his ever-moving eye glows that ſublime ideal fire and life—that intoxication of ſoul, which ſeizes us in peruſing his works. He is indeed all ſoul. His converſation as well as his writings abounds with wit and humour. It may be remarked of him, as it was of Voltaire, that he never opened his mouth without ſaying ſomething witty. His literary celebrity paved him the way to the court of the Ducheſs Amelia, mother of the preſent Duke of Weimar, and to many other ſelect circles, of which he became the ſoul and delight. His ſtudies are a delicious feaſt to his mind, from which he tears himſelf with the greateſt reluctance. So great is his thirſt of knowledge, that he has ſtudied every ſcience methodically; and even yet he daily reads whatever falls in his way, from Göthe and Swift, his idol, down to the Leipzig Addreſs-Calendar, with great attention, and from them makes excerpts, of which from early youth he has collected whole piles. There is nothing in the world which he hates more than the Kantian Philoſophers, becauſe to him they ſeem to wiſh to baniſh love from among mankind. He even goes ſo far as to propoſe in his writ-

ings the employing of rat's-bane to deſtroy that ſect; and has lately written a bitter book againſt Fichte, entitled *Clavis Fichtiana.* Herder and Jacobi are at preſent the authors he moſt eſteems. Herder entertains an equal eſteem for him. Not ſo completely does Wieland harmonize with our poet. The irregular fancy of the latter offends the fine Grecian regularity of the former. Wieland however does juſtice to the genius of John Paul. In particular he admires the beautiful and ſublime ideality of the characters in the Heſperus; and is of opinion, that ſo pure and heavenly a character, as Chlotild's, never before emanated from the imagination of a poet. Richter does not confine himſelf to books; he likewiſe with great diligence and intereſt ſtudies mankind. For this purpoſe he often ſeeks the crowded ſcenes of buſy life, frequents public places, at merry-makings and on other feſtive occaſions mixes among the common people, and ſilently obſerves their ways and doings with a penetrating attentive eye.

He was lately on the point of marriage with a young lady of Hilburghauſen, who is ſaid to poſſeſs a ſoul congenial with his own: but he broke off the treaty, being of opinion that he could not make her ſo happy as ſhe deſerved. He loves the whole female ſex, and zealouſly preaches againſt their oppreſſion and ſubjugation by tyrant man.

The lateſt production of Richter is entitled *Titan;* where in a high romantic flight he attacks the cold egotiſm of the preſent age. To this work he prefixed a maſterly poetic dedication to the Queen of Pruſſia and her three ſiſters. The Queen invited him laſt ſummer to viſit her at Sans-ſouci, where he frequently had the honour to dine and converſe with that beautiful and univerſally adored princeſs. This winter likewiſe he paſſes ſometime at Berlin: but, notwithſtanding the flattering reception he there met with, he has fixed upon Weimar as his uſual place of reſidence. Richter's Romances have all the humour of the witty Sterne, whom chiefly he has choſen for his pattern, united with the pathos of Rouſſeau. But he often heaps too many metaphors and ſimilies together, ſo as to become tedious and even unintelligible. On the whole, indeed, his ſtyle cannot ſtand the teſt of ſtrict criticiſm. He has created for himſelf a peculiar rhetoric. When he ſhall have learned to confine within due bounds his exuberant fancy, and to give to his works a more pleaſing form, he will rank as the firſt romance-writer of his country. He is not tranſlatable into any other language; but it is worth the while to learn German on his account alone.

CHATTERTON.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, one of the moſt extraordinary perſonages that has appeared in the preſent century, was born at Briſtol, Nov. 20, 1752. His predilection for antiquities

was excited in his childhoon. He ſeems, likewiſe, when almoſt an infant, to have imbibed a paſſion for fame, and a thirſt for diſtinction. Traces of this were viſible in his earlieſt intercourſe.

He always ambitiouſly ſought the poſt of pre-eminence among his play-fellows. He was not willing to conſider them as his equals, he would have them his ſervants. How often might the dawn of character be obſerved in the ſports and amuſements of youth?

In the mind of young Chatterton, the love of pre-eminence was an impetuous and ruling paſſion. It imparted an unwearied activity to the energies of his mind; and inſpired him with vigour, to reſiſt that laſſitude, which ariſes from inceſſant exertion. In his meals, he uſed an almoſt aſcetic abſtinence; and he ſlept but little. The greater part of every night he devoted to the multiform occupations of genius; his unquenchable paſſion for fame almoſt enabled him to counteract the ordinary calls of nature for repoſe; and without a conſiderable portion of which common mortals would ſoon expire.

To the early thirſt of Chatterton for diſtinction, and which, more fortunately for the world than for himſelf, took a literary direction, I attribute his forgery of the poems arributed to Rowley. He well knew that any poems, appearing in his own name, and as the productions of a pariſh boy, would have excited but little attention; and he certainly could not hope that they would cauſe his reputation to emerge from the boſom of obſcurity. But he knew that the publication of poems, ſaid to have been written in the fifteenth century, and with all the harmony of numbers which is perceptible in the writers of the eighteenth, would be a literary phenomenon, well calculated to excite general curioſity. Even in Briſtol, where the heart is too uſually dormant to any emotions, but to thoſe of gain or of voluptuouſneſs, a few ſparks of curioſity and of intereſt were elicited; and Chatterton found the ſhadow of patronage (alas it was but the ſhadow!) in a ſurgeon and a pewterer.

Another motive, which operated to the production of this wonderful forgery, was the deſire of the young author to gratify his vanity, by impoſing on the learned world. This he did moſt effectually. The garb of antiquity, which he aſſumed, ſeems to have deceived ſome of the moſt profound antiquaries; and the genuineneſs of the poems might, to this day, have remained a matter of ambiguity, if the forgery of Chatterton had not been indiſputably eſtabliſhed by the taſte of Warton, and the preciſe and penetrating erudition of Tyrwhitt.

The moſt remarkable circumſtance in the life of Chatterton is the early maturity of his mind. His intellect, unlike the intellect of moſt men, does not ſeem to have attained its greatneſs by a ſlow and gradual, but a rapid and almoſt inſtantaneous expanſion. Of that taſte, whoſe divine irradiations are diſpenſed to none but the man of genius—of that taſte, which is a ſubtle and deli-

cate emanation from a ſound judgment, quick perceptions, and a vigorous intelligence, and which beſtows the power of diſcerning beauties that are inviſible to vulgar apprehenſions, and of forming combinations which ſtrike univerſally by their juſtneſs, or dazzle by their ſplendour—Chatterton poſſeſſed a more than common ſhare, at a premature period.

At the age of ſixteen he produced the tragedy of Ella; in which there are the marks of a mind vigorous in purſuit, powerful in combination, and delicate in ſelection. In the peruſal of Ella, who, that can ſympathiſe with the varied agitations of the human breaſt, can refrain from experiencing alternate emotions of ſoftneſs and of magnanimity—now melted by the tenderneſs of Birtha, now elevated by the heroiſm of Ella? In the parting ſcene, which is ably managed, the ſpirit of the warrior predominates over that of the lover; while Birtha, an exquiſitely winning portrait of female frailty, is carried reſiſtleſsly down the ſtream of her ſenſations. The ſong of the minſtrel is remarkable for its ſimplicity, its ſweetneſs and pathos.

"Come with a corne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie heartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I ſcorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaſte by daie.
My love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
All under the willow tree, &c. &c."

In "the Fragment of Godwin," the chorus of Freedom would not have diſgraced the lyre of Gray. In the battle of Haſtings, amid a profuſion of ſimilies and metaphors, the exuberance of a juvenile imagination, there are examples of the true ſublime. "The Ballad of Charity" cannot be read without tender emotions; for imagination inſtantly ſuggeſts that the wretchedneſs of the poet was ſignified in that of the pilgrim.

To form a true eſtimate of the genius of Chatterton, we muſt not forget that the beauties of his poetry are leſs reſplendent than they otherwiſe would be, from the perverted and antiquated diction, and the often barbarous and incongruous idiom by which they are obſcured. Many of the words uſed by Chatterton, were the coinage of his own fancy; others are diſtorted from their common and regular acceptation in ancient writers; and the elegance of modern phraſeology is blended with the fictitious incruſtations of antiquity.

The ſenſations which we experience in peruſing ſome of the beſt of our ancient poets, are not unlike thoſe which will be felt by a man of a cultivated ſenſibility, who walks in a gothic aiſle; when the rays of the moon are gleaming on the chambers of the dead; but thoſe which we imbibe from the poetry of Chatterton, though they have leſs ſolemnity, have ſomething more of ſoftneſs, as if we were ſitting in an ancient choir, and were now inſpired by the grandeur of the ſcene—now melted by the ſweet-

neſs of the harmony. The genuine poet is known by the degree of energy with which he can influence our ſenſations, and make them reſpond to his maſter volition; who powerfully touches the chords of our hearts, and deprives us of the poſſeſſion of ourſelves. A ſecond rate poet only plays about the heart; but a poet of the firſt order, like Shakeſpear in many paſſages, like Chatterton in a few, ſtorms every avenue of the ſoul, and makes us glow with enthuſiaſm, or ſadden with deſpair.

The genius of Chatterton languiſhed in the atmoſphere of Briſtol; his productions were not to the taſte of the merchants, who were wallowing in the luxury of wealth: while the poet was ſuffered to feel the piercing anguiſh of penury and of ſcorn. He, accordingly, accepted the offers of ſome London bookſellers, who invited him to the metropolis. In April, 1770, he left his native city, glowing, probably, with thoſe gay illuſions of fame and fortune, with which hope is continually cheating the burning fancy of youth. But the fond expectations of poor Chatterton were never realized; and diſtracted with the recollection of paſt neglect, and the proſpect of future miſery, he took poiſon on the evening of the 24th of Auguſt, 1770, of which he expired the next morning, when he wanted almoſt three months to complete his eighteenth year.

Far be it from me to become the apologiſt of ſelf-murder: but I muſt ſay, that when diſtreſſed genius (genius, whoſe ſenſations are ſo tremblingly delicate, *and which feels miſery with ten times the poignancy of ordinary mortals*) in the bitterneſs of anguiſh, ſhuts out the hope of mercy, by becoming its own deſtroyer, thoſe ought, in ſome meaſure, to ſhare the guilt of the crime, who refuſed the patronage by which it might have been prevented. Horatio! though too art deſcended to the duſt of thy fathers, or I ſhould be tempted to ſay that which would awaken thy remorſe!!

Mr. Warton has obſerved, that Chaucer is like a genial day, in an Engliſh ſpring; but Chatterton appears to reſemble a meteor ſeen in a ſummer ſky, which paſſes away too ſoon for all its deviations to be noted, or all its luſtre to be aſcertained.

To this I ſhall only add, that, in the year 1790, I ſaw the mother and ſiſter of Chatterton. The mother was very infirm and ſickly; the ſiſter kept a day ſchool, and had, I think, one little daughter. They were in indigent circumſtances.

SCHROTER.

RARE indeed is the phenomenon of a private individual expending a conſiderable part of his property in the purchaſe of valuable inſtruments; not for ſhew, and as learned furniture for his houſe; but which he applies with unwearied perſeverance, and the happieſt effects, to uſeful celeſtial obſervations, and the diſcovery of new truths, which immediately lead to the promotion of coſmography. Such a man, however, now lives in Germany;

and with juſtice may his country be proud of him. Though aſtronomy be not his peculiar vocation, though he be not ſalaried for the purpoſe ; all the leiſure that he can ſpare from the laborious duties of his office, which he performs with the greateſt conſcientiouſneſs, he applies, in a manner the moſt conducive to the progreſs of the ſciences, to the moſt difficult obſervations of remarkable appearances of the heavens, to obſerve which few aſtronomers have either inclination or opportunity.

John Jerome Schröter, Doctor of Laws, Grand Bailiff of a Province in the Electorate of Hanover, Member of the Royal Societies and Academies of Sciences of London, Gottingen, Stockholm, &c. &c. was born at Erfurt in Thuringia, on the 30th of Auguſt, 1745. In his youth, he had neither opportunity nor leiſure to ſtudy mathematics, much leſs aſtronomy ; while at the univerſity, being chiefly engaged in the ſtudy of the law, he had only, with much predilection and zeal, attended lectures on phyſicol aſtronomay, as a part of natural philoſophy ; and had likewiſe enjoyed the inſtructions of Käſtner in abſtract mathematics. Soon after, he was ſo overwhelmed with official law affairs, that he was obliged to labour day and night, ſacrificing his health in the conſcientious performance of his duty. When he had been ſome years Reporter in the Exchequer Chamber at Hanover, his natural genius for natural philoſophy and aſtronomy again awoke ; and he began, in 1778, to ſtudy the latter ſcience with extraordinary ardour, and without the aſſiſtance of any maſter. His progreſs at firſt was ſmall, and his difficulties were increaſed by the want of neceſſary inſtruments. But his genius and perſeverance ſoon triumphed over every obſtacle ; and in 1779, already was he able to make, with an achromatic teleſcope, three feet in length, good obſervariations on the planet Venus. So rapid and promiſing were the firſt ſteps of a man, who was deſtined to purſue paths before untrodden, which led to new developements of the conſtruction of the univerſe, and to more daring proſpects into the great workſhop of nature. His firſt obſervations he made in 1779 and 1780, on the atmoſphere of Venus, which have been inſerted in his Aphroditic Fragments, of the ſun, and of all the planets. To enumerate them all, it would require a volume : nor indeed is it neceſſary ; for who, in his native country, or among foreigners, is ignorant of the important ſervices Schröter has rendered to aſtronomy ? What aſtronomer, what lover of aſtronomy, what man, in fine, of a cultivated underſtanding, is a ſtranger to the ever memorable treaſures, which in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time he has revealed to us by means of his gigantic teleſcope, which himſelf had created. The names of *Herſchel* and *Schröter* will, like *Caſtor* and *Pollox*, ſhine refulgent ſtars in the heavens, as long as ſucceeding generations ſhall not ſink into the loweſt ebb of humanity, and no longer honour that which conſtitutes its greateſt dignity.

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THOUGH a man of an active mind, was oppreſſed with a heavy and ſluggiſh body, and was extremely inactive and indolent. Dr. Burney, the learned and ingenious author of the "Hiſtory of Muſic," viſiting him one day at two o'clock in the afternoon, found him in bed, with the curtains cloſed and the windows ſhut; and, aſking him why he remained ſo long in bed, was anſwered by him in the Scottiſh accent, "Why, Mon, I had no motive to riſe."

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his cloſet, with his hands claſped together, and his eyes turned toward Heaven.

Sir William Jones's opinion of the Bible, was written on the laſt leaf of one belonging to him, in theſe ſtrong terms :*

"I have regularly and attentively read theſe Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more ſublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important hiſtory, and finer ſtrains of poetry and eloqucnee than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been compoſed."

In Sir William Jones, India has loſt its greateſt ornament; the Commentator of its Poetry, the Inveſtigator of its Hiſtory, and the Elucidator of its Antiquities, its Laws, its Manners, and its Opinions. His loſs may be conſidered as a public one; and the Eaſt-India Company, to whom he was ſo valuable and ſo honourable a ſervant, have wiſely and liberally come to a reſolution to erect a ſtatue to him in the Cathedral of the Metropolis of the Britiſh Empire.

LORD CHATHAM.

LORD CHATHAM was educated at Eton, and in no very particular manner diſtinguiſhed himſelf at that celebrated ſeminary. Virgil in early life was his favourite Author. He was by no means a good Greek ſcholar; and though he occaſionally copied the arrangement and the expreſſions of Demoſthenes with great ſucceſs in his ſpeeches, he perhaps drew them from the Collana tranſlation of that admirable Orator (that book having been frequently ſeen in his room by a great Lawyer ſome time deceaſed.) The ſermons of the great Dr. Barrow and of Abernethy were favourite books with him; and of the ſermons of the late Mr. Mudge of Plymouth he always ſpoke very highly. He once declared in the Houſe of Commons, that no book had ever been peruſed by him with equal inſtruction with the Lives of Plutarch.†

Lord Chatham was an extremely fine reader of Tragedy; and a Lady of rank and taſte, now living, declares with what ſatisfaction ſhe has heard him read ſome of Shakeſpeare's Hiſtorical Plays, particularly thoſe of Henry the Fourth and Fifth. She however uniformly obſerved, that when he came to the comic or buffoon parts of thoſe plays, he always gave the book to one of his relations, and when they were gone through, he took the book again.

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* Men of learning and of erudition have in general been believers in revealed religion; as Uſher, Huet, Bochart, Chillingworth, &c. Men of wit and of fancy have but too often been infidels. It is indeed much eaſier to make objections than to ſolve them, and he that cannot build a hovel may pull down a temple.

† Lord Monboddo on the Origin of Lauguage.

Dr. Johnſon ſays acutely, that no man is a hypocrite in his amuſements; and thoſe of Lord Chatham ſeem always to have borne the ſtamp of greatneſs about them. His taſte in laying out grounds was exquiſite. One ſcene in the gardens of South Lodge on Enfield Chaſe (which was deſigned by him,) that of the Temple of Pan and its accompaniments, is mentioned by Mr. Whately, in his "Obſervations on Modern Gardening," as one of the happieſt efforts of well-directed and appropriate decoration.

Endued with an elegant, an ardent, and an exalted underſtanding, he took no delight in that minuteneſs of detail which occupies the mind without enlarging it. He was not a man of much various and general knowledge; but the powers of his mind, like the ſoul of the Derviſe in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, ſeem to have been entirely under the command of his will: he could throw them into whatever ſubject it was neceſſary they ſhould embrace. This ſublime faculty induced Mr. Cummings, the celebrated American Quaker, to ſay of him, "The firſt time I come to Mr. Pitt upon any buſineſs, I find him extremely ignorant; the ſecond time I come to him, I find him completely informed upon it."

The energy of mind of this great man (that diſtinguiſhing feature of his character) appeared even in little things. He was once, whilſt he was Secretary of State, directing the improvements in the grounds of a friend of his near London, and was called to that city ſooner than he expected, on the arrival of ſome important diſpatches. On receiving the ſummons in the evening, he immediately ſallied out, attended by all the ſervants he could get together, with lanterns, and planted ſtakes in the different places for which he intended clumps and trees.

His Lordſhip had in early life a very elegant turn for poetry, which occupations of greater moment prevented him from cultivating.

Soon after Sir Robert Walpole had taken away his Cornet's commiſſion from this extraordinary man, he uſed to drive himſelf about the country in a one-horſe chaiſe, without a ſervant. At each town to which he came, the people gathered round about his carriage, and received him with the loudeſt acclamations.

Lord Chatham thought very highly of the effects of dreſs and of dignity of manner upon mankind. He was never ſeen on buſineſs without a full-dreſs coat and a tye-wig, and he never permitted his Under-Secretaries to ſit down before him.

A General Officer was once aſked by Lord Chatham, How many men he ſhould require for a certain expedition? "Ten thouſand," was the anſwer. "You ſhall have twelve thouſand," ſaid the Miniſter, "and then if you do not ſucceed, it is your fault."

The original of the character of Praxiteles, in Mr. Greville's very entertaining book of Maxims, is ſaid to have been Lord Chatham.

The late King of Pruſſia, in his Hiſtory of the Seven Years War, thus deſcribes his Lordſhip: "*L'eloquence et la genie de M. Pitt avoient rendu l'idole de la Nation, c'etoit la meilleure téte d'Angleterre. Il avoit ſubjugué la Chambre Baſſe par la force de la parole. Il y regnoit, il en étoit, pour ainſi dire, l'ame. Parvenu au timon des affaires, il applique toute l'étendue de ſon genie à rendre à ſa patrie la domination des mers; et penſant en grande homme, il fut indigné de la Convention de Cloſter Seven, qu'il regardoit comme l'opprobre des Anglois.*"

This great Miniſter was never ſo unfortunate as to engage his Country in that moſt fatal of all calamities, a war with a formidable enemy.* He, indeed, on coming into Adminiſtration, found his country under the preſſure of that dreadful evil, which he carried on with a ſagacity of plan, and an energy of execution,† which would have enſured a glorious and an honourable peace; ſuch a peace as a conquering can ever dictate to a conquered Nation; ſuch a peace as a people ſtill freſh in reſources, and animated with that ardour of enterprize which ſucceſs never fails to inſpire, can inforce upon a people exhauſted with various miſery,

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* "Incident to this point, *The Greatneſs of Kingdoms* (ſays Lord Bacon) is for a State to have thoſe Laws and Cuſtoms which may reach forth unto them juſt occaſions (as may be pretended) of war. For there is that juſtice imprinted in the nature of men, that they enter not upon wars (whereof ſo many calamities do enſue) but upon ſome, at the leaſt, ſpecious grounds and quarrels."

* * * * * * *

"As for the wars which were antiently made on the behalf of a kind of party, or tacit conformity of eſtate, I do not ſee how they may be well juſtified. As when the Lacedæmonians and Athenians made wars to ſet up or pull down democracies or oligarchies, or when wars were made by foreigners, under the pretence of juſtice or oppreſſion, to deliver the ſubjects of others from tyranny and oppreſſion, and the like." *Eſſay on the Greatneſs of Kingdoms.*

† During the Adminiſtration of Lord Chatham, Sir Charles Frederick, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, was ordered one day to attend him, at that time confined to his bed with a ſevere fit of the gout. Mr. Pitt ſaid, "The battering train in the Tower muſt be at Portſmouth on the morning of the next day at ſeven o'clock." Sir Charles attempted to ſhew the impoſſibility of executing this order. Mr. Pitt interrupting him replied, "At your peril, Sir, let it be done:" and it was done accordingly. Sir C. Frederick left him at ſeven o'clock in the evening. Mr. Pitt received an expreſs from every ſtage the train reached in its paſſage to Portſmouth.

and diſpirited by continual defeats. Of his Commanders both by land and by ſea, he was certain: he gave them his confidence, and he had theirs in return. He never ſuffered the ſucceſs of his meaſures, his own honour, and the ſafety of his country, to be endangered by permitting perſons to be impoſed upon him as defenders of them, who were not under a neceſſity of looking up to him for their protection and ſupport.

As an Adminiſtrator of a commercial country, Lord Chatham was obliged to call in to its aid the mercenary troops of other Nations: theſe, indeed, he ſubſidiſed with a liberal, but with a prudent hand. He treated thoſe traffickers in human blood in the ſame manner as a wiſe keeper of wild beaſts treats thoſe animals from whoſe well-regulated exertions he draws his means of living. The remuneration in one caſe, like the piece of raw fleſh in the other, was not diſpenſed till the neceſſary ſervice was performed; till the animals had performed their gambols; till the ſoldiers had finiſhed the taſk of devaſtation and of ſlaughter for which they were hired. He never ſo completely ſaturated ſtipendiarian rapacity, that, in actual violation of the eternal law of attraction, it appeared to forego its affinity with gold itſelf, its beſt-beloved and moſt congenial metal; that metal which, from time immemorial, had inſpired its efforts, had made it mock at peril, at danger, and deſpiſe even death itſelf.

Though impoſed upon his Sovereign George the Second as Miniſter, Lord Chatham ever treated him with that reſpect which gratified the Monarch, and did honour to himſelf. No infirmity occaſioned by diſeaſe, nor even the ſolicitation of the Sovereign, could prevail upon him to be ſeated in his preſence. When he was not able to ſtand, he received his commands kneeling upon a ſtool; and with this elegant and flattering mark of reſpect the King expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed to one of his attendants, after the firſt audience he ever afforded to the Miniſter not choſen by himſelf.

LORD MONBODDO.

JAMES Burnet, Lord Monboddo, was a deſcendant from an ancient family in the ſhire of Kincardine. He received his education at a Scottiſh univerſity, at a time when an undiſtinguiſhing enthuſiaſm for all that bore the name of the claſſical literature of Greece and Rome, was much more predominant than it is at preſent in Scotland. Chooſing to embrace the profeſſion of a lawyer, he paſſed ſucceſsfully through the ordinary courſe of preliminary, juridical ſtudies; and was, in due time, received a member of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. From early youth, his application to his literary and juridical ſtudies, was ſeverely diligent. In the year 1767, he obtained a judges' ſeat, on the bench of the Scottiſh Court of Seſſion; and

diſcharged the duties of that high office with an aſſiduity, a patience, a clear intelligence, and an uprightneſs, which do honour even to juſtice herſelf. The courſe of his ſtudies led him to attempt the compoſition of a work, which might raiſe his name to diſtinction among men of letters. He reſolved that his firſt work ſhould afford, to the confuſion and aſtoniſhment of the moderns, a complete vindication of the wiſdom and eloquence of his admired ancients. The firſt volumes of his *Origin and Progreſs of Language*, were, in conſequence of this reſolution, at length given to the public. Theſe volumes were peruſed by critics with ſentiments of mingled reſpect, ridicule and indignation. With the philſophical hiſtory of language, his plan neceſſarily involved that of civility and knowledge.

Thoſe critics who were partial to modern literature, on account of their ignorance of that of antiquity, or who, though not unacquainted with the more popular of the ancient authors, were, however, ſtrangers to the deeper myſteries of Greek erudition, condemned Lord Monboddo's work with bitter and contemptuous cenſure. The Scottiſh literati, almoſt to a man, declared it to be unworthy of peruſal with any other view, than to be amuſed by its ridiculous abſurdity. Nothing it was ſaid, but the ſtrange abſurdity of his opinions, could have hindered his book from falling dead-born from the preſs. In England, however, its reception was ſomewhat leſs unpropitious to the author's hopes. In the late Mr. Harris, of Malmeſbury, he found an admirer and literary friend, who was himſelf deeply verſant in Grecian learning and philoſophy, and was exceedingly delighted to meet with one that had cultivated theſe ſtudies with equal ardour, and worſhipped the excellence of the ancient Greeks, as far above all other excellence. His private life was ſpent in the practice of all the ſocial virtues, and in the enjoyment of much domeſtic felicity. He married Miſs Farquharſon, a very amiable women, by whom he had a ſon and two daughters. Although rigidly temperate in his habits of life, he, however, delighted much in the convivial ſociety of his friends: and among theſe he could number almoſt all the moſt eminent of thoſe who were diſtinguiſhed in Scotland for virtue, literature, or genuine elegance of converſation and manners. One of thoſe who eſteemed him the moſt highly, was the late Lord Gardenſtone; a man who, though his propenſities to ſenſual pleaſure, and his habits of diſſipation, were very different from the ſanctity of the manners of Monboddo, poſſeſſed, however, no mean portion of the ſame overflowing benignity of diſpoſition, the ſame unimpeachable integrity as a judge, the ſame partial fondneſs for literature and for the fine arts. His ſon, a very promiſing boy, in whoſe education he took great delight, was, indeed, ſnatched away from his affections by a premature death: but, when it was too late for ſorrow and anxiety to avail, the afflicted father ſtifled the emotions of nature in his breaſt, and wound up the energies of his ſoul to the firmeſt tone of Stoical fortitude. He was, in like manner, bereaved of his

excellent lady, the object of his dearest tenderness; and he endured the loss with a similar firmness, fitted to do honour either to philosophy or to religion.

In addition to his office, as a judge in the supreme Civil Court, in Scotland, an offer was made to him of a seat in the Court of Justiciary, the supreme criminal court. But, though the emoluments of this place would have made a convenient addition to his income, he refused to accept it; lest its business should too much detach him from the pursuit of his favourite studies. His patrimonial estate was small, not affording a revenue of more than 300l. a year. Yet he would not raise the rents; would never dismiss a poor old tenant for the sake of any augmentation of emolument offered by a richer stranger; and, indeed, shewed no particular solicitude to accomplish any improvement upon his lands,—save that of having the number of persons who should reside upon them, as tenants, and be there sustained by their produce,—to be, if possible, superior to the population of any equal portion of the lands of his neighbours.

The vacations of the Court of Session afforded him leisure to retire every year, in spring and in autumn, to the country; and he used then to dress in a style of simplicity, as if he had been only a plain farmer, and to live among the people upon his estate with all the kind familiarity and attention of an aged father among his grown-up children. It was there he had the pleasure of receiving Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his friend James Boswell, at the time when these two gentlemen were upon their well-known journey through the Highlands of Scotland. Johnson admired nothing in literature so much as the display of a keen discrimination of human character, a just apprehension of the principles of moral action, and that vigorous common sense which is the most happily applicable to the ordinary conduct of life. Monboddo delighted in the refinements, the subtleties, the abstractions, the affectations of literature; and in comparison with these, despised the grossness of modern taste, and of common affairs. Johnson thought learning and science to be little valuable, except so far as they could be made subservient to the purposes of living usefully and happily with the world upon its own terms. Monboddo's favourite science taught him to look down with contempt upon all sublunary, and especially upon all modern things; and to fit life to literature and philosophy, not literature and philosophy to life. James Boswell, therefore, in carrying Johnson to visit Monboddo, probably thought of *pitting* them one against another, as two game-cocks, and promised himself much sport from the colloquial contest which he expected to ensue between them. But Monboddo was too hospitable and courteous to enter into keen contention with a stranger in his own house. There was much talk between them, but no angry controversy, no exasperation of that dislike for each others well-known peculiarities with which they had met. Johnson, it is true, still

continued to think Lord Monboddo, what he called *a prig* in literature.

To unfold and to vindicate the principles of the Grecian philoſophy more fully than could be conveniently done in his book on the *Origin and Progreſs of Language*, Lord Monboddo engaged in the compoſition of a work under the title of *Ancient Metaphyſics*. On his viſits to London, Lord Monboddo met with ſo many more men of profound erudition than he had opportunity to converſe with at the places of his ordinary reſidence, that a journey to the capital became a very favourite amuſement of his periods of vacation from the buſineſs of the court to which he belonged. For a while, he accuſtomed himſelf to make this journey once a year. A carriage, a vehicle that was not in common uſe among the ancients, he conſidered as an engine of effeminacy and ſloth, which it was diſgraceful for a man to make uſe of in travelling. To be dragged at the tail of a horſe, inſtead of mounting upon his back,—ſeemed, in his eyes, to be a truly ludicrous degradation of the genuine dignity of human nature. In all his journies, therefore, between Edinburgh and London, he was wont to ride on horſeback, with a ſingle ſervant attending him. He continued this practice, without finding it too fatiguing for his ſtrength, till he was between eighty and ninety years of age. Within theſe few years, on his return from a laſt viſit, which he made on purpoſe to take leave before his death of all his old friends in London, he became exceedingly ill upon the road, was unable to proceed and had he not been overtaken by a Scottiſh friend, who prevailed with him to travel for the remainder of the way in a carraige, he might perhaps have actually periſhed by the way ſide, or breathed his laſt in ſome dirty inn. From that time he never again attempted an equeſtrian journey to London.

A conſtitution of body naturally framed to wear well and laſt long, was ſtrengthened to Lord Monboddo by exerciſe, guarded by temperance, and by a tenor of mind too firm to be deeply broken in upon by thoſe paſſions which conſume the principles of life. In the country he always uſed the exerciſe of walking in the open air and of riding. The cold bath is a mean of preſerving the health, to which he had recourſe in all his ſeaſons, amid every ſeverity of the weather, under every inconvenience of indiſpoſition or buſineſs, with a perſeverance invincible. He was accuſtomed, alike in winter and in ſummer, to riſe from bed at a very early hour in the morning, and, without loſs of time, to betake himſelf to ſtudy or wholeſome exerciſe. It is ſaid, that he has even found the uſe of what he calls the *air-bath*, or the practice of *occaſionally walking about, for ſome minutes, naked, in a room filled with freſh and cool air*, to be highly ſalutary.

His eldeſt daughter became, many years ſince, the wife of Kirkpatrick Wilkinſon, Eſq. a gentleman who holds a reſpectable office in the Court of Seſſion. His ſecond daughter, a moſt amiable and beautiful young lady, died about ſix years ſince of a conſumption, a diſeaſe that, in Scotland, proves too often fatal to

the loveliest and most promising among the fair and the young. Neither his philosophy, nor the necessary torpor of the feelings of extreme old age, could hinder Lord Monboddo from being very deeply afflicted by so grievous a loss. From that time he began to droop exceedingly in his health and spirits to the period of his death.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LITERATURE has lately sustained a severe loss by the death of GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A. whom a fever carried off on September the 9th, in the 46th year of his age, to the unspeakable regret of his family and friends. A person in various respects so distinguished, is a proper subject for the contemplation of survivors; and he had deserved too well of the public not to be entitled to honourable and affectionate commemoration.

Mr. Wakefield, in "Memoirs of his own Life," published in 1792, has informed the world of all the circumstances attending his education and passage through life down to that period, with a minuteness and frankness which render his work a very curious and entertaining piece of biography. I shall not make any transcripts from it, but, confining myself to a slight sketch of the leading events, shall take that view of his character and conduct which suggests itself to the reflexion of a friendly but not a prejudiced bystander.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD was born on February 22, 1756, at Nottingham, of which town his father was one of the parochial clergy. An uncommon solidity and seriousness of disposition marked him from infancy, together with a power of application, and thirst after knowledge, which accelerated his progress in juvenile studies. In his grammatical course he passed under the tuition of several masters, the last and most respectable of whom was the Rev. Mr. Wooddeson, of Kingston-upon-Thames, to which parish his father was then removed. He was used, however, to lament that he had not possessed the advantages of an uniform education at one of those public schools, which undoubtedly, whatever may be their dangers and deficiencies, effect the point at which they exclusively aim, that of laying a solid foundation for classical erudition in its most exact form. In 1772 he was entered as a scholar of Jesus-college, Cambridge; and it was ever a topic of thankfulness to him, that he became a member of *that* university in which the love of truth met with some encouragement from a spirit of liberal inquiry, rather than of *that* which was devoted either to supine indolence, or to the passive inculcation of opinions sanctioned by authority. During the first years, his attention was chiefly fixed upon classical studies, always his favourites; and he was excited only by emulation and academical requisitions to aim at that proficiency in mathematical knowledge which bears so high a value at Cambridge. Yet while he

confeſſes himſelf deſtitute of a genuine taſte for ſpeculations of this kind, he ſcruples not to declare the infinite ſuperiority, in point of grandeur and ſublimity, of mathematical philoſophy to claſſical lucubrations. In 1776 he took his degree of B. A. on which occaſion he was nominated to the ſecond poſt among ſeventy-five candidates; and ſoon after, he was elected to a fellowſhip of his college. In the ſame year he publiſhed a ſmall collection of Latin poems, with a few critical notes on Homer, at the univerſity-preſs. If not highly excellent, they were ſufficient to eſtabliſh the claim of a young man to more than ordinary acquaintance with the elegancies of literature. He had already obtained a knowledge of the Hebrew language, as preparatory to thoſe theological ſtudies which now became his moſt ſerious occupation; and it may ſafely be affirmed that no man ever commenced them with a mind more determined upon the unbiaſſed ſearch after truth, and the open aſſertion of it when diſcovered. The foundation which he laid for his enquiries was an accurate knowledge of the phraſeology of the Scriptures, acquired by means of attention to the idiom in which they were written. As at this time ſome of his moſt eſteemed academical friends manifeſted their diſſatisfaction with the articles of the church of England by a conſcientious refuſal of ſubſcription, it cannot be doubted that ſcruples on this point had already taken poſſeſſion of his mind; and ſo far had his convictions proceeded, that he has ſtigmatized his compliance with the forms requiſite for obtaining deacon's orders, which he received in 1778, as "the moſt diſingenuous action of his whole life." If, indeed, he could receive conſolation from the practice of others, there were ſeveral of his intimate aſſociates, who, by a ſuperiority to ſuch ſcruples, have ſince riſen to opulence and diſtinction in the church, without betraying any uneaſineſs for a ſimilar acquieſcence.

Mr. Wakefield left college after ordination, and engaged in a curacy at Stock-port, in Cheſhire, whence he afterwards removed to a ſimilar ſituation in Liverpool. He performed the duties of his office with ſerioufneſs and punctuality; but his diſſatisfaction with the doctrine and worſhip of the church continuing to increaſe, he probably conſidered his connection with it as not likely to be durable. The diſguſt he felt at what he ſaw of the practice of privateering, and the ſlave-trade, in the latter place of his reſidence, alſo awakened in his mind that humane intereſt in the rights and happineſs of his fellow-creatures, which has made ſo conſpicuous a part of his character. The American war did not tend to augment his attachment to the political adminiſtration of his country: in ſhort, he became altogether unfit to make one of that body, the principal buſineſs of which, in the opinion of many, ſeems to be, acting as the ſatellites of exiſting authority, however exerted. His marriage, in 1779, to Miſs Watſon, niece of the rector of Stockport, was ſoon followed by an invitation to undertake the poſt of claſſial tutor at the diſſenting academy at Warrington, with which he complied. That he was regarded as a

very valuable acquiſition to this inſtitution—that he was exemplary in the diſcharge of his duty, and equally gained the attachment of his pupils and the friendſhip and eſteem of his colleagues—the writer of this account can from his own knowledge atteſt. Being now freed from all clerical ſhackles, he began his career as a theological controverſialiſt, and, it muſt be confeſſed, with an acrimony of ſtyle which was lamented by his friends, and which laid him open to the reproach of his enemies. It is not here intended to vindicate what the writer himſelf cannot but diſapprove; but the real and ſubſtantial kindneſs of Mr. Wakefield's temper, and the benevolence of his heart, were ſuch, that this apparent contradiction muſt be ſolved by his warmth of zeal in what he thought the cauſe of truth, and perhaps by a familiarity with ſcholaſtic debates, which rendered him in ſome meaſure callous to the uſe, or rather abuſe, of vituperative expreſſions from the preſs. In diſputations by word of mouth no man was more calm and gentle, more patient in hearing, or more placid in replying; and if, in his writings, he has without heſitation or delicacy beſtowed his cenſures, he has been equally liberal and decided in his praiſe. His applauſes evidently came from the heart, free and unſtinted, for envy did not poſſeſs a ſingle particle in his compoſition; nor has he withheld them when he thought them deſerved by particular laudable qualities, even in characters which he could not regard with general approbation. No man, perhaps, ever more fully gave way to the openneſs of his diſpoſition in ſpeaking *the whole truth* concerning men and things, unmoved by common conſiderations; whence it is not to be wondered at, that he frequently rendered himſelf more obnoxious to antagoniſts than the caſe eſſentially required, and rouſed prejudices which a more guarded conduct would have left dormant. A ſentence which, in his Memoirs, he has quoted from Aſgill, expreſſes (as it was probably meant to do) the ſpirit with which he wrote. "A blunt author in purſuit of truth, *knows no man* after the fleſh, till his chace is over. For a man to *think* what he *writes*, may beſpeak his *prudence*: but to *write* what he *thinks*, beſt opens his principles."

We ſhall not, in this ſketch, attempt to give an account of all his publications, many of them ſmall in bulk and temporary in their application. The moſt important of his theological labours will be allowed to be thoſe in which he employs his ſingular erudition in the explanation of Scripture. Of theſe, the firſt was "A New Tranſlation of the Firſt Epiſtle of Paul, the Apoſtle, to the Theſſalonians," printed in 1781. It was followed in the next year by "A New Tranſlation of St. Matthew, with Notes, critical, philological, and explanatory," 4to. a work which obtained much applauſe, and amply diſplayed the extent of his reading, and the facility with which his memory called up its repoſited ſtores for the purpoſe of illuſtration or paralleliſm. At this time he likewiſe augmented his fund for Scripture interpretation by the acquiſition of various Oriental dialects. After quitting War-

rington, at the diſſolution of the academy, he took up his reſidence ſucceſſively at Bramcote in Nottinghamſhire, at Richmond, and at Nottingham, upon the plan of taking a few pupils, and purſuing at his leiſure thoſe ſtudies to which he became continually more attached. While in the firſt of theſe ſituations, he publiſhed the firſt volume of "An Enquiry into the Opinions of the Chriſtian Writers of the three firſt Centuries concerning the Perſon of Jeſus Chriſt," a learned and elaborate performance, but which did not meet with encouragement ſufficient to induce him to proceed in the deſign. A painful diſorder in his left ſhoulder, with which he was attacked in 1786, and which haraſſed him for two years, interrupted the courſe of his employments; and he could do no more for letters during that period, than alleviate his ſufferings by drawing up ſome remarks upon the Georgics of Virgil and the Poems of Gray, which he publiſhed with editions of thoſe delightful compoſitions. As his health returned, his theological purſuits were reſumed, and he again engaged in the field of controverſy. He alſo, in 1789, made a commencement of a work, which promiſed much, as well for his reputation, as for the advantage of ſacred literature. It was "an Union of Theological and Claſſical Learning, illuſtrating the Scriptures by Light borrowed from the Philology of Greece and Rome." Under the title of "Silva Critica" three parts of this performance have iſſued from the univerſity preſs of Cambridge.

The formation of a diſſenting college at Hackney, which, it was hoped, by the powerful aid of the metropolis, would become both more conſiderable and more permanent than former inſtitutions of a like kind, produced an invitation to Mr. Wakefield to undertake the claſſical profeſſorſhip. With this he thought proper to comply, and accordingly, in 1790, he quitted his abode at Nottingham, and removed to Hackney upon the plan of joining with public tuition the inſtruction of private pupils. He has himſelf informed the public that "both of theſe anchors failed him, and left his little bark again afloat on the ocean of life." It is neither neceſſary nor deſirable to revive the memory of differences between perſons really reſpectable and well intentioned, but under the influence of different habits and views of things. We ſhall confine ourſelves to a remark or two.

Mr. Wakefield was a perſon who derived his opinions entirely from the ſource of his own reaſon and reflection, and it will not be eaſy to name a man who ſtood more ſingle and inſulated in this reſpect throughout life than he. Although his principles had induced him to renounce his clerical office in the church of England, and he had become a *diſſenter* from her doctrine and worſhip, yet he was far from uniting with any particular claſs of thoſe who are uſually denominated *diſſenters*. He had an inſuperable repugnance to their mode of performing divine ſervice; and he held in no high eſtimation the theological and philoſophical knowledge which it has been the principal object of their ſeminaries of education to

communicate. It has already been obſerved, that the baſis of his own divinity was philology. Claſſical literature, therefore, as containing the true rudiments of all other ſcience, was that on which he thought the greateſt ſtreſs ſhould be laid, in a ſyſtem of liberal education. This point he inculcated with an earneſtneſs which probably appeared ſomewhat dictatorial to the conductors of the inſtitution.

Further, in the progreſs of his ſpeculations, he had been led to form notions concerning the expediency and propriety of public worſhip, extremely different from thoſe of every body of Chriſtians, whether in ſects or eſtabliſhments; and as he was incapable of thinking one thing and practiſing another, he had ſufficiently made known, his ſentiments on this ſubject, as well in converſation, as by abſtaining from attendance upon every place of religious aſſembly. They who were well acquainted with him, knew that in his own breaſt piety was one of the moſt predominant affections; but the aſſembling for ſocial worſhip had for ſo many ages been regarded as the moſt powerful inſtrument for the ſupport of general religion, that to diſcourage it was conſidered as of dangerous example, eſpecially in a perſon engaged in the education of youth. Notwithſtanding, therefore, his claſſical inſtructions in the college were received by the ſtudents almoſt with enthuſiaſtical admiration, and conferred high credit on the inſtitution, a diſſolution of his connection with it took place in the ſummer of 1791.

The ſubſequent publication of his phamphlet on Public Worſhip deprived him (as he ſays) of the only two private pupils he expected. From that period he continued to reſide at Hackney, in the capacity of a retired man of letters, employing his time partly in the education of his own children, partly in the compoſition of works which will perpetuate his name among thoſe who have cultivated literature with moſt ardour and ſucceſs. His "Tranſlation of the New Teſtament, with notes," 3 vols. 8vo. appeared towards the cloſe of 1791, and was very reſpectably patronized. In language it preſerves as much as poſſible of the old verſion. Its numerous deviations from that in ſenſe, will be regarded as happy alterations or bold innovations, according to the prepoſſeſſions of the reader. A long liſt might be given of his ſucceeding labours, but we ſhall only particularize ſome of the moſt conſiderable. He printed (no longer at the Cambridge-preſs) two more parts of his "Silva Critica." He gave a new edition, much corrected, of his "Tranſlation of the New Teſtament;" and beſides, proved his zeal for Chriſtianity, by enlarging a former work "On the Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion," and by replying to Thomas Paine's attack upon it in his "Age of Reaſon."

To the works of Pope, as our moſt cultivated Engliſh poet, and the moſt perfect example of that ſplendour and felicity of diction which is not attained without much ſtudy of the poetic art, Mr. Wakefield paid particular attention. It was his deſign to

have publiſhed a complete edition of his works; but after he had printed the firſt volume, the ſcheme was rendered abortive by Dr. Warton's edition. He, however, printed a ſecond volume, entitled, "Notes on Pope," and alſo gave a new edition of Pope's "Iliad and Odyſſey." In theſe publications he diſplayed all that variety of compariſon and illuſtration, that power of tracing a poetical thought thro' different authors, with its ſucceſſive ſhades and improvements, and that exquiſite feeling of particular beauties, which diſtinguiſh him as an annotator of the writers of Greece and Rome.

As a claſſical editor he appeared in a ſelection from the Greek tragedians, in editions of Horace, Virgil, Bion and Moſchus, and, finally, in his "Lucretius," a vaſt performance, which alone might ſeem the labour of many induſtrious years. Of his character, as a man of letters, I have been favoured with the following eſtimate by an able judge, the Rev. E. Cogan, of Cheſhunt:

"In extent of erudition, particularly if an acquaintance with the Oriental languages be taken into the account, he was perhaps inferior to no man of the preſent age; and they who have been conſidered as having had the advantage over him in ſome of the leſs important *minutiæ* of Greek literature, have probably limited their attention to fewer objects, and certainly commenced their literary courſe with a more advantageous preperation. In conjectural criticiſm he exhibits much of the character of Bently and Markland: men whom he eſteemed according to their high deſerts in that ſpecies of learning to which his own mind was peculiarly directed. Like theſe illuſtrious ſcholars, he is always learned, ſometimes bold, and frequently happy. Like them he had a mind which diſdained to be held in a ſervile ſubjection to authority; and in defiance of eſtabliſhed readings, which too often ſubſtitute the dreams of tranſcribers for the gems of antiquity, he followed, without fear wherever reaſon and probability ſeemed to lead the way. In his earlier critical works he exhibited, amidſt ſome errors which his riper judgment diſcarded, the promiſe of his future greatneſs; and even his faults were the infirmities of genius; they flowed from that ardour and enthuſiaſm which cannot always wait for the ſlow deciſions of cool enquiry. They were faults which, though they afforded a ſmall conſolation to dull malignity, did not diminiſh his praiſe in the eſtimation of one ſolid and impartial judge. His favourite ſtudy was poetry, and in an extenſive acquaintance with the ancient poets, both Greek and Roman, few men ſince the revival of letters have equalled him, and no one ever ſurpaſſed him in the perception of their beauties. When he applies to them the hand of conjecture, he rarely fails to give new ſpirit and animation by his touch; and where we are obliged to diſſent from his corrections, we are ſometimes ſorry for the credit of the poet that he does not appear to have written what the critic has ſuggeſted. He was peculiarly fond of tracing an elegance of poetical expreſſion through the various modificatious which it aſſumed in the hands of different wri-

ters, and in the illuſtration of ancient phraſeology he did not overlook the poets of his own country, with many of which he was very familiar. His great work is undoubtedly his edition of "Lucretius," a work which ignorance may deſpiſe, at which malice may carp, and hireling ſcribblers may rail, but which will rank with the labours of Heinſius, Gronovius, Burman, and Heyne, as long as literature itſelf ſhall live. It will ſhare the prediction with which Ovid has graced the memory of the great poet himſelf,

> Carmina ſublimis tunc ſunt peritura Lucreti,
> Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

Beſides its critical merit, it exhibits the richeſt diſplay of the flowers of poetry that ever was preſented to the world, and will amply reward the peruſal of every man who has ſenſibility to reliſh the fineſt touches of human genius.

"Mr. Wakefield, even before this immortal ſpecimen of his talents, was deſervedly held in the higheſt eſtimation by the literati of Germany; and if his honours at home have not equalled his reputation abroad, the candid mind will eaſily find the explanation of this phenomenon in the violence of political party and the mean jealouſy which has too often diſgraced the ſcholars of Great Britian. The name of Bently is connected with proof enough of the juſtice of this inſinuation."

I ſhall now proceed to an incident of his life which will be viewed with regret by the ingenuous of all parties: the *additional* ſenſations it inſpires will, of courſe, be different according to the particular ſentiments of individuals. It has already been hinted that Mr. Wakefield from the time of his reſidence at Liverpool, had begun to imbibe a deteſtation of that policy which trampled upon the rights of mankind, and was founded upon unfeeling avarice and unprincipled ambition. His ſtudy of Chriſtianity more and more convinced him that the maxims of the world and thoſe of religion were in direct oppoſition: and in common with many other excellent and learned men, he became perſuaded of the abſolute incompatibility of War with the Chriſtian character. He had moreover received thoſe principles of the origin and end of government, which however they may now be regarded, were once thought fundemental to the Britiſh Conſtitution, and the baſis of all civil liberty. He had occaſionally, in the political conteſts of his country, publickly expreſſed his opinions upon theſe ſubjects; but the French Revolution was an event calculated to call forth all his ardour in the cauſe. His ſanguine temper led him to conſider it as the undoubted common cement of a better order of things, in which rational liberty, equitable policy, and pure religion, would finally become triumphant. He watched its progreſs with incredible intereſt, excuſed its unhappy deviations, and abhorred the combination of arbitrary power which threatened its deſtruction. It was impoſſible that he ſhould refrain from employing his pen on the occaſion, or that he ſhould do it with a "cold and

unperforming hand." In his "Remarks on the General Orders of the Duke of York," he had arraigned the juſtice of the war with France in terms which are ſuppoſed to have exerciſed the utmoſt forbearance of the Miniſtry. But in his "Reply to ſome Parts of the Biſhop of Landaff's Addreſs," he paſſed thoſe limits. From that ſyſtematic progreſs in reſtraining the free communication of political opinions which may be traced in the acts of the late Miniſtry, it is not unreaſonable to conclude, that a victim to the liberty of the preſs, of name and character ſufficient to inſpire a wide alarm, was really deſired. Yet, as the Attorney-general ſolemnly proteſted that his proſecution of this pamphlet was ſpontaneous, and ſolely dictated to him by the heinous and dangerous nature of its contents, it would be uncandid to call his aſſertion in queſtion. A man of ſenſe, however, may be allowed to ſmile at the notion of real danger to ſupreme power, ſupported as well by public opinion, as by every active energy of the ſtate, from a private writer, arguing upon principles ſo little applicable to the practice of the world, as thoſe of the Goſpel. Further, a man of a truly liberal and generous mind will perhaps view, not without indignation, the thunders of the law hurled upon a head diſtinguiſhed for virtue and learning, without any humane allowance for well intentioned, if miſguided, zeal. The attack commenced, not againſt the principal, who boldly and honeſtly came forward to avow himſelf, but againſt the agents; and the grand purport of it was ſufficiently declared by the ſuperior ſeverity with which a bookſeller was treated, who was not the editor, but only a caſual vender of the work; but who had long been obnoxious as a diſtinguiſhed publiſher of books of free enquiry. Mr. Wakefield himſelf next underwent proſecution; and his ſentence, upon conviction, was a two year's impriſonment in Dorcheſter gaol. There exiſts no other *meaſure* of puniſhment in ſuch a caſe than compariſon, and perhaps, upon the application of this rule, it will not be found inordinately ſevere. Two year's abode in a priſon is, however, a moſt ſerious infliction! it is cutting off ſo much from deſirable exiſtence. Mr. Wakefield, notwithſtanding his natural fortitude, felt it as ſuch. Though, from his habits of ſobriety and ſeclusion, he had little to reſign in reſpect of the ordinary pleaſures of the world; his habits of pedeſtrian exerciſe, and his enjoyment of family comfort, were eſſentially infringed by confinement. He likewiſe found all his plans of ſtudy ſo deranged, by the want of his library, and the many incommodities of his ſituation, that he was leſs able to employ that reſource againſt tedium and melancholy than might have been expected. One powerful conſolation, however, in addition to that of a good conſcience, attended him. A ſet of warm and generous friends employed themſelves in raiſing a contribution which ſhould not only indemnify him from any pecuniary loſs conſequent upon his proſecution, but ſhould alleviate his cares for the future ſupport of his family. The purpoſe was effected; and it is to be

hoped that Engliſhmen will ever retain ſpirit enough to take under their protection men who have faithfully, though perhaps not with due prudence and conſideration, maintained the noble cauſe of mankind againſt the frowns of authority.

At length the tedious period elapſed, and the laſt day of May, in this year, reſtored him to liberty. He was received by his friends, many of whom had viſited him in priſon, with the moſt cordial welcome. He was endeared to them by his ſufferings, and his character was generally thought to have received a meliorating tinge of mildneſs and moderation from the reflexions which had paſſed through his mind. He formed extenſive plans for future literary labours, and he ſeemed fully capable of enjoying and benefiting that world to which he was returned. When —Oh what is man!—a fever, probably occaſioned by his anxious exertions to fix himſelf in a new habitation, cut ſhort all his proſpects. From the firſt attack he perſuaded himſelf that the termination would be fatal, and this conviction materially oppoſed every attempt of medicine in his favour. He ſurveyed death without terror, and prepared for it by tender offices to the ſurvivors.

It is preſumed that the character of Mr. Wakefield is ſufficiently developed in the preceding ſketch of his life. It may however be added, that there was in him an openneſs, a ſimplicity, a good faith, an affectionate ardour, a noble elevation of ſoul, which irreſiſtably made way to the hearts of all who nearly approached him, and rendered him the object of friendly attachment, to a degree almoſt unexampled. Let this be placed in balance to all that might appear arrogant or ſelf-ſufficient, harſh, or irritable in his literary conduct! His talents were rare—his morals pure—his views exalted—his courage invincible—his integrity without a ſpot. When will the place of ſuch a man be ſupplied.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

Mrs. SIDDONS.

WHAT has been often ſaid of literary characters is applicable to moſt other claſſes of the community, in which the members have been uniformly devoted to their ſeveral purſuits. If it be thought that there is too much uniformity in a ſtudious life to ſupply many materials for biography, the ſame remark is perhaps ſtill more applicable to the theatrical profeſſion. "The gradations of a hero's life are from battle to battle, and of an author from book to book." The changes in the life of an actor are from theatre to theatre, or from character to character; but when theatrical genius riſes to ſuch a height as to preclude all compariſon, the difficulty of the biographer, however paradoxical it

may appear, is proportionably augmented, for it muſt be the intereſt of managers to keep ſuch ſuperior merit ſtationary, and ſuch merit muſt be too generally underſtood, as well as admired, to admit of additional comment, or novel information.

There cannot be a ſtronger illuſtration of this poſition than in the ſubject of our preſent attention, who burſt upon the world with too much radiance to be ſuffered to purſue a career of unobſtructed glory. The genius of Mrs. SIDDONS, as it threw a cloud over all competitors, muſt neceſſarily have furniſhed an incentive to malevolence as well as admiration: the one was as eager to depreciate and defame, as the other to celebrate and exalt, and never, perhaps, have thoſe oppoſite intereſts been more actively at work in any other province of talents and of virtue.

The ſolid merit of Mrs. Siddons has, however, borne her ſafely through the extremes of obloquy and panegyric, and the very attempts of ENVY to leſſen her character in public and private life, have only ſerved to diſtinguiſh her genius, and to eſtabliſh her reputation. So juſt is the obſervation of the elegant ſatiriſt—

" For *envy'd wit*, like SOL eclips'd, makes known
" Th' *oppoſing body's groſſneſs*, not its own.
" When firſt that SUN too *pow'rful beams* diſplays,
" It draws up *vapours*, which obſcure its rays;
" But e'en thoſe *clouds* at laſt *adorn its way*,
" Reflect *new glories*, and *augment the day*."

Mrs. SARAH SIDDONS, is the eldeſt offspring of Mr. ROGER KEMBLE, and his wife Sarah, who have always been eſteemed in private life, and who in provincial theatres have obtained no inconſiderable degree of profeſſional repute. Mrs. Kemble, who is much advanced in years, was the daughter of Mr. WARD, one of the laſt of the BETTERTONIAN SCHOOL of actors. He was a man of great knowledge and obſervation, and was in his day " accounted a good actor," nor is there any reaſon to believe that he did not deſerve the reputation he acquired.

From very early life our heroine was employed in her father's company, and derived from parental intelligence much uſeful inſtruction. It is evident however, that Mrs. Siddons brought into the world with her an underſtanding which was to act according to the direction of its own light, and that ſtood little in need of auxiliary counſel to govern its purſuits.

At a ſuitable age an attachment aroſe between Miſs KEMBLE and Mr. SIDDONS, at that time a performer in her father's company. We are not ſufficiently acquainted with particulars to determine, but we have heard that a clandeſtine marraige was ſoon the conſequence of this mutual inclination.

And here it is proper to obſerve, that Miſs KEMBLE diſplayed a correct judgment in the moſt eſſential act of female life, for ſhe made choice of a man of probity, ſenſe, and benevolence, one who has managed the profits of her ſucceſs with liberal propriety

and prudence; though the unoffending ſimplicity, judgment, and rectitude of his character, have not exempted him from a ſhare of that detraction which has been ſo powerfully excited by the elevated genius of his wife.

In due time Mrs. SIDDONS became the heroine of the Bath ſtage, and having an opportunity of diſplaying her great talents in ſuch a ſphere of faſhionable reſort, the tranſition to London, the vaſt metropolis of taſte and abilities, was natural and neceſſary. The public need not be told with what luſtre her career has been diſtinguiſhed: her merit has obtained the diſtinction it deſerved, POETRY, PAINTING, and CRITICISM, have all been emulous to record her worth, and ſhe has juſtly, we may preſume, been pronounced one of the firſt actreſſes, if not the firſt, that the world ever beheld.

It has been ſaid that our late ADMIRABLE ROSCIUS ſaw and envied the talents of Mrs. SIDDONS, and did his utmoſt to keep them in obſcurity, but this ſtory we always conſidered as an invidious ſlander, unworthy the pre-eminent genius of GARRICK, and inconſiſtent with the private character of that unrivalled actor. It would be more liberal, and we doubt not more juſt, to infer that Mr. GARRICK did not ſee the eagle in the egg, and was too much advanced in age and infirmity to look out for youthful genius, and incur the labour and difficulty of training it to maturity. We have never heard that Mrs. SIDDONS gave the leaſt ſupport to this illiberal rumour, and we will therefore continue to conſider it as "a weak invention of the enemy."

It ſhould be obſerved that Mrs. SIDDONS had not riſen to any height of provincial celebrity before Mr. GARRICK quitted the ſtage, and had not exhibited the ſplendour of her genius upon the Bath theatre until Fate had dropped the curtain upon the BRITISH ROSCIUS.

It remains only to obſerve, that as the action of Mrs. SIDDONS on the ſtage is juſt, proper, natural and graceful, ſo is her conduct in private life. She is a faithful and affectionate wife, a fond, but diſcerning mother, a zealous and an attentive friend, and an agreeable and enlightened companion.

Adverting to the great powers of Mrs. SIDDONS and the impoſſibility of giving poſterity an adequate perception of her merit, we cannot forbear to conclude with the elegant and intereſting lines of the firſt living comic writer. Among the profeſſors of the liberal arts

> "The ACTOR only ſhrinks from Time's award,
> "Feeble Tradition is his mem'ry's guard;
> "By whoſe faint praiſe his merit muſt abide,
> "Untouch'd by *proof*, to *ſubſtance* unally'd!
> "E'en matchleſs GARRICK's art, to heaven reſign'd,
> "No *fix'd effect*, no *model* leaves behind.

"All periſhable! like the electric fire,
"But ſtrike the frame, and as they ſtrike expire:
"Incenſe too pure a bodied flame to bear,
"Its fragrance charms the ſenſe, and blends with air."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MADAM DE STAEL.

Prefixed to her Treatiſe on the Influence of the Paſſions.

IT has been obſerved that the life of a man of letters furniſhes few incidents that can employ the pen of the biographer or gratify the curioſity of the public. The celebrity of an author's works, indeed, throw a luſtre upon the moſt obſcure ſcenes of his life, and give an intereſt to the moſt trivial occurrences. Every little anecdote derives an importance from the name with which it is connected, and every action is embelliſhed by an aſſociation with performances which every one reads and admires.

The life of a female author, in general, muſt ſtill be more barren of variety and of incident. The amuſements, the intrigues, the occupations of a woman of faſhion, do not greatly intereſt thoſe who are beyond her circle. Her wit or her manners may delight and animate the ſcenes in which ſhe moves, but they cannot be conſigned with equal effect to the page of the biographer. When we are told that the woman of rank, whoſe writings we peruſe with pleaſure, lived in the firſt orders of faſhion, that ſhe was courted and admired by the moſt diſtinguiſhed votaries of literature, we can expect little farther gratification. It is in her writings ſtill that we cultivate an acquaintance with her. As a woman of faſhion, ſhe differs but little from the croud around her; while the ſprightlineſs of her converſation, and the elegance of her wit, in a literary circle, form features of a character which it is difficult to ſeize and to embody in the detail of her life.

Madame de Stael poſſeſſes hereditary claims to diſtinction. Independently of her own celebrity, ſhe derives a conſequence from the parents to whom ſhe owes her birth. She is the only child of the celebrated M. Neckar, whoſe reputation as a financier, and politician has been equally extolled and depreciated. The important offices which he filled, and the principal part which he performed in the French monarchy at the beginning of the revolution, have rendered him the object of univerſal notice; and his conduct the ſubject of much controverſy. Many impute to him the blame of having encouraged the revolutionary ſpirit till it became too powerful to be repreſſed. At the ſame time, however calamitous may have been the conſequences of that revolution, the intention of M. Neckar cannot fairly be queſtioned, nor his fidelity to the maſter whom he ſerved juſtly arraigned.

Her mother was Mademoiſelle Curchod, a lady diſtinguiſhed by the higheſt accompliſhments of mind and perſon. She was the firſt love of the celebrated Mr. Gibbon, and he once entertained the deſign of offering her his hand. Before he could put his intention in execution, Mademoiſelle Curchod became the wife of M. Neckar, then a Banker at Paris. While ſhe lived, ſhe was the pride and ornament of the rank in which ſhe moved. The houſe of Neckar was the reſort of literary eminence. Madame Neckar wrote a variety of pieces, which did the higheſt honour to her talents. Since her death, M. Neckar has publiſhed three volumes of her *Thoughts, Maxims, Correſpondence, &c.*

The only daughter of parents whoſe wealth was immenſe, whoſe literary qualifications were ſo eminent, it is natural to ſuppoſe that the education of Madame de Stael would be ſuperintended in ſuch a manner as to combine the higheſt accompliſhments with the firſt rank and fortune. At a very early period of life ſhe diſplayed uncommon powers. No pains were ſpared to cultivate her mind. The example and the attention of her mother equally ſerved to the improvement of her talents, and ſhe ſoon gained a a ſuperiority not merely in ſuperficial accompliſhments, but in ſolid acquirements, which fall to the lot of but very few of her ſex.

Her natural temper ſoon diſplayed the utmoſt ſprightlineſs and vivacity. In one of his viſits to Neckar, at his ſeat at Copet, near Lauſanne, Mr. Gibbon mentions his having ſeen the daughter of his old miſtreſs. She was then about eighteen, and wit, animation, and perhaps an exceſs of vivacity, were her chief characteriſtics.

M. Neckar was a proteſtant, and wiſhed to unite his daughter to a man of the ſame religious perſuaſion. At an early age, accordingly, he married his daughter to the Baron de Stael, a Swediſh nobleman of rank and conſequence. The Baron de Stael was long the Miniſter of Sweden in Paris, and at preſent he fills the office of Ambaſſador of his Court to the French Republic.

This union, however, was not thought to be very happy. To whatever cauſes it might be owing, her marriage was not attended with much domeſtic felicity, and for ſome years Madame Stael and her huſband have not lived on the beſt terms. Her warm and ſprightly temper and French education might not well agree with the more ſober habits of a Swediſh nobleman.

On the commencement of the French revolution, Madame Stael, of an ardent temper, was favourable to its cauſe. She had already begun to be diſtinguiſhed for talents and wit, and her houſe was frequented by many of the firſt literary characters in France. She was not, however, a partizan of the violent democratical faction; ſhe was attached to what has been termed the Conſtitutionaliſts, thoſe who were friends to a limited and conſtitutional monarchy.

At her houſe, as Mr. Burke informs us in his 'Letters on a Regicide Peace,' the chiefs of the *Feuillans* uſed to meet and con-

cert their meaſures. Theſe were the two Lameths, La Fayette, Barnaud Vergniaud, &c. This party, however, was ſoon cruſhed by the overbearing and extravagant character of the Jacobins. Several of its moſt active leaders periſhed, many of them were exiled, and Madame Stael herſelf found it neceſſary to quit France. She came to England, where ſhe reſided for ſome time. She lived rather retired in the country, though occaſionally viſited by many perſons of diſtinction.

After the fall of the ſanguinary Robeſpierre, Madame Stael returned to Paris, where ſhe again became the center of attraction to a political party. When the conſtitution of 1795 was eſtabliſhed, ſhe was its decided ſupporter; and many of the perſons who came into power under the new government were her friends.

The new conſtitution was ſoon aſſailed by oppoſite factions, and the directory were not ſuppoſed to obſerve very ſcrupulouſly the legal limits of their prerogatives. Parties became incenſed againſt each other. Madame Stael was attached to the exiſting adminiſtration. She accordingly became the object of abuſe from the moſt violent of the other ſide, many of whom were accuſed of a deſign to reſtore royalty. Great influence with the new rulers was aſcribed to Madame Stael. Many meaſures obnoxious to the party in oppoſition were imputed to her counſels. This importance, and this influence with the people in power, Madame Stael diſclaims. Certain it is, however, that ſome of the preſent Directors and Miniſters were frequently of her parties. This, however, may be as juſtly aſcribed to the attraction of her company and converſation, as to any influence or intrigue.

Previous to the violent meaſures which the Directory put in execution againſt ſo many repreſentatives of the people, in condemning them to tranſportation without even the formality of a trial, Madame de Stael was the object of inceſſant ſcurrility and abuſe. She was accuſed of being the main ſpring of many ſchemes which the friends of the Directory thought it neceſſary to adopt. A number of lampoons and epigrams were written againſt her; but ſhe diſclaimed all concern in the tranſactions imputed to her. Among theſe were the following whimſical lines, the firſt of which alludes to the work upon the paſſions:

Les Accouchemens de la Baronne de Stael.

Apres avoir fait un gros livre,
Puis un gros club, puis un amant,
Puis un miniſtre au teint de cuivre,
Puis un commis nomme *Conſtant*,
Puis un achat, argent comptant,
Puis un plan qu'Augereau doit ſuivre,
Puis a Barras ſon compliment,
Deux mois en repos voulant vivre,
La Baronne a fait—un enfant.

Theſe ſquibs, however, and a thouſand other witticiſms which were launched againſt her, are totally without foundation. Madame de Stael was the enemy of thoſe factions which then, under various denominations, endeavoured to obtain the executive power into their own hands. From many paſſages of the following work, it appears that ſhe deeply felt and deplored the calamities which the revolution had produced. She was convinced that France had ſuffered too much from the rage of faction, again to tempt the ſame evils. From a horror of innovation, ſhe actually wiſhed to ſupport the newly eſtabliſhed government, and rather to adhere to what exiſted, than to ſeek any change whatever. In fact, ſo far from deriving influence from that event, which ſhe was accuſed of having counſelled, ſhe has ſince lived in the neighbourhood of Paris in privacy and retirement.

Whatever attacks the rage of faction, or the malignancy of ſcandal, may have directed againſt Madame de Stael, even her enemies do not diſpute the extent of her talents, and the vigour of her mind. Her literary attainments, her acquaintance with mankind, her general knowledge, her ingenuity, diſcrimination, and philoſophical acuteneſs, are generally confeſſed.

The character of Madame de Stael's works differs greatly from that by which the writings of many of her ſex are diſtinguiſhed. She affects no gaudineſs of diction, no flimſy decoration, no falſe and vitious refinement of ſtile, the faults into which the writings of the fair in the preſent age are apt to run. She analyſes with philoſophical accuracy; her ſtile diſplays a maſculine vigour. If her compoſition be obſcured by any blemiſh, it is rather by a philoſophical language, which, from two great and generalizing abſtraction of ideas, becomes ſtiff, and by a refinement of analyſis which borders upon obſcurity. Thoſe, however, who peruſe her writings with care, will find that they contain much information, and a thorough acquaintance with the human heart.

Beſides the work upon the Paſſions, Madame de Stael ſome time before publiſhed an Eſſay on the Character and Writings of the celebrated Philoſopher of Geneva, Rouſſeau. This performance poſſeſſes the higheſt reputation in France. It is diſtinguiſhed by uncommon ingenuity of remark, a ſingular diſcernment of character, and wonderful diſplay of critical acuteneſs. The character of Rouſſeau has in every country of Europe been canvaſſed with rigour, but the ſingular temperament of his extravagant mind, the true merit and beauty of his writings were never more clearly developed and explained than in the Eſſay of Madame de Stael.

The following work upon the Paſſions obtained great ſucceſs in France. It has likewiſe extended its fame into Germany. Its great aim is to ſhow that the paſſions tend to embitter the happineſs of individuals, and to diſturb the peace of nations. She conſiders the very eſſence of paſſion to conſiſt in its violence; paſſion

under the dominion of reaſon is no paſſion at all. She demonſtrates that mankind ought to endeavour to avoid as much as poſſible the influence of the paſſions; that is, bring themſelves to that ſtate of philoſophical apathy when they can think without enthuſiaſm, and act without *impulſe*.

The reaſoning by which this doctrine is ſupported will be found to poſſeſs uncommon ingenuity, the movements of the heart are laid open with a maſterly hand, and the origin of our feelings and ſentiments carefully traced. Upon a ſecond peruſal, her book will pleaſe, perhaps, more than upon the firſt.

Madame de Stael is now about thirty. Her figure is not remarkable for beauty or elegance. She is not tall. There is, however, a livelineſs and vivacity in her countenance extremely engaging, and her manners and converſation are highly attractive.

MORALS.

For the NEW-ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MEANS OF ACQUIRING SELF-COMMAND.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

PERCEIVING by the plan of your firſt number, that communications upon moral and inſtructive ſubjects are requeſted, I have thought it might be uſeful, to make more known, through the medium of your publications, the excellent moral advice, which ancient Sages have at different periods enforced upon their fellow men. The nature, paſſions, nor characters of mankind have ſufficiently altered to render their diſcourſes either inapplicable, uninſtructive, or unneceſſary. With your permiſſion, I will occaſionally preſent your readers with extracts from their valuable counſels.

I have lately derived much profit and inſtruction from the Diſcourſes of Epictetus. The world does not ſeem to feel a full ſenſe of its obligation to Mrs. CARTER, the tranſlator of the Grecian Sage's inſtructions. This worthy Lady, unlike the "unſex'd females" of the preſent day, devoted her time and her talents to the promotion of ſound morality and real religion. Her tranſlation, notwithſtanding the ſubtle ſtile of the original, is executed with great fidelity and perſpicuity, and the Grecian Philoſopher appears to no diſadvantage in the Engliſh Lady's diction.

I was much pleaſed with a Chapter in this book, which diſcovers a means of acquiring the important art of ſelf-command.

"EVERY habit and faculty," ſays Epictetus, "is preſerved and increaſed, by correſpondent actions: as the habit of walking,

by walking; of running, by running. If you would be a reader, read: if a writer, write. But if you do not read for a month together, but do ſomewhat elſe; you will ſee what will be the conſequence. So, after ſitting ſtill for ten days, get up and attempt to take a long walk; and you will find how your legs are weakened. Upon the whole then, whatever you would make habitual, practiſe it: and, if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practiſe it; but habituate yourſelf to ſomething elſe.

It is the ſame with regard to the operations of the ſoul.—Whenever you are angry, be aſſured, that it is not only a preſent evil, but that you have increaſed a habit, and added fuel to a fire. When you are overcome by the company of women, do not eſteem it as a ſingle defeat, but that you have increaſed, your diſſoluteneſs. For it is impoſſible, but that habits and faculties muſt either be firſt produced, or ſtrengthened and increaſed by correſpondent actions. Hence the Philoſophers derive the growth of all infirmities. When you once deſire money, for example, if a degree of reaſoning ſufficient to produce a ſenſe of the evil be applied, the deſire ceaſes, and the governing faculty of the mind regains its authority; whereas, if you apply no remedy, it returns no more to its former ſtate: but, being again excited by a correſpondent appearance, it kindles at the deſire more quickly than before; and by frequent repetitions, at laſt becomes callous: and by this infirmity is the love of money fixed. For he who hath had a fever, even after it hath left him, is not in the ſame ſtate of health as before, unleſs he was perfectly cured: and the ſame thing happens in diſtempers of the ſoul likewiſe. There are certain traces and bliſters left in it; which, unleſs they are well effaced, whenever a new hurt is received in the ſame part, inſtead of bliſters become ſores.

If you would not be of an angry temper then, do not feed the habit. Give it nothing to help its increaſe. Be quiet at firſt, and reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I uſed to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day: and if you miſs it ſo long as thirty days, offer a ſacrifice of thankſgiving to God. For habit is firſt weakened, and then intirely deſtroyed. "I was not vexed to-day; nor the next day; nor for three or four months after; but took heed to myſelf, when ſome provoking things happened." Be aſſured, that you are in a fine way. "To-day, when I ſaw a handſome perſon, I did not ſay to myſelf, O that I could poſſeſs her! And, how happy is her huſband (for he who ſays this, ſays too, how happy is her gallant:) nor do I go on to repreſent her as preſent, as undreſs'd, as lying down beſide me." On this I ſtroke my head, and ſay, well done, *Epictetus*: thou haſt ſolved a pretty ſophiſm; a much prettier than one very celebrated in the ſchools. But, if even the lady ſhould happen to be willing, and give me intimation of it, and ſend for me, and preſs my hand, and place herſelf next to me; and I ſhould then forbear, and get the victo-

ry; that would be a ſophiſm beyond all the ſubtleties of logic. This, and not diſputing artfully, is the proper ſubject for exultation.

How then is this to be effected? Be willing to approve yourſelf to yourſelf. Be willing to appear beautiful in the ſight of God: be deſirous to converſe in purity with your own pure mind, and with God: and then, if any ſuch appearance ſtrikes you, *Plato* directs you: "Have recourſe to expiations: go a ſuppliant to the temples of the averting Deities." It is ſufficient, however, if you propoſe to yourſelf the example of wiſe and good men, whether alive or dead; and compare your conduct with theirs. Go to *Socrates*, and ſee him lying by *Alcibiades*, yet ſlighting his youth and beauty. Conſider what a victory he was conſcious of obtaining! What an *Olympic* Prize! In what number did he ſtand from *Hercules*? So that, by Heaven, one might juſtly ſalute him; Hail! incredibly great, univerſal victor! not thoſe ſorry boxers and wreſtlers; nor the gladiators who reſemble them.

By placing ſuch an object over-againſt you, you will conquer any appearance, and not be drawn away by it. But, in the firſt place, be not hurried along with it, by its haſty vehemence: but ſay; *appearance*, wait for me a little. Let me ſee what you are, and what you repreſent. Let me try you. Then, afterwards, do not ſuffer it to go on drawing gay pictures of what will follow: if you do, it will lead you wherever it pleaſes. But rather oppoſe to it ſome good and noble appearance, and baniſh this baſe and ſordid one. If you are habituated to this kind of exerciſe, you will ſee what ſhoulders, what nerves, what ſinews, you will have. But now it is mere trifling talk, and nothing more. He is the true practitioner, who exerciſes himſelf againſt ſuch appearances as theſe. Stay, wretch, do not be hurried away. The combat is great, the atchievment divine: for empire, for freedom, for proſperity, for tranquility. Remember God. Invoke Him for your aid, and protector; as ſailors do *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, in a ſtorm. For what ſtorm is greater than that which ariſes from violent appearances, contending to overſet our reaſon? Indeed, what is the ſtorm itſelf, but appearance? For, do but take away the fear of death, and let there be as many thunders and lightnings as you pleaſe, you will find, that in the ruling faculty, all is ſerenity and calm: but, if you are once defeated, and ſay, you will get the victory another time, and then the ſame thing over again; aſſure yourſelf, you will at laſt be reduced to ſo weak and wretched a condition, that you will not ſo much as know when you do amiſs; but you will even begin to make defences for your behaviour, and thus verify the ſaying of *Heſiod*:

With conſtant ills the dilatory *ſtrive.*"

If you think, that inſtructions like the above will be ſerviceable to your Readers, you will receive further communications from

AN ADMIRER OF THE GREEKS.

ON SECOND THOUGHTS AND MIDDLE COURSES.

By Dr. Aikin.

"SECOND thoughts are beſt," ſays a frequently-quoted proverb. Conſidered as a prudential maxim, its truth, I believe, cannot be controverted; for there are few points of evil to be avoided or advantage to be gained, in which mature deliberation is not better than haſty deciſion. But that they are *beſt*, in the ſenſe of being more conformable to moral or natural truth, in my opinion, is ſo far from reality, that I ſhould more readily acquieſce in a propoſition nearly the reverſe—that *firſt* impreſſions are moſt to be relied on. This, however, I do not mean to aſſert without limitation.

Where a mind is well prepared for the reception of truth, by rectitude of intention, and a habit of accurately conceiving what is preſented to it, a queſtion of moral conduct is almoſt always beſt decided by the feelings immediately conſequent upon ſtating the caſe; and after-thoughts, in ſuch inſtances, are uſually the ſophiſtry of ſelf-intereſt or partiality. I aſk myſelf, ſhall I make a ſolemn profeſſion of what I do not believe. No! (cries indignantly Firſt Feeling)—better to ſtarve! Come (ſays Second Thought) let us conſider the matter calmly; for there are many reaſons why it would be *convenient* to make this profeſſion. Examine its words—ſee if they will bear no other ſenſe than the moſt obvious. At any rate, will not the end juſtify the means? It then begins its ingenious operations, and, in concluſion, the thing is done.

I have promiſed a man my ſupport—ſhall I keep my word? Certainly? Can you doubt of it? Would you be a raſcal? But I wiſh I could diſengage myſelf, for really I do not like the man. His politics or religion are different from what I took them to be; and I ſhould do more good by diſcouraging him. Beſides, every promiſe is by its very nature conditional, and he has virtually broken his part of the conditions. Indeed! Then uſe your diſcretion.

In this manner it is that every triumph, in a heart not vitiated, is gained by cowardice, meanneſs, and ſelfiſhneſs, over ſpirit, honour, and generoſity. Conſcience is never dilatory in her warnings. She pronounces clearly and inſtantly, and her firſt voice is the true oracle. By prolix and varied repetitions of the queſtion, with foreign circumſtances introduced for the purpoſe of perplexing, the reſponſe may at length be rendered almoſt any thing we wiſh it, and conſcience may be cheated into acquieſcence in the moſt abominable concluſions. It is thus, that in our corporeal mechaniſm, a deleterious ſubſtance taken into the ſtomach, excites inſtant and violent efforts for its expulſion; but after a due repetition of doſes, properly proportioned and combined, the ſtimulus ceaſes to be felt, and abhorrent nature becomes reconciled to the inſtrument of her deſtruction.

It was upon the ſyſtem of *Second Thoughts* that the famous morality of the Jeſuits was founded. They eſtabliſhed it as a rule, that in a caſe of conſcience, if a *probable opinion*, or one ſupported by the authority of a ſingle grave doctor, could be brought in favour of inclination, againſt an opinion confeſſedly more probable, it was ſufficient to juſtify a determination conformable to it. And they took good care that their caſuiſts ſhould be furniſhed with probable opinions of all ſorts for the uſe of thoſe who put their conſciences under the direction of the ſociety. The following edifying ſtory is related by one of their graveſt fathers, from whom it is copied in the celebrated *Provincial Letters*. "A man who was carrying a large ſum of money in order to make reſtitution by command of his confeſſor, called at a bookſeller's ſhop by the way, and aſking if they had any thing new, was ſhewn a *new ſyſtem of Moral Theology*. Turning over the leaves careleſsly, he happened to light on his own caſe, and found that he was not obliged to reſtitution; ſo that having got rid of the burden of his ſcruple, and retaining the burden of his money, he returned home lighter than he went out." Such lucky occaſions of ſecond thought, the pious author attributes to the ſpecial interference of God's providence, by the miniſtry of a man's guardian angel.

The ſpeedieſt deciſions of *Reaſon*, as well as of Conſcience, are frequently the ſoundeſt. Extravagant projects, abſurd propoſitions, impudent pretenſions, are rejected with ſcorn when firſt offered to the mind; and it is only in conſequence of rehearings, at which fraud and ſophiſtry are advocates, with wiles, like thoſe of Comus, "baited with reaſons not unplauſible," that they at length work their way. Many high claims there are upon our acquieſcence, which the ſoul of man would ſpurn with contempt and loathing, did it abide by its ſpontaneous deciſions. It may be affirmed to have been the chief buſineſs of ſcholaſtic learning for many ages, to ſtifle this voice of unbiaſſed reaſon, and inure men to form determinations contrary to firſt convictions. How many mighty volumes could I point out to you, the whole purpoſe of which is to reconcile the mind to ſome manifeſt contradiction, or to diſprove ſome ſelf-evident truth! I remember to have read, that in the condemnation of ſome Janſeniſt book, the heretical propoſitions were ſo injudiciouſly ſelected, that a great prince, into whoſe hands they were put, miſtook them for articles of faith, and was edified by the peruſal. Can it be doubted that here the text was nearer the truth than the comment, and that the prince judged better than the doctors? I have know inſtances, in which poſitions ſelected out of a political work for the purpoſe of obtaining its judicial condemnation, have affected impartial readers in a ſimilar manner.

By theſe obſervations, however, I am far from wiſhing to inculcate a haſty deciſion on controverted points in general. Where the queſtion relates to matter of fact, a very patient inveſtigation

is frequently neceſſary. Where it concerns a matter of expedience, it cannot be ſafely decided without minutely balancing its probable advantages and diſadvantages, and conſulting paſt experience in ſimilar caſes. But where it refers to principles, and muſt be tried by its conformity with certain notions, if not innate, at leaſt early and very generally admitted into the human breaſt, it is probably beſt judged of when preſented naked to the mind, unmixed with extraneous conſiderations, and with no other preparation than to render it perfectly intelligible.

"The middle way is the ſafeſt," ſays another common proverb. If this was adopted from the "medio tutiſſimus ibis" of Ovid, it ſhould have been remembered that his was a particular precept, not a general maxim. In reality, the middle courſe is very often the worſt that can be followed in affairs of the world, combining the inconveniences, and miſſing the advantages, of the two extremes. It is commonly the paltry expedient of weakneſs and indeciſion to get over preſent difficulties, by declining inſtead of confronting them—a compromiſe between right and wrong, between wiſdom and folly, between enterprize and indolence, which generally meets with the fate of imbecility. In moſt emergencies, two directly oppoſite ſyſtems of action preſent themſelves to our choice. Each has its appropriated character, its favourable and unfavourable circumſtances. Each may ſucceed; but only when followed fully and decidedly. Every leaning towards its oppoſite adds to its difficulties, and endangers its failure. This cannot be better illuſtrated than by military tranſactions. A General finds himſelf unexpectedly in face of a ſuperior enemy. He has no choice but to fight or retire; but the movements for each are incompatible; one requires bold advance, the other, ſilent retreat. One, however, appears to him too hazardous, and the other, too diſgraceful. He therefore takes a middle courſe, in conſequence of which he fights to no purpoſe, and his retreat is intercepted.

One cannot be at all converſant with buſineſs, without ſeeing perpetual inſtances of the miſchief done by this ſpirit of throwing in a little of this, and a little of that, in order to ſecure a medium. A perſon in a public aſſembly propoſes a vigorous meaſure, and after ſome oppoſition, carries it. Some weak friend or deſigning foe, upon the plea of preventing extremes, then offers a few modifications and reſtrictions, of a nature directly ſubverſive of the purpoſe intended to be anſwered by the firſt mover; and theſe, and for the ſake of accommodation, are aſſented to by the majority; thus the whole ſcheme is rendered ineffectual. In a ſimilar ſpirit, arbitrators ſplit a difference, and do juſtice to neither party—juries bring in verdicts which determine nothing, and leave the court to act as it pleaſes—conſultations of learned phyſicians *neutralize* their plans ſo as to do neither good nor harm—and divines play off one virtue againſt another, till they make their hearers indifferent to both.

Truth may, perhaps, in general, lie ſomewhere within oppoſite extremes; but it is a groſs weakneſs to expect to find it by the mechanical operation of biſecting a line, or calculating an average. Even in caſes where we are *ſure* that the two extremes are erroneous, as in the repreſentation of the ſame character by adverſe parties, it is a futile method of juding of particular actions, to balance the contrary motives to which they have been attributed, and ſtrike a medium. It is not in this manner that good and evil are compounded in mankind.

The controverſialiſt who thinks, by adopting ſomewhat from one ſyſtem, and ſomewhat from another, to fix himſelf on firm ground, and hold oppoſite parties in reſpect, will generally find that he has united both againſt him, and has weakened his defences on either part. I could adduce many inſtances to ſhew you, that in the conteſts of theological polemics, the middle way is as far, as it is in real warfare, from being the ſafeſt. The acute Chillingworth could not find a barrier againſt popery, till he had eſtabliſhed as a fundamental maxim, that *the Bible is the only ground of the religion of Proteſtants.* He perceived, that if church authority were admitted as *any thing* in the controverſy, the papiſt would be too hard for him.

Thus you ſee that proverbial ſayings, the boaſted wiſdom of ages, are not to be truſted without examination. Aphoriſms, in general, indeed, are but dangerous guides. The greater part of them have been formed not ſo much from the reſults of univerſal reaſon and experience, as from the authority of individuals in the infancy of both. A few examples went to eſtabliſh a rule, and the exceptions ſtood for nothing, till at length they have often been found more numerous than the exemplifications.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

MESS. EDITORS,

IN an Engliſh Publication I have met with the following excellent Letter from Sir Henry Sidney to his Son. In a ſmall compaſs is contained much excellent matter. It recommends a code of rules for conduct greatly different from the ſyſtem of Lord Cheſterfield, which, ſays Dr. Johnſon, "inculcates the morals of a proſtitute, and the manners of a dancing maſter." If its inſertion is agreeable to your plan, be pleaſed to inſert it. R. L.

LETTER FROM SIR H. SIDNEY TO HIS SON.

"I HAVE received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part; and will you to exerciſe that practice of learning often, for that will ſtand you in moſt ſtead in that profeſſion of life that you were born to live in. And ſince this is my firſt letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of ſome advices which my natural

care of you provoketh me to wiſh you to follow, or documents to you in this your tender age. Let your firſt action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digeſt the words you ſpeak by continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray; and uſe this as an ordinary, and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itſelf will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accuſtomed to do. In that time apply your ſtudy to ſuch hours as your diſcreet maſter doth aſſign you, earneſtly; and the time I know he will ſo limit as ſhall be both ſufficient for your learning, and ſafe for your health. And mark the *ſenſe* and the *matter* of what you read, as well as the words: ſo ſhall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years grow in you. Be humble and obedient to your maſter; *for unleſs you frame yourſelf to obey others, yea, and feel in yourſelf what obedience is, you ſhall never be able to teach others how to obey you.* Be courteous of geſture, and affable to all men; there is nothing that winneth ſo much, with ſo little coſt. Uſe moderate diet; ſo as after your meal you may feel your wit *freſher*, and not *duller*; and your body more lively, and not more heavy. *Seldom* drink wine, yet *ſometimes* do; leſt, being enforced to drink upon the ſudden, you ſhould find yourſelf inflamed. Uſe exerciſe of body, but ſuch as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will encreaſe your force, and enlarge your breath. *Delight to be cleanly*, as well in all parts of your perſon, as in your garments. It ſhall make you grateful in each company, but, otherwiſe, loathſome.

Give yourſelf to be *merry*. For you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourſelf moſt able in wit and body, to do any thing when you be moſt merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all ſcurrility, and biting words to any man. For a wound, given by a word, is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with a ſword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of ſpeech, otherwiſe you ſhall be counted to delight to hear yourſelf ſpeak. If you hear a wiſe ſentence, or an apt phraſe, commit it to your memory, with reſpect of the circumſtances when you ſhall ſpeak it. Let *never* oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry. Deteſt it in others, ſo ſhall cuſtom make to yourſelf a law againſt it in yourſelf. Be modeſt in each aſſembly; and rather be rebuked of *light* fellows for maidenlike ſhamefacedneſs, than of your *ſad* friends for bold pertneſs. Think upon every word you ſpeak before you utter it; and remember how nature hath ramified up, as it were, the tongue with the teeth; yea, and hair without the lips; all betokening reins or bridles, againſt the looſe uſe of the tongue. Above all things tell no untruth. No, not in trifles. The cuſtom of it is naught; and let it not ſatisfy you that for a time the hearers take it for a truth; for after, it will be known as it is, to your ſhame. For there *cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a lyar.*

ſtudy and endeavour yourſelf to be virtuouſly occupied; ſo ſhall you make ſuch an habit of well doing in you, that you ſhall not know how to do evil, even though you would. Remember, my ſon, the noble blood you are deſcended of through your mother; and think *that only by virtuous life, and good action, you may be an ornament to that illuſtrious family;* and otherwiſe, through *vice* and ſloth, you ſhall be counted *tabes generis*, one of the greateſt curſes that can happen to man. Well, my little Philip, this is *enough* for me, and I fear *too much* for you. But if I ſhall find that this light meal of digeſtion nouriſh any thing the weak ſtomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the ſame grow ſtronger, feed it with tougher food.

Your loving father, ſo long as you live in the fear of God,

H. SIDNEY.

For the NEW-ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I HAVE with pleaſure obſerved, that you have alloted a department of your well deſigned miſcellany to the ſubject of Morals. Although I have not ſo good an idea of myſelf, as to conſider that I am included among the Sons of Genius, whom you have invited to become Correſpondents, yet, with your leave, I will occaſionally occupy a page in this diviſion of your publications with the remarks of a

MORAL OBSERVER.

THE MORAL OBSERVER, No. I.

THOSE, who minutely attend to the operations of the human will, perceive, that its deciſions are frequently in direct oppoſition to the dictates of reaſon. The many inſtances of irrational conduct, which the events of every day exhibit, create ſurprize in the witneſſes, and oftentimes entail much miſery on the actors. There ſeems to be in the boſoms of men a counſellor, whoſe advice varies from the determinations of unbiaſſed judgment. This counſellor is eloquent and influential, ingenious in excuſes, abundant in reſource, and full of expedients to accompliſh its purpoſes. Such qualities commonly command ſucceſs; but the ſucceſs of this adviſer is always in a bad cauſe. His name is *Indolence*, a foe to man greatly to be dreaded, becauſe greatly powerful.

The aſſertion may ſeem paradoxical, but it is a fact, that indolence is more active in producing the evils of life, than any other paſſion in the human breaſt. It perſuades to modes of conduct, which ſooner or later involve the idle in the embarraſſments of penury and the miſeries of remorſe; and almoſt invariably hurries its votaries into vice, want and woe.

The Almighty Creator of all things has made it a law, that the harmony of the univerſe and the health and happineſs of ani-

mated nature ſhould conſiſt in certain degrees of action. Should motion ceaſe, men and animals would gradually be deſtroyed; and it is true, that in proportion as they approximate to inaction, they approach to decay. It is therefore phyſically of great advantage to be in a certain degree active; and if we conſider the nature of our intellectual faculties, and the conditions upon which we live in the world, we ſhall readily perceive, that a due exertion of our energies is alſo mentally, morally, and prudentially productive of good.

It is fortunate for our country, that in its preſent ſtate of ſociety there are few hereditary fortunes, which enable heirs apparent to waſte their exiſtence in idleneſs, or ruin their health and eſtate in diſſipation. If the inhabitants of New-England are ſuperior to the people of other countries, their ſuperiority is to be attributed to their moral habits. Here every man is obliged to create his own fortune, to ſupport himſelf and family by his own induſtry; every one is convinced that individual merit is founded on individual exertion, and that the rank and reſpectability of a man is always in proportion to his character and merits. The people of New-England have no time to be idle; their buſineſs and their duties oblige them to be active; and the induſtry, which generally prevails among them, affords an advantageous contraſt to the ſluggiſh habits of the few, who liſten to the ſyren language of indolence, languiſh in ennui, and become involved in the miſeries of idleneſs.

There is a pleaſure in induſtry, which every one who has experienced it muſt ever wiſh to enjoy. Every thing ſeems cheerful to the induſtrious man. He greets with a ſmile every friend he meets. Always ſenſible of moral enjoyment, and pleaſed with the conſciouſneſs of meritorious exertion, his heart expands with humane feelling, and his mind enjoys the ſerenity of content. His habits procure for him health, wealth, reſpectability, and eaſe. He is free from the cares that perplex the embarraſſed, and is never obliged to ſeek relief in the perpetration of crimes. Self-examination makes him acquainted with his virtues, and pleaſed with himſelf, and in this internal enjoyment conſiſts much happineſs.

On the other hand, the indolent man is diſſatisfied with himſelf. He finds himſelf involved in embarraſſments, in which his crimes and follies, not his misfortunes, have placed him. He neglects his buſineſs, experiences a loſs of credit, is harraſſed with pecuniary difficulties, has recourſe to vicious practiſes for relief, degenerates into a lyar, at length becomes fraudulent, but, finding theſe expedients ſerve but to ſink him deeper in wretchedneſs, ſeeks oblivion of his woes in the pernicious draughts of intoxication, and finally, having loſt all ſenſe of moral obligation, and become tired of an exiſtence, rendered inſupportable by miſerable ennui, and a continual failure of all ſchemes, both good and vicious, invented to extricate him from miſery, he at laſt commits

ſome enormous crime, for which political juſtice condemns him to capital puniſhment.

Is the picture of this progreſs overcharged? Look around you, you will ſee every indolent man in one or other of the ſtages of this fatal journey. Induced by repentance, ſome may make long ſtops on the road, and others be unſteady in their progreſſion, but it is a fact, that every indolent man will, at ſome time, find himſelf involved in diſtreſſing embarraſſments, become vicious in practice, and extremely unhappy in life.

It is a little unfortunate, that men are apt to think themſelves induſtrious when they are really idle. There is a deception, by which all men ſometimes cheat themſelves. The ſuggeſtions of indolence are ſo artful, that they are often miſtaken for the dictates of induſtry. When diſinclined to vigorous exertion, the mind eaſily perſuades itſelf it is equally meritoriouſly employed, if engaged in a frivolous purſuit, that wears the ſemblance of utility. There is much of this buſy idleneſs in the world. Of this cheat the indolently inclined are continually the dupes. This fraud greatly fecilitates the acquirement of thoſe idle habits, which, when once formed, it is ſo difficult to deſtroy. When, therefore, a young man finds that he is endeavouring to impoſe this deluſion upon himſelf, let him conſider the attempt as an indication of his danger. Let him double his vigour to counteract the arts of indolence; if he ſucceeds, honor and happineſs will attend him; but if he be ſubdued, diſgrace, infamy and wretchedwill infalliibly enſue.

I have obſerved that the diſpoſition of the age tends in this country to idleneſs. This diſpoſition has affected manners, morals, religion, and literature. Thoſe, who are accuſtomed to viſit the circles of polite life, will readily acknowledge, that the manners of our Gentlemen have greatly degenerated from that attentive civility of our forefathers, and that active deſire of pleaſing, which required ſo little exertion, and gave ſo much pleaſure. Theſe engaging qualities have been ſucceeded by a faſhionable lounge, entirely diſregardful of the laws of good-breeding, and a general apathy, equally devoid of a participation in the joys or ſorrows of others. To feel or to pleaſe requires too much exertion of our fine Ladies and Gentlemen, and indeed it is attended with ſome difficulty to make them even active enough to receive pleaſure.

To theſe manners faſhionable education ſeems to be adapted. Our Girls and Boys are with conſiderable labor driven through a dull routine of buſy idleneſs. They are taught a ſmattering of many things, and obtain a proficiency in nothing.

That morality alſo, which requires much virtuous exertion, does not prevail among our citizens. A kind of univerſal benevolence, which is as barren as it is extenſive, and a wordy ſyſtem of morals, which lives in empty expreſſion, but never reaches practice, ſeem to characteriſe the times. I am ſorry to add, that that religion which recommends an energetic diſcharge of chriſtian duties, has among us but few ſincere votaries.

The literature likewiſe of the day is in our country very ſuperficial. It conſiſts of but little more than plagiariſms from European writers, and dull compilations upon hacknied ſubjects. It is by no means common to find a learned man among us. There are ſome indeed, who, by compariſon with others, appear to be eminent ſcholars, but, upon a proper inquiry reſpecting their knowledge and character, it will be found, that they are but babes in ſcience. Nor can there be a probability that we ſhall have men more learned, while the diſpoſition of the age continues. It is true that we have Philoſophical Societies, but what are they doing, or what have they done? Until they are more active, we ſhall have little reaſon to boaſt of them.

It may be alledged in favor of indolence, that at times the ſpirits are low, the body unnerved, and the mind languid, and that theſe defects are conſtitutional, and out of our power to avoid. There is much plauſibility in this; but theſe effects may be prevented, by preventing their cauſes. Their cauſes are irregular or improper diet, imprudent cloathing, vicious pleaſures or criminal indulgencies. Any man, who lives a ſober and regular life may become induſtrious. Let the body be educated as well as the mind; it may then be kept in good health and ſpirits, and the mind be ever vigorous and active.

I cannot conclude without recommending to my readers a ſerious attention to this important ſubject. I have known many men, who have been ruined by indulging a little habitual indolence. I am fully of opinion, that idleneſs is the moſt copious ſource of the miſeries of life. It is the mother of vice, and the parent of penury, and its offspring ever unite to produce remorſe and wretchedneſs.

ON THE CONFLICTS OF LIFE.

Extracted from a diſcourſe of Diogenes as related by Dio Chryſoſtom.

AT the celebration of the Iſthmian Games, one of the company aſkt Diogenes, whether he alſo were come to be a ſpectator of the combatants? No, he replied; but to be a combatant myſelf.—The man laught at this; and further enquired, whom he expected for antagoniſts? Antagoniſts? ſaid Diogenes; with his cuſtomary look of archneſs and intelligence: I expect antagoniſts of the moſt unmanageable and unconquerable fierceneſs; whom not a ſingle Greek of the whole aſſembly would dare to look in the face: none of your runners, however, or wreſtlers, or jumpers, or boxers, or throwers of the javelin and the quoit; but antagoniſts of ſobriety and decorum.—Who are they? the man enquired. LABOURS and HARDSHIPS, ſays Diogenes: antagoniſts of a moſt ſturdy character, and invincible by infatuated and beſotted people, who conſume their entire days in eating, and ſnore away their nights; but an eaſy victory to opponents ſo ſlen-

der and emaciated, as to have their bellies indented like a waſp. Or can you imagine theſe men to be good for any thing with their huge paunches, which they ought to reduce by all kinds of evacuation and exerciſe, or rather, if they entertained juſt notions of the ſubject, by much ſeverer operations; by ſeething them, as whales are ſeethed from the ſalt and ſea-water; and by liquefying their fat, as the blubber of dolphins is molten down, at my native city of Sinope, into oil for common uſes. People, like theſe, in my opinion, poſſeſs ſouls, inferior in dignity to the ſouls of ſwine. Whereas a man, of a nature truly generous, looks upon Labours as his principal antagoniſts, and loves to maintain with them an inceſſant combat by night and by day; not for a parſley-garland, as if a goat were his competitor, nor for a garland of wild-olive, and the pine-tree; but for the prize of happineſs and virtue, during the whole period of their lives; not for that moment only, when the umpires at Elis, or at Corinth, or the community of the Theſſalians, proclaim him victor. Nor does he feel alarmed at his competitor, nor pray that the lot may fall on any other combatant; but he challenges them all by turns, maintains a pertinacious ſtruggle with Hunger and Cold and Thirſt, is able to ſupport himſelf under the torments of the ſcourge, nor relaxes from his ſteadfaſtneſs by the application of the knife and cauſtic. As for Poverty, and Exile, and Diſgrace, and other ſimilar contingencies, he conſiders nothing of this kind as formidable, but views them merely as trivial inconveniences: ſo that the perfect man will frequently divert himſelf with all ſuch events; juſt as children are amuſed by their variety of ſports, by the dice and ball.

Theſe antagoniſts, he remarkt, appear formidable and irreſiſtible to men rendered cowardly by their vices: but, whoever ſhall deſpiſe their power, and approach them boldly, ſuch a combatant will diſcover them in experiment to be deſtitute of reſolution, and unable to maſter their intrepid and vigorous opponents: like dogs exactly in this reſpect, which cloſely purſue the fugitive, and bite and tear, if they overtake him; but are terrified by one, who faces them with ſpirit, and retire from his approach; till at length they become ſo familiar and fond as to fawn upon him. The generality of mankind, alarmed by theſe adverſaries, and always flying from their preſence, ſo as never to confront them with their eyes, invite and ſtimulate their aſſaults. It fares with men in this caſe, as with a pugiliſt; if he anticipate his antagoniſt, he is able to continue the combat, throws him down, and thus acquires a ſuperiority in the conflict: but, if he recede through fear, he expoſes himſelf immediately to the fierceſt blows. Thus, Toils and Hardſhips exert no conſiderable power againſt one, who receives them with a contemptuous indifference, and reſolutely cloſes with them; but aſſume a ſemblance of greater magnitude and more terrific aſpect to every adverſary, who retreats, and declines the conteſt.

You may diſcry an illuſtration of theſe ſentiments in fire: if you trample upon it with violence and reſolution, it is extinguiſhed; but you will be ſeverely ſcorched by aſſailing it with ſlackneſs and trepidation. Thus children, in their ſportive recreations, will ſometimes quench a flame even with their tongue. Antagoniſts of this intrepid character much reſemble thoſe athletic combatants, who employ all their ſtrength, and watch every advantage, in the battle; ſtriking, and throttling, and tearing, and ſometimes eventually murdering, each other.

Beſides this contention, however, with Labours, another conflict is appointed for us, not merely more formidable than thoſe, which I have ſtated, but, in reality, arduous and perilous to a degree incomparably greater, the conflict with PLEASURE; who does not oppoſe with open violence, but enſnares by ſubtleties, and beguiles with a cup of moſt bewitching poiſons. Her battle bears no reſemblance to the battle thus deſcribed in Homer's poetry:

> Then at the ſhips a combat ſharp aroſe
> With renovated fury: faulchions long,
> Deep-gaſhing hatchets, dealt deſtruction round.

Her battle, I ſay, correſponds not to this deſcription. Direct aſſault is not the method, to which Pleaſure has recourſe; but deluſive artifice, and the faſcination of dire enchantments, are her weapons; enchantments, like thoſe, by which the ſorcerous Circe, as Homer relates the ſtory, was able to bewitch the companions of Ulyſſes; transforming ſome of them into ſwine, ſome into wolves, and others into every variety of ſavage beaſts.

Such is the character of Pleaſure! Her inſidious attempts are not confined to a ſingle proceſs: ſhe endeavours, by machinations infinitely multifarious, to accompliſh the deſtruction of mankind, whether waking or aſleep, through the inſtrumentality of all their ſenſes, their ſight, their hearing, their ſmell, their taſte, their touch; by their meat alſo, their drink, and their luſtful appetites. No ſecurity can be found in ſleep from ſtationing a row of watchful ſentinels, as againſt an ordinary enemy, becauſe her principal attack is conducted during that ſeaſon of repoſe; partly by engaging ſleep himſelf to enfeeble and enſlave them, partly by ſending forth againſt them deceitful and plotting dreams, to recall her to their recollection. Labour, for the moſt part, makes his approaches through the medium of the Touch; but Pleaſure commiſſions the collective ſenſes of our conſtitution to execute her purpoſes. With Labour it is our intereſt to grapple in a cloſe encounter; but Pleaſure we muſt flee with all poſſible precipitation, and ſhould maintain no more communication wirh her, than what unoppoſeable Neceſſity may exact. In a conteſt with Labour, the moſt reſolute combatant proves the moſt ſucceſsful; but the trueſt reſolution is diſplayed by a haſty and diſtant retreat from Pleaſure: becauſe an eſcape from entire perdition is not

poſſible to him who comes into contact with this fatal adverſary, or hazardouſly attempts a frequent communication with her. When ſhe once prevails, and has eſtabliſhed an influence over the ſoul by her magic potions, then ſucceeds the metamorphoſis of Circe, who ſtrikes the victims with her wand, and afterwards finds no difficulty in compelling them to the cloſe confinement of a ſty; from which period they unchangeably continue to the lateſt period under the ſemblance of a ſwine, or wolf.

Some alſo are transformed by Pleaſure into Serpents; creatures, of a ſubtle and pernicious nature; and into reptiles of all deſcriptions. Theſe attend upon her, and pay her homage; deſirous of her enjoyments, and content in her ſervice, but embarraſſed at the ſame time by infinite vexations: for Pleaſure delivers them over, after a complete ſubjection by her authority, to Labours the moſt irkſome, and inſurmountable.

ON DECORUM OF CHARACTER.

By the late Dr. Enfield.

NOTHING gives a more lively idea of the *graceful* and *becoming* than to ſee a man acting ſteadily in character, and always conſiſtent with himſelf. As there is a certain external appearance and manner ſuitable to every age, profeſſion, and rank in life, ſo there is a certain propriety of moral conduct which ariſes from the natural abilities, the temper, the ſituation, employment, and other circumſtances, of individuals; and as a careful attention to the one is thought becoming in ſociety, ſo the uniform obſervance of the other is eſſential to moral decorum. When we ſee a man, at an early period of life, fixing a plan of conduct for himſelf with deliberate judgment and an independent ſpirit, and, after due conſideration of his own diſpoſitions and ſituation, entering upon and proſecuting this plan, without ſuffering himſelf to be diverted from it by the influence of faſhion or example; when we ſee ſuch a man perſevering in the ſame character of ſobriety, integrity, and ſteady virtue, through every viciſſitude of life, we reſpect his principles, we admire his firmneſs of mind, we contemplate his character with a perception of propriety and perfection ſimilar to that with which we ſurvey a noble edifice, formed upon a regular plan, and completed by the hand of an able architect. We always mean to expreſs a high degree of reſpect when we ſay of a man, in the way of eulogy, that he is a conſiſtent character.

Magnanimity, another quality which commands admiration, may be conſidered as diſcovering itſelf either in a ſteady adherence to virtue in general, or in the bold and reſolute execution of great deſigns for the public good. The man who ſteadily purſues that courſe of action which he judges to be right, without ſuffering himſelf to be diverted from his purpoſe by the entice-

ments of pleaſure, or diſheartened by the proſpect of difficulties and hazards, diſcovers a great and noble mind, and commands univerſal eſteem. Fixed and firm in his reſolution, inflexible to ill, and ſteadfaſt in that which is good, he ſupports the dignity of a virtuous character; and gives the world an example of greatneſs in moral conduct which reſembles the hardy and heroic ſpirit of a valiant general, who at the head of his army marches, with regular and determined ſteps, againſt the foe. We are ſtill farther ſtruck with admiration when we ſee a man of ſuperior abilities and diſtinguiſhed merit undertaking deſigns of great public utility, and executing them at the certain expence of private eaſe and profit, and at the hazard of his property, liberty, and life. In ſuch a man we contemplate a mind ſuperior to vulgar paſſions and prejudices, capable of deſpiſing luxurious indolence when it would interfere with the public good, and poſſeſſed of ſtrength and conſtancy ſufficient to ſuſtain the ſevereſt ſhocks of fortune. We look up with veneration to ſuch exalted characters, and imagine human nature allied to the divine.

A character which to the noble qualities of conſiſtency and magnanimity adds the attractive graces of courteſy and affability, acquires from this circumſtance additional luſtre. There is a much nearer alliance between theſe virtues than may, perhaps, at firſt view be perceived; for it has always been found that the nobleſt ſpirits are the moſt gentle. When the heroic virtues are united with the milder affections, the admiration which they excite is ſoftened into love. Every one is ſatisfied and happy in the ſociety of the man who clothes all his actions in the graceful garb of eaſy familiarity and unaffected good-humour. The world will readily overlook many foibles and indiſcretions in one who cultivates this amiable temper, and will perceive an additional ſplendour ſurrounding his virtues whilſt they view them through this enchanting medium. Courteſy is a quality which every one perceives and admires. It is peculiarly pleaſing to thoſe who are in inferior ſtations to be treated by their governors, benefactors, and ſuperiors, with affability and kindneſs. Such manners in the great add weight to their advice, influence to their example, and value to the favours they beſtow.

The quality which finiſhes the truly reſpectable and amiable character is *generoſity*; that noble diſpoſition which diſcovers itſelf in a thouſand forms of beneficence. It enables a man, in the midſt of inſults and injuries, to be collected and ſerene, and to enjoy the triumph of forgiveneſs. It raiſes him ſuperior to the ſtormy atmoſphere of party-diſputes, and gives him that quiet poſſeſſion of himſelf which enables him to perform the benevolent and uſeful office of the peace-maker. It inclines him to avoid unneceſſary occaſions of offence, and to yield, as far as virtue and prudence will permit, to the cuſtoms, humours, and prejudices, of others. It prompts him to treat the failings of his neighbour with candour, to conceal the fault which he cannot but obſerve,

and to extenuate the crime which he is not able wholly to excuſe. In fine, it inclines him to look around him with a watchful eye for opportunities of uſefulneſs, to extend his kind offices as far as his abilities and poſſeſſions will permit, and to ſend his good wiſhes to the ends of the earth. Is it poſſible that a man of this ſpirit ſhould fail of obtaining univerſal reſpect and affection? Can it be, that ſuch a man ſhould not always be beheld with united emotions of veneration and love? He can never want a friend in the hour of neceſſity: he may, perhaps, find one who would even protect his life at the hazard of his own. "Peradventure for a good man ſome would even dare to die."

Such are the beautiful aſſemblage of virtues included in that graceful conduct which the apoſtle recommends, when he ſays—"Let us walk honeſtly as in the day." Where is the boſom which is not warmed with ambition to obtain, by ſuch honourable means, the eſteem and applauſe of mankind? The love of reputation is ſo natural a paſſion, that we can ſcarcely believe it poſſible that any human being ſhould be entirely deſtitute of it. When this paſſion is properly regulated and innocently gratified, it is productive of ſuch refined pleaſures and important advantages, that it would be abſurd to wiſh it eradicated from the human heart, or to ſuppoſe that it ought to be totally ſuppreſſed, or rigorouſly reſtrained. "A good name is rather to be choſen than great riches." Be it then the conſtant object of your ambition to ſecure and preſerve a bright and unſpotted reputation, by walking "gracefully as in the day."

As you are purſuing your way through life, frequently recollect that the eye of the world is upon you—that your brethren are forming a favourable or unfavourable judgment concerning your characters. Remember, that the vicious part of mankind are watching your conduct for an occaſion of reproach—that the wiſe and good around you are remarking your virtues with pleaſure—and, particularly, that thoſe who are more immediately intereſted in your welfare are anxiouſly attentive to your behaviour; and that the ſame attachment which inclines them to remark your faults with candour, will oblige them to obſerve with regret every impropriety and indecorum in your conduct. If you in this manner frequently conſider yourſelves as ſtanding upon the public theatre of the world, and performing your reſpective parts before a multitude of ſpectators, the idea will not fail to render you cautious and vigilant in the conduct of life. In the midſt of ſuch an aſſembly you will be ambitious, not only to eſcape cenſure, but to obtain applauſe.

You all very reaſonably pay ſome regard to appearances in your common intercourſe with the world. You chooſe, as far as you are able, to provide for yourſelves and your dependents, not only ſuch things as are neceſſary for your ſubſiſtence, but ſuch as are decent and reputable. One of the firſt motives to induſtry, with many people, and one of the principal cauſes of

extravagance, is the desire of making a figure in the world. In this polished age a general attention is paid to the cultivation of exterior accomplishments. Much has been said concerning *the graces*; and agreeable, and even useful, as they undoubtedly are, a more than reasonable stress has been laid upon them. Let me exhort you, my brethren, to carry your taste for a decent appearance and graceful manners beyond mere externals, and to be, at least, as much concerned to make a decent and reputable appearance in your moral conduct as in your dress, your habitations, or your exterior behaviour. So shall your virtuous manners produce you a plentiful harvest of reputation whilst you live, and secure you the honour of a fair fame after your decease; for the memory of the righteous is blessed.

I must not conclude without adding, that the same virtues which will, in the natural course of things, procure you the esteem and respect of mankind, will also lay a sure foundation for those pure pleasures which result from the consciousness of having merited the esteem you have acquired—a consciousness which far outweighs the satisfaction arising from the applause of men, and which, if this should at any time, through prejudice or caprice, be withheld, will abundantly repay you for the disappointment. At the same time, they will not fail to obtain for you the approbation of the Supreme Infallible Judge of merit, and to secure to you those everlasting honours and rewards which he has promised for good men in the future world.

Practical Morality, No. I.

Being moral Extracts from the writings of Eminent men.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SOCIAL HARMONY TO THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE.

Written by Dr. Enfield.

IT will be wholly unnecessary to use many words in order to shew how necessary brotherly love and unity are to the happiness both of great and small communities. We need look no further than among our own immediate acquaintance to be satisfied, that domestic harmony or discord is of more weight in the scale of social happiness or misery than all other circumstances taken together. Who can pass a day without feeling the justness of Solomon's observation—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith?" Pleasures and pains of this kind are strongly felt by individuals, and have a powerful tendency to diffuse themselves. A glad and benevolent countenance indicating a mind pleased with itself and with all around it, sheds beams of joy and satisfaction on a whole cir-

cle. On the contrary, a louring brow denoting anger, diſcontent, and ill-will, blaſts the pleaſures of a whole circle, even though met for the purpoſe of feſtivity. Nor does it fare better with the malevolent being himſelf than with the victims of his ſpite and ill-humour. If there be within the compaſs of human depravity ſuch a thing as the pleaſure of tormenting, it can only be a temporary reſpite from internal anguiſh, and muſt ever be ſucceeded by the horrors of remorſe and ſelf-condemnation. That tyrant, who ſaid of his people—"Let them hate me, provided they fear me," never, we may be aſſured, felt one eaſy or happy moment. A greater puniſhment could not be inflicted upon any rational being than that he ſhould be rendered incapable of loving; nor can a more lively idea be formed of the wretchedneſs, as well as the depravity, of the prince of evil demons, than that ſuggeſted by the poet, when he makes him ſay—"Evil, be thou my good."

It may perhaps be ſaid, that the malignant paſſions, hurtful as they are to the peace and happineſs of mankind, are yet natural; and that, as long as the ſeveral inclinations and intereſts of mankind continue to thwart each other as they do at preſent, there is little reaſon to expect that the world will ever become that ſcene of univerſal love and kindneſs which is ſo much to be deſired. But in reply to this—which, by the way, is an objection that lies equally againſt all attempts to improve our nature in any other reſpect—it can only be neceſſary to appeal to facts. Let thoſe who are diſpoſed to think and ſpeak thus deſpairingly of human nature, obſerve whether there is not in reality a great difference among mankind with reſpect to the terms on which they live with one another, and the degree of peace and unity which they maintain in their ſocial connexions. Look around among families, and remark whether, in the *conjugal* relation, you do not ſee ſome perſons continually vexing and provoking each other by contentions on the moſt trifling ſubjects, and hereby making their home intolerable to themſelves, and to all who are connected with them; while others, by mutual compliances, kind offices, and words and looks of love, render their union the happieſt of all human ties. Again, with reſpect to the relation between *parents* and *children*, is it not in ſome families, by tyranny and ſternneſs on the one ſide, and diſobedience and ill-humour on the other, rendered a ſource of the bittereſt vexation; whilſt, in others, the kind and gentle rule of the parents, repaid by the affectionate attachment and willing obedience of the children, produces the ſweeteſt delights and deareſt comforts? In the connexion between *brothers* and *ſiſters*, and the various branches of kindred, is it not continually ſeen that *ſome*, the nearer they are brought by nature, are ſet the more diſtant in affection through little jealouſies, and petty jars and rivalſhips; whilſt *others*, drawn cloſe by the bands of love as well as of relationſhip, dwell together in that firm union which, amidſt the viciſſitudes of this

world, will prove the ſureſt ſupport in adverſity, as well as the faireſt ornament and deareſt comfort of proſperity? Of thoſe who are aſſociated by *ſituation* and *employment*, ſuch as partners in buſineſs, fellow-labourers, or fellow-ſervants, do not ſome appear to make it their ſtudy to render each other's lives as uncomfortable as poſſible by all kinds of vexations and ill-offices; while others take pleaſure in lightening their common burdens, and ſweetening their common toils, by mutual cheerfulneſs and good-humour, and by reciprocal acts of kind aſſiſtance and ſervice? In the more extended relations of neighbours, townſmen, and fellow-citizens, the ſame contraſt is obſervable between thoſe who treat each other as rivals and enemies, and thoſe who regard one another as friends and brethren.

Since, then, examples ſo abundant are perpetually before us of the miſchief and deformity of hatred and contention, and of the beauty and advantage of love and concord; and ſince it cannot be aſſerted that it is not in the power of men, if they chooſe it, to "dwell together in unity," we have certainly no right to complain of the evils of life till we have done our part to remove this principal ſource of them. Would we find a heaven upon earth, let *us* at leaſt bring no bad and malignant paſſions to diſturb its felicity; let *us* not join in creating the evils we lament; but rather engage with all our might in making the noble experiment how nearly this ſtate of being, imperfect as it is, may be brought to reſemble that glorious and happy ſtate hereafter, to the bleſſings of which we all aſpire. We may be aſſured, that ſuch an attempt to anticipate the felicities of heaven will be the moſt effectual method of preparing ourſelves for the actual enjoyment of them.

And we have every encouragement to hope, that a ſincere and hearty endeavour to amend ourſelves and others in this reſpect will be attended with conſiderable ſucceſs. The ſpirit of benevolence has frequently been diffuſed over large ſocieties of men, and has in fact produced among them the happy fruits which were to be expected. It was evidently the leading purpoſe of the Author of our religion to inculcate this ſpirit in its greateſt force and purity. The *new commandment* which he gave his followers was, "that they ſhould love one another." The firſt ages of the chriſtian church afforded many delightful examples of mutual affection and unanimity. "See, how theſe Chriſtians love one another," was the exclamation of their enemies, when they obſerved the harmony which ſubſiſted among them in the midſt of their ſufferings. And if the ſimple and beneficent inſtitution of chriſtianity, long ſince debaſed by the mixture of ſtate policy, myſtery, and bigotry, has been incapable of exerting, to the fulleſt extent, its divine influence in harmonizing the tempers and ſoftening the manners of men; yet no age has paſſed in which its genuine characters have not been ſtrikingly diſplayed in individuals, in which its power has not been in ſome degree viſible in

communities. The brotherly love which has cemented various of its ſects, has been, and ſtill is, remarkable; and we may obſerve in our own country a pleaſing example of its prevalence in that community which diſtinguiſhes itſelf by no other title than that of *friends*. If the ſpirit of peace and unity has among them done much towards extinguiſhing public and private contention, family quarrels, law-ſuits, and party animoſities; if it has bound them together, like members of one houſehold, mutually aiding and comforting each other under wordly loſſes and diſtreſſes of every kind, why ſhould not other chriſtian ſocieties, and indeed the whole race of mankind, adopt a temper ſo manifeſtly tending to improve the condition of human beings here on earth?

But to us as individuals, whoſe ſituation affords us little opportunity of introducing changes in the conduct and opinions of men in general, the great concern is to rectify our own hearts, and afford good examples to the ſmall circle with which we are connected.

Our ſtate in this life reſembles that of paſſengers in a crowded ſtreet. Every one, purſuing the way in which buſineſs or pleaſure leads him, meets with obſtacles and interruptions from others bent upon the ſame errand. If all reſolve to keep their road directly onward, without the leaſt attention to others, neither yielding a little to let them paſs, nor regulating their ſteps and motions in ſome correſpondence with thoſe of the reſt, univerſal confuſion muſt enſue, and none will be able to advance with tolerable ſpeed. Whereas, if every one attends a little to the accommodation of his neighbour as well as his own, and complies with ſuch rules as are laid down for the general advantage, all may proceed with reaſonable convenience and expedition. In the march of life, no one's path lies ſo clear as not in ſome degree to croſs another's; and if each is determined, with unyielding ſturdineſs, to keep his own line, it is impoſſible but he muſt both give and receive many a rude ſhock.

It appears, then, that the moſt eſſential ſtep towards general harmony and unity is, that all of us ſhould accuſtom ourſelves to the controul of that *ſelfiſh* ſpirit which ſeeks its own gratification at the expence of the reſt of mankind. As it is impoſſible that our inclinations and deſires ſhould not frequently interfere with thoſe of others; if each be not prepared to give up ſomewhat of his own humour, and to conſult the pleaſure and convenience of others as well as of himſelf, how can he with any reaſon expect their friendſhip and good offices? It is true, that in ſome caſes an appearance of tranquillity and harmony has been produced by a very rigorous plan of ſubordination, in which every one yields implicit obedience to the will of his ſuperior, and in his turn exacts the ſame from his inferior. But what is this but a commerce between tyrants and ſlaves, unworthy of the dignity of

human nature, and utterly deſtructive of true brotherly affection! The bond of ſuch a union can be nothing but fear; and it cannot have the leaſt tendency to mend the heart and inſpire generous ſentiments. Love ſubſiſts only by mutual kindneſſes and compliances: its baſis is that principle of equality which ought ever in ſome degree to reign between man and man, however unequal be their condition in life. No one has a right to demand that another ſhould in every caſe give up his inclination to his own. It is only as a benefactor that he can juſtly require any ſacrifice of this kind; and it is only by acts of love, as well as ſervice, that he can expect to obtain the return of being beloved.

Nor is it in matters of importance alone that mutual attentions and accommodations are neceſſary in order to preſerve the ſpirit of concord, and enable brethren, kindred, and neighbours, to dwell together in unity. Life is compoſed chiefly of ſmall things; and it is in reality of more importance to attend to the cauſes of pleaſure and pain which every day may bring forth, than to thoſe which years are requiſite to produce. Hence it will appear, that the quality called civility, or politeneſs, is of more conſequence both to our virtue and happineſs than is generally apprehended. We are apt, in this country eſpecially, to annex to it the idea of ſomething falſe and artificial; but if true politeneſs be defined, "an attention to pleaſe, by giving up our own inclinations to thoſe of other perſons," there ſeems nothing in it which ought to exclude it from the rank of the ſocial virtues: and though it is exerciſed chiefly in ſmaller concerns, yet the habit formed by it will extend to matters of greater conſequence. The love of ſelf is ſo domineering a principle in our nature, that it cannot have too many counterpoiſes. If it be acknowledged, as it undoubtedly muſt, that with the exterior forms of politeneſs it is poſſible to have a very ſelfiſh heart, it is alſo true, that ſo far as theſe forms go, they render the commerce of life more agreeable; and it is better that a man ſhould by their influence be led to yield in ſome particulars, than that he ſhould conſult nothing but his own will and gratification in every point. We generally ſee, in fact, that where a man prides himſelf in rejecting all the attentions of politeneſs as trifling and unmanly, he falls into groſs brutality, and plainly ſhows, in every action of life, that he prefers himſelf to all mankind.

The principle of conſulting the feelings of others as well as our own takes a wide ſcope, and extends to many things which we are too apt to diſregard. It not only enjoins us to relinquiſh to our aſſociates a fair ſhare of the ordinary gratifications and indulgencies of life, but to treat their ſentiments and opinions with proper deference; to allow them the ſame freedom of ſpeech which we ourſelves aſſume; and on no occaſion to ſay or do any thing which may give them pain, unleſs urged to it by

ſome motive of ſuperior duty. How often does a ſevere, though witty ſarcaſm, or a ſpiteful inſinuation, wound another to the heart, and cauſe breaches in friendſhip that can never be repaired! What more fatally blaſts the peace of ſociety than the breath of ſlander? and how is every injury of this kind aggravated, when it proceeds from thoſe whom we love and reſpect? How ſenſibly did the Pſalmiſt feel, this, when he exclaimed—"It was not an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himſelf againſt me, then I would have hid myſelf from him: but it was thou, mine equal, my guide, and my acquaintance,." Whenever we feel ourſelves tempted to offend in theſe points, let us directly put the caſe home, and aſk ourſelves how we ſhould reliſh ſuch treatment? We cannot then err for want of knowing better; we ſhall then be ſenſible that what at diſtance and when it regarded another, we might deem trifling and not worth attention, when applied to ourſelves appears of real importance. And let us remember that every thing *is* of importance which concerns the happineſs of a fellow-creature.

To conclude—If any of us were informed of a method by which our worldly poſſeſſions might, without injuſtice, be at once doubled, how void of ſenſe and reaſon ſhould we be thought if we refuſed to pay attention to it!—Brethren, the method is, in effect, in every one's hands. By "dwelling together in unity," the comfort and pleaſure of life would be more than doubled, and this without any hazard or difficulty. It is an attempt, too, in which no one can entirely fail of ſucceſs. If he cures his own bad paſſions only, he takes away one cauſe of ſtrife in the circle to which he belongs and the fierceſt fire may be prevented from ſpreading by withdrawing what would feed it: at the ſame time, he ſecures to himſelf a habit and ſtate of mind which will afford him peace and ſerenity in the midſt of the moſt violent ſtorms of ſurrounding contention.

A SATISFACTORY REASON FOR PREFERRING VIRTUOUS SUFFERING TO VICIOUS ENJOYMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the evidence in favour of Natural and revealed Religion is ſtrong and concluſive, and there is abundant proof that virtue will be hereafter rewarded, and vice puniſhed, "I will, however, ſays Dr. Price, ſuppoſe the whole of this evidence to be ſo inſufficient as to leave only a chance, over balanced by contrary chances, for *ſuch* a reward to virtue; and I aſſert that *ſtill* our obligations will be the ſame, and that it will be the moſt fooliſh conduct not to practiſe virtue, and even to ſacrifice to it all preſent advantages and gratifications.—For, let it be conſidered what any given chance for ſuch a good muſt be worth.

An even chance for any given ſtake is worth one half of that ſtake; and a chance for it unfavourable in any proportion, is worth as much of it as is equivalant to that proportion. That is; if the chance is only a *third* or a *tenth* of all chances, its value will be a *third* or a *tenth* of the whole ſtake. If, therefore, the good ſtaked is ſuppoſed to be the *future* reward of virtue, and its value is reckoned only equal to the value of all *preſent* good, it will be right to give up for it a *half*, a *third*, or a *tenth* of all preſent good, accordiug as the chances *for* obtaining it are a *half*, *third* or *tenth* of all the chances *for* and *againſt* obtainiug it.

If the value of the future reward of virtue is ſuppoſed *greater* than the value of all preſent good, it will be right to give up for it a proportionably greater part of preſent good; and the future good may be ſo great as to render *any* chance for it worth more than all that can be enjoyed in this life.—The ſame is true of the value of any means of avoiding a future evil. Though we ſuppoſe it improbable in any given degree, yet what ſaves us from the ſtill remaining danger of it may be worth, on account of its nature and magnitude, more than any thing that we can reſign or endure.

In other words. Any given chance for a given good is worth ſomewhat. The ſame chance for a greater good is worth more; and conſequently when the good is infinite the value of any chance for it muſt be likewiſe infinite. The future good then promiſed to virtue being infinite, and the loſs of it with which vice threatens us being an infinite evil, it follows that *any apprehenſion* that religion *may* be true, or the *bare poſſibitity* of ſuch conſequences to follow virtue and vice as Chriſtianity has taught us to expect, lays us under the ſame obligation, with reſpect to practice, as *if* we were *aſſured* of its truth.

I muſt add, that though it ſhould be imagined that (through ſome ſtrange confuſion in the affairs of the world, or an extravagant mercy in God) by *vice* as well as by *virtue* we may ſtand a chance for happineſs hereafter; yet, if we will but allow that the one is in any reſpect more *likely* to obtain it than the other, it will ſtill be the greateſt madneſs not, at all adventures and the riſque of every thing, to adhere to the one, and avoid the other. For it is evident, that the ſmalleſt *improvement* of a chance to obtain a good, increaſes in value as the good increaſes, and becomes infinite when the good itſelf is infinite.

It is not, I think, poſſible for any one to avoid conviction in this inſtance, who will not aſſert that it is *certain* that Chriſtianity is falſe, and that there is *no* future ſtate; or that, if there is, virtue gives no better chance for happineſs in it than vice. It would be inconſiſtent in a ſceptic to aſſert this, and it may be preſumed that no man in his wits will aſſert it. Let it however be aſſerted; it would, even in this caſe, be no very great matter for a man to be ſo far diffident of himſelf, as to uſe the precaution of living in ſuch a manner that if at laſt the worſt ſhould happen, and his

confidence prove vain, he may have nothing to *fear*. But no degree of unbelief, ſhort of what riſes ſo high as this, can aquit a man from the imputation of folly unſpeakable, if he is looſe and careleſs in his life, or conſents at any time to any wrong action or omiſſion to ſave any thing he can enjoy, or to obtain any thing that can be offered to him in this world.

Indeed, whoever will fairly examine the evidences of religion, muſt ſee that they deſerve great regard.———He that will think how reaſonable it is to preſume, that *infinite goodneſs* will communicate *infinite happineſs*, and that the Creator of all deſigns his creatures for ſuch a happineſs, by continuing thoſe of them who are qualified for it in being forever to improve under his eye and care, and that virtuous men, if any, have moſt reaſon to expect ſuch an effect of his favour: He that will reflect on the various determinations which have been given our minds in favonr of virtue; the accountableneſs of our natures; our unavoidable preſaging fears and hopes; the malignant and deteſtable nature of vice as before repreſented; the general ſentiments of mankind on the ſubjects of a future ſtate and reckoning; and that *ſpotleſs holineſs* of the Deity, which the ſacred writings in the moſt ſtriking manner aſſert and diſplay, and ſome conviction of which naturally forces itſelf upon every one; he, I ſay, who will attend to all this, cannot well avoid entertaining uneaſy apprehenſions as to what may hereafter happen, and be led to conſider, with deep concern, how awful the future diſplays of divine jnſtice *may* poſſibly prove, how greatly we may be concerned in the incomprehenſible ſcheme of providence, how much may depend on what we now are, and how very neceſſary it is that *by all means* we endeavour to ſecure ourſelves. That ſome time or other preſent inequalities will be ſet right, and a greater difference made between the lots of the virtuous and vicious than is now viſible, we have a great deal to lead us to believe. And what kind or degree of difference the counſels and ends of the divine government may require, who can be ſure? We ſee enough in the preſent ſtate of things, and ſufficiently experience what the government of the world admits of, to alarm our fears, and to ſet us upon conſidering ſeriouſly and anxiouſly, what greater diſtinctions between human beings than we now obſerve are likely in another ſtate to take place, and what greater happineſs or miſery than we now feel, or can have any ideas of, may await us in that future, *endleſs* duration, through which it is at leaſt credible that we are to exiſt.

But with however little regard ſome may be ready to treat ſuch conſiderations, it muſt be paſt diſpute among inquiſitive and impartial perſons, that all the arguments taken together, which have been uſed to prove natural and revealed religion, produce *ſome degree* of *real* evidence; and that, conſequently, they lay a ſufficient foundation for the preceding reaſoning.

To this reaſoning it becomes us the more to attend, becauſe it is that which we are continually uſing in the common courſe of

life; and becauſe it explains to us the principles and grounds upon which we act in almoſt all our temporal concerns. "It* ought to be forced upon the reflexion of ſceptical perſons, that ſuch is our nature and condition, that they neceſſarily require us in the daily courſe of life to act upon evidence much lower than what is commonly called probable; and, that there are numberleſs inſtances reſpecting the common purſuits of life, where a man would be thought in a literal ſenſe diſtracted, who would not act, and with great application too, not only on an even chance, but on much leſs, and where the probability was greatly againſt his ſucceeding."

What precautions will men often uſe againſt the moſt diſtant and imaginary dangers?—Why will they neglect uſing an eaſy and reaſonable precaution againſt the *worſt* and *greateſt* of all dangers?—What eager and reſtleſs adventurers will they become, what pains will they take, and what riſques will they run, where there is any proſpect of acquiring money, power, or fame, objects in themſelves of little value, and which to deſpiſe would be our greateſt dignity and happineſs? Why then are they ſo unwilling to take any pains, or to run any riſques, in order to obtain bleſſings of *ineſtimable worth*, and to ſecure a chance for *eternal* bliſs? How ſtrange is it that they ſhould ſo little care to put themſelves in the way to win *this Prize*, and to become adventurers here, where even to fail would be glorious? When will the following truths, ſo intereſting and indiſputable, ſink deep enough into our hearts; "that by ſuch a courſe as virtue and piety require, we can in general loſe *nothing* but *may* gain *infinitely*; and that, on the contrary, by a careleſs ill-ſpent life we can *get nothing*, or at beſt (happen what will) *next to nothing*, but may *loſe infinitely*?"

This brings me to what cannot be omitted in the preſent argument without doing it great injuſtice. The reader has obſerved, that it has gone upon the ſuppoſition, that there is a very great probability againſt religion and a future retribution, and that virtue requires us to ſacrifice to it *all our* preſent enjoyments. The reverſe of both theſe ſuppoſitions appears in reality to be the truth. There is not only an *equal chance*, but a *great probability* for the truth of religion. There is nothing to be *got* by vice, but the beſt part of preſent good is commonly *loſt* by it. 'Tis not the *happineſs of life* that virtue requires us to give up; but our *follies*, *our diſeaſes*, and *miſeries*. What, according to this ſtate of the caſe, muſt we think of the folly of a vicious choice! How ſhocking is the infatuation which makes us capable of it?"

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* See *Butler's Analogy*, *Introduction*, page 4, and chap. vi. part II. page 343, the 4th edition.

EDUCATION.

ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

By Dr. Priestly.

OF thoſe employments by which it is propoſed to gain a *ſubſiſtence*, thoſe are certainly to be preferred in which our labours to ſerve ourſelves are, at the ſame time, moſt ſubſervient to the good of others; becauſe ſuch employments tend to enlarge our benevolence, and enoble our minds; whereas thoſe employments in which our gains are immediately and neceſſarily connected with the loſs of others, tend to debaſe the mind, by generating envy, jealouſy, and hatred. Again, of thoſe employments in which we equally ſerve ourſelves and others, thoſe are to be preferred which give the greateſt ſcope to the intellectual faculties, and enlarge the comprehenſion of the mind; ſuch as thoſe which are uſually called the three liberal profeſſions of *Theology*, *Medicine*, and *Law*.

Of theſe three, that of *Theology* is unqueſtionably entitled to the firſt degree of conſideratton, becauſe it reſpects the moſt important intereſts of mankind, and is therefore perpetually reminding the profeſſors of it of their own moſt important intereſts. Beſides, the things about which the chriſtian miniſter is converſant are infinitely *various*, as well as *ſublime*; every branch of uſeful ſcience contributing, in proportion to its value, to form his character, and train him up to excellence in his profeſſion. But it is eſſential to this profeſſion, that a man enter upon it with juſt views, and always preſerve upon his mind a proper ſenſe of its nature and importance, and eſpecially that he preſerve his mind from an attachment to ſordid intereſt. Otherwiſe, there will be a perpetual diſcordancy between his temper and profeſſion; and *being* one thing, and *teaching* another, he will ſink into deſerved contempt, and be as miſerable as, with a right turn of mind, and with his heart in his work, he would have been happy.

The profeſſion of *Medicine* bears ſome analogy to that of theology; this being calculated to eſtabliſh the health of the body, as that the health or ſound ſtate of the mind; and it has a particular and intimate connection with ſtudies and purſuits of a philoſophical nature; though much buſineſs of this, or of any other kind, will hardly allow a man to do much in *original experiments*; and therefore we hardly find an inſtance of a phyſician, or ſurgeon, whoſe buſineſs has been very conſiderable, and gainful, diſtinguiſhing himſelf greatly by philoſophical diſcoveries.

The profeſſion of the law, I cannot help conſidering as much inferior, in real value and importance, to either of the other two, eſpecially with reſpect to the *diſcipline of the mind*. This profeſſion

has no particular connexion with any branch of philoſophical ſcience; and when taken in its utmoſt extent, requires hardly any other knowledge beſides that of hiſtory, and indeed little more than the hiſtory of one particular country; and the habit of pleading indifferently, *for*, or *againſt right*, muſt neceſſarily be hurtful to the mind, and tend to make it indifferent to truth and right in general; juſt as the practice of acting, and aſſuming any character at pleaſure, is unfavourable to uniformity, ſteadineſs, and uprightneſs in a man's own character. And when this indifference to truth and right is produced, the *accompliſhed lawyer* becomes a moſt dangerous member of ſociety. His talents are at the ſervice of all who will pay the hire of them, and eſpecially of kings and courts, who are able to give the greateſt price, whoſe views are too often unfavourable to the intereſt of the people at large, and who have ſeldom been able to ſucceed in their iniquitous deſigns without ſome aſſiſtance of this kind, as well as that of a military force.

It muſt be acknowledged, however, that an an able and truly upright lawyer is a moſt uſeful character in any country, eſpecially, as a guard againſt the knaviſh part of his profeſſion; and there is not in civil ſociety a more reſpectable and valuable character than that of an intelligent and upright *judge* or *civil magiſtrate*; and though the *practice* of the law for a livelihood be attended with the danger above mentioned, the *ſtudy* of it is eſſential to any perſon who would ſerve his country in a civil capacity, either as a magiſtrate, or a ſenator.

As to the profeſſion of a *ſoldier*, it is much to be lamented that any ſuch *profeſſion* ſhould exiſt. There is, indeed, no greater merit reſpecting civil ſociety, than to hazard one's life for its defence. It is the moſt exalted pitch of real patriotiſm. It is alſo generous in one ſtate to aſſiſt another in its diſtreſs. But when wars become frequent, and conſequently the cauſes of them are ſo *complex*, or ſo *frivolous*, that thoſe who are employed in conducting them cannot be ſuppoſed to engage in them from any *proper principles*; to be a ſoldier is nothing more than to hire one's-ſelf, like a bravo, to kill our fellow-creatures, at the arbitrary pleaſure of another. It is, in fact to make one's-ſelf the mere inſtrument of ſlaughter and devaſtation, and in point of *real honour* this profeſſion ought not to rank ſo high as that of a common executioner, who is a neceſſary and uſeful member of ſociety.

Of the inferior *arts of life*, thoſe which relate to the *culture of the earth* are the moſt excellent and uſeful. They are in fact, a branch of natural philoſophy, and are capable of unlimited improvements from a kowledge of the laws of nature reſpecting the the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. The buſineſs of huſbandry alſo ſerves to remind a perſon of his dependance upon Providence, and his gains have no connection with any perſon's loſs. It is the common intereſt of the community to wiſh him

well, becauſe in proportion to his ſucceſs, every member of it enjoys greater plenty.

Manufactures rank next to agriculture, with reſpect to mental advantages; every manufacturer being employed for the good of the community, as well as his own private emolument, his gains having no connections with other perſons loſſes. But with reſpect to *health*, and conſequently natural *chearfulneſs* manufactures are unſpeakably leſs deſirable. The confinement and hard labour of the working manufactures, together with the bad air they often breathe, are very deſtructive. They rear very few children, they ſoon become diſeaſed and infirm, and die long before the term of nature.

On the other hand, merchandize, and eſpecially the buſineſs of buying and ſelling in a ſmall way, in which a man cannot thrive without making conſtant *ſmall gains*, is apt to lead to mean tricks, and taking unfair advantages of the ignorance and ſimplicity of thoſe with whom he has dealings, though in fair trade the buyer and ſeller are equally benefitted. A conſtant attention to ſmall gains tends to contract the faculties, and debaſe the temper, though this effect may be counteracted by deep-rooted principles of integrity and religion. But the merchant, whoſe dealings are various and extenſive, will generally have a mind more enlarged than that of a petty trader; and as by his traffic he connects diſtant countries, conveying to each the peculiar produce of the reſt, he is, in an eminent degree, the benefactor of his ſpecies; he has many opportunities of enlarging and improving his mind; and, in fact, many merchants do certainly, together with great opulence, acquire the generoſity of princes, and are foremoſt in all public benevolent undertakings.

The mode of raiſing money by *gaming*, whether at play, as cards or dice, the ſtocks, or in any other mode (where *mere amuſement* is not the object) by which one man's gain is directly in proportion to another's loſs, and the advantage is in no ſenſe mutual, I ſcruple not to pronounce abſolutely wrong, and iniquitous. It is a direct method of promoting envy, jealouſy, and hatred; it never fails to give a perſon a diſlike to ſober induſtry, as too ſlow a mode of raiſing money. It therefore frequently prepares thoſe who are unſucceſsful in it for theft and robbery, and the moſt deſperate and fatal courſes, which commonly end in a public execution, or ſuicide.

In this cenſure I am far from meaning to include the buſineſs of *inſurance*; for in this caſe, though the gain of one be the loſs of another, it is, upon the whole, a *mutual benefit*; for it is a real advantage to a man to be able, by means of a certain loſs, that he can well bear, to ſecure himſelf againſt the chance of a loſs that he could not bear.

It has been imagined that the art of gaming, as it is practiſed not at the gaming table only, but at horſe-races, in the ſtocks, &c. though of no uſe in itſelf, and even hurtful in other reſpects,

will give a perſon ſkill and addreſs in his tranſactions with men, and eſpecially in the buſineſs of politics. But it has alſo been imagined that playing at cheſs is of uſe to a ſoldier, becauſe the ſtratagems, &c. uſed in that game, bear ſome reſemblance to thoſe uſed in war; and yet it does not appear, from fact, either that able commanders have been generally diſtinguiſhed for their ſkill in playing at cheſs, or that the beſt cheſs-players have therefore made good commanders.

In fact, ingenuity and addreſs in one thing has very little proper connection with ingenuity and addreſs in another. Otherwiſe, every able tradeſman, or artiſt, would make an able philoſopher, or an able ſtateſman. All real ability might, no doubt, have been applied *originally* with equal ſucceſs to one purſuit as to another; and where two objects of purſuit have a great reſemblance, the application to one of them may prepare the mind for applying to the other with advantage. But when a man's thoughts have dwelt long on any ſubject, he becomes in time incapable of being what he was originally beſt qualified to be.

ON THE PREPARATION FOR THE MERCANTILE PROFESSION. *Written by* VICESIMUS KNOX.

A GREAT wit of antiquity, no leſs remarkable for the liberality of his mind, and his knowledge of the world, than for his excellence in poetry, has cenſured that mode of education which is confined to arithmetic. He has ſuggeſted that the mind, from a conſtant attention in early youth to pecuniary mercantile computations, contracts a degree of ruſt totally deſtructive of genius. There is certainly ſome truth in his obſervation; but it muſt be conſidered, that our country differs from his in many eſſential particulars. Arms and arts were the chief objects of attention in Rome; but Britain, from her ſituation and connections, is naturally commercial. Commerce in Britain has acquired a dignity unknown in ancient times, and in other countries of Europe. They who have been engaged in it have added a grace to it by the liberality of their education and the generoſity of their minds. This has introduced them to the company of thoſe to whom their fortunes made them equal; and they have appeared in the ſenate, and in ſociety, with peculiar grace and importance.

I mean, however, to adviſe, that they who aredeſtined to a commercial life, ſhould not devote their time and attention, excluſively, to penmanſhip and to arithmetic. In whatever degree theſe excellencies may be poſſeſſed, they will never exalt or refine the ſentiments. They will never form the gentleman. They are the qualifications of hireling ſcrivener, and are at this time in poſſeſſion of ſome of the loweſt and meaneſt perſons of the community.

But I would not be miſapprehended. I know the value of a legible and expeditious hand, and the beauty of arithmetic as a ſcience, as well as its uſe as a practical qualification. They are abſolutely neceſſary to the merchant; they are highly uſeful to all. My meaning is, that they ſhould not form the whole of education, nor even the chief part of it, even when the ſtudent is deſigned for a mercantile life. For what is the propoſed end of a mercantile life? The accumulation of money. And what is the uſe of money? To contribute to the enjoyment of life. But is life to be enjoyed with a narrow and unenlightened mind? If it is, what muſt be the enjoyment? It muſt be low and diſgraceful. A rich man, without liberal ideas, and without ſome ſhare of learning, is an unfit companion for thoſe in the rank to which he is advanced; a melancholy conſideration, that after all the toils and cares of buſineſs, when a man has acquired a princely fortnne, he muſt be excluded from the ſociety of men of equal condition, but ſuperior education, or be ridiculous in it; that he muſt be unfit for parliamentary or civil employments, though the influence of money may procure him admiſſion to them!

I really do not mean, in any thing I have ſaid, to diſcourage an attention to writing and arithmetic. If I did, I ſhould with reaſon raiſe a very numerous party, who would not fail to be clamorous againſt my doctrine. My advice is, and I offer it with unaffected deference, that thoſe who are intended for a genteel line of commercial life, ſhould beſtow at leaſt as much attention on the cultivation of their minds as on mechanical attainments, or on a mere preparation for the ſuperintendence of an accompting-houſe.

There is time enough for the accompliſhment of both purpoſes, in the courſe of an education properly conducted, and long enough continued. At our beſt and moſt reſpectable grammar-ſchools, opportunities are uſually afforded for improvement in writing and in arithmetic. Many inſtances might be produced to ſhew, that the claſſical and the mercantile diſcipline have proceeded with equal ſucceſs. It is indeed true, that the writing of thoſe exerciſes which are indiſpenſably required in a claſſical courſe, retards the acquiſition of a fine hand, becauſe it is uſually done in a careleſs and haſty manner. But it might perhaps be done otherwiſe. Granting that it cannot, yet ſurely one would abate ſomething from the excellence of a flouriſh, for the ſake of acquiring ideas, and elevating the mind with juſt, generous, and noble ſentiments. Is it worth while to forego the improvement of taſte and literary genius, for the ſake of performing a ſtroke in a letter with greater elegance, though not in the leaſt more legibly? for the ſake of acquiring a mechanical habit, in which, after all, the ſcholar will often be ſurpaſſed by the loweſt apprentice, or the meaneſt clerk of a petty office.

I know it will be ſaid, that boys who are deſtined to reputable merchandiſe, are uſually taught Latin. But how are they often

taught it? They are often placed at a ſchool where the maſter teaches it not. He profeſſes to teach only writing, arithmetic, and mathematics; but, to complete his plan, he hires an aſſiſtant to teach Latin. The principal ſhare of time and attention is devoted to writing and arithmetic. The parent deſires it, and the maſter naturally gives theſe greateſt attention, as he profeſſes to underſtand and teach nothing elſe. Seldom any thing more than the firſt elements of Latin are taught, and theſe, it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, in a very ſuperficial manner. The boy leaves his ſchool at the age of fourteen. He writes a fine hand, and caſts accounts to admiration. His Latin he ſoon forgets; for he was never taught to dwell upon it as of great importance; and, in general, what he knows of it is ſo little, that it is ſcarcely worth remembrance.

When he has acquired his fortune, which he may very well do, with little other knowledge but that of addition and multiplication; though he prides himſelf on having had a liberal education; yet he acknowledges, that he has found little advantage from the claſſics, and holds them in low eſteem. He declares, that a ſon of his ſhall adhere to the four firſt rules. He ſeldom looks beyond the circumſcribed horizon of the accompting-houſe, even when admitted into the council-chamber; and he contributes, both by his diſcourſe and example, to bring the claſſical mode of education into diſrepute. He pretends to have been trained according to its rules, and grounds his pretenſions on the very little of Latin grammar which he very imperfectly learned, in a very ſhort time, when his attention was almoſt confined, both by parental and preceptorial authority, to a mechanical attainment, and to a ſingle ſcience.

I need not uſe argument in recommending the ſtudy of French and geography to the intended merchant. Their obvious utility is univerſally underſtood.

It is well known, and much to be lamented, that the ſhafts of wit and ridicule have often been ſucceſsfully thrown at city magiſtrates, and other public characters, whoſe offices ought to ſecure reſpect. This unfortunate circumſtance has been entirely owing to that defect in their education, which their wealth could never compenſate. Though they ought to qualify themſelves for the deſk; yet they ſhould recollect, that they are not to remain there always; but ſhould let their minds be early imbued with that elegance, which will remain with them, and conſtitute them gentlemen, whatever may be their employment.

For the New-England Quarterly Magazine.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

WHOEVER knows much of our country will acknowledge that the education of men among us is greatly deficient. It is true, that New England is to be much commended for its attention to the inſtruction of the lower claſs of people, and perhaps of the middle rank ; but little proviſion is made for the proper education of reſpectable merchants and valuable mechanics. To read, to write and to perform the four firſt Rules of Arithmetic conſtitute all the branches of a common education, while Grammar, Geography, Hiſtory, the moſt uſeful parts of the Mathematics, Natural Hiſtory and Philoſophy, and other important branches of knowledge, are diſregarded as unneceſſary, or omitted through criminal neglect.

I am not fond of cenſuring exiſting eſtabliſhments, but I am no enemy to uſeful innovations. I do not however wiſh any change ſhould take place, before the alterations is maturely conſidered. Innovations become dangerous, when they are haſty and inconſiderate. I think therefore that our modes of education, however faulty, ſhould not be new modulated, till the neceſſity of the change is felt by every one. At ſuch a time it is a duty to alter them. At ſuch a period we have perhaps arrived. But let us not be too haſty in the reformation ; let reaſon recommend the alterations, and the united judgment of many confirm their utility.

It is not my intention in this communication either to enumerate my objections to the preſent ſyſtem of education or to offer to the public a new one. I wiſh only that the attention of your readers may be turned to this ſubject ; it is important to them and to the community ; and when I ſhall again addreſs you, in relation to it, which I ſhall do much more fully in your next, that they will read with candor what I ſhall with deference ſubmit to them. CLITO.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

MESS. EDITORS,

SEEING that you have embraced in your plan treatiſes upon the important ſubject of Education, and being a Father of three fine girls under the age of ſixteen, upon whom I am deſirous to beſtow as good education as this country will afford, I wiſh to have a few Queries anſwered through the medium of your Magazine by ſome of your Correſpondents. They are as follows ; and are to be regarded as only reſpecting young ladies :

1. Is the accompliſhment of *Muſic* worthy of the time, pains, and coſt expended in its acquirement ?

2. Is it to be deſired that young ladies ſhould be inſtructed in *Drawing* and *Painting ?*

3. Should young ladies be permitted to read any Novels, and if any, what ones ?

4. At what age ſhould young ladies be introduced into company, and what accompliſhments ought they previouſly to poſſeſs ?

5. If Novels are to be forbidden young ladies, what courſe of Reading is it adviſeable they ſhould purſue ?

An anſwer to one or more of theſe Queſtions from any of your Correſpondents will much oblige A FATHER.

THE NECESSITY OF REGULATING THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS IN YOUNG MINDS.

From Edgeworth's Education.

IT often happens, that thoſe who feel pleaſure and pain moſt ſtrongly, are likewiſe moſt diſpoſed to form ſtrong aſſociations of ideas. Children of this character are never ſtupid, but often prejudiced and paſſionate : they can readily aſſign a reaſon for their preference or averſion ; they recollect diſtinctly the original ſenſations of pleaſure or pain, on which their aſſociations depend ; they do not, like Mr. Transfer in Zelucco, like or diſlike perſons and things, becauſe they have *been uſed to them*, but becauſe they have received ſome injury or benefit from them. Such children are apt to make great miſtakes in reaſoning, from their regiſtering of coincidences haſtily ; they do not wait to repeat their experiments, but if they have in one inſtance obſerved two things to happen at the ſame time, they expect that they will always recur together. If one event precedes or follows another accidentally, they believe it to be the cauſe or effect of its concomitant, and this belief is not to be ſhaken in their minds by ridicule or argument. They are, conſequently, inclined both to ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm, according as their hopes and fears predominate. They are likewiſe ſubject to abſurd antipathies—antipathies which verge towards inſanity.

Dr. Darwin relates a ſtrong inſtance of antipathy in a child from aſſociation. The child, on taſting the griſtle of ſturgeon, aſked what griſtle was ? and was anſwered, that griſtle was like the diviſion of a man's noſe. The child, diſguſted at this idea, for twenty years afterwards could never be perſuaded to taſte ſturgeon.

Zimmerman aſſures us, that he was an eye-witneſs of a ſingular antipathy, which we may be permitted to deſcribe in his own words :

" Happening to be in company with ſome Engliſh gentlemen, all of them men of diſtinction, the converſation fell upon antipa-

thies. Many of the company denied their reality, and conſidered them as idle ſtories, but I aſſured them that they were truly a diſeaſe. Mr. William Matthews, ſon to the governor of Barbadoes, was of my opinion, becauſe he himſelf had an antipathy to ſpiders. The reſt of the company laughed at him. I undertook to prove to them that this antipathy *was really an impreſſion on his ſoul, reſulting from the determination of a mechanical effect.* (We do not pretend to know what Dr. Zimmermann means by this.) Lord John Murray undertook to ſhape ſome black wax into the appearance of a ſpider, with a view to obſerve whether the antipathy would take place at the ſimple figure of the inſect. He then withdrew for a moment, and came in again with the wax in his hand, which he kept ſhut. Mr. Matthews, who in other reſpects was a very amiable and moderate man, immediately conceived that his friend really had a ſpider in his hand, clapped his hand to his ſword with extreme fury, and running back towards the partition, cried out moſt horribly. All the muſcles of his face were ſwelled, his eyes were rolling in their ſockets, and his body was immoveable. We were all exceedingly alarmed, and immediately ran to his aſſiſtance, took his ſword from him, and aſſured him that what he conceived to be a ſpider, was nothing more than a bit of wax, which he might ſee upon the table.

"He remained ſome time in this ſpaſmodic ſtate; but at length he began to recover, and to deplore the horrible paſſion from which he ſtill ſuffered. His pulſe was very ſtrong and quick, and his whole body was covered with a cold perſpiration. After taking an anodyne draft he reſumed his uſual tranquillity.

"We are not to wonder at this antipathy," continues Zimmermann; "the ſpiders at Barbadoes are very large, and of an hideous figure. Mr. Matthews was born there, and his antipathy was therefore to be accounted for. Some of the company undertook to make a little waxen ſpider in his preſence. He ſaw this done with great tranquillity, but he could not be perſuaded to touch it, though he was by no means a timorous man in other reſpects. Nor would he follow my advice to endeavour to conquer this antipathy by firſt drawing parts of ſpiders of different ſorts, and after a time whole ſpiders, till at length he might be able to look at portions of real ſpiders, and thus gradually accuſtom himſelf to whole ones, at firſt dead, and then living ones."

Dr. Zimmermann's method of cure, appears rather more ingenious, than his way of accounting for the diſeaſe. Are all the natives of Barbadoes ſubject to convulſions at the ſight of the large ſpiders in that iſland? or why does Mr. George Matthews' having been born there account ſo ſatisfactorily for his antipathy?

The cure of theſe unreaſonable fears of harmleſs animals, like all other antipathies, would, perhaps, be eaſily effected, if it were judiciouſly attempted early in life. The epithets which we uſe in ſpeaking of animals, and our expreſſions of countenance, have great influence on the minds of children. If we, as Dr. Darwin

adviſes, call the ſpider *the ingenious ſpider*, and the frog *the harmleſs frog*, and if we look at them with complacency, inſtead of averſion, children, from ſympathy, will imitate our manner, and from curioſity will attend to the animals, to diſcover whether the commendatory epithets we beſtow upon them, are juſt.

It is comparatively of little conſequence to conquer antipathies which have trifling objects. An individual can go through life very well without eating ſturgeon, or touching ſpiders; but when we conſider the influence of the ſame diſpoſition to aſſociate falſe ideas too ſtrongly in more important inſtances, we ſhall perceive the neceſſity of correcting it by education.

Locke tells us of a young man, who, having been accuſtomed to ſee an old trunk in the room with him when he learned to dance, aſſociated his dancing exertions ſo ſtrongly with the ſight of this trunk, that he could not ſucceed by any voluntary efforts in its abſence. We have, in our remarks upon attention, pointed out the great inconveniences to which thoſe are expoſed who acquire aſſociated habits of intellectual exertion; who cannot ſpeak, or write, or think, without certain habitual aids to their memory or imagination. We muſt further obſerve, that inceſſant vigilance is neceſſary in the moral educaton of children diſpoſed to form ſtrong aſſociations; they are liable to ſudden and abſurd diſlikes or predilections, with reſpect to perſons, as well as things; they are ſubject to caprice in their affections and temper, and liable to a variety of mental infirmities, which, in different degrees we call paſſion or madneſs. Locke tells us, that he knew a man who, after having been reſtored to health by a painful operation, had ſo ſtrongly aſſociated the idea and figure of the operator with the agony he had endured, that though he acknowledged the obligation, and felt gratitude towards this friend who had ſaved him, he never afterwards could bear to ſee his benefactor. There are ſome people who aſſociate ſo readily and incorrigibly the idea of any pain or inſult they have received from another, with his perſon and character, that they can never afterwards forget or forgive. They are hence diſpoſed to all the intemperance of hatred and revenge; to the chronic malice of a Jago, or the acute pangs of an Achilles. Homer, in his ſpeech of Achilles to Agamemnon's mediating ambaſſadors, has drawn a ſtrong and natural picture of the progreſs of anger. It is worth ſtudying as a leſſon in metaphyſics. Whenever aſſociation ſuggeſts to the mind of Achilles the injury he has received, he loſes his reaſon, and the orator works himſelf up from argument to declamation, and from declamation to deſperate reſolution, through a cloſe linked connection of ideas and ſenſations.

The inſanities of ambition, avarice, and vanity, originate in early miſtaken aſſociations. A feather, or a crown, or an alderman's chain, or a cardinal's hat, or a purſe of yellow counters, are unluckily aſſociated in the minds of ſome men with the idea of happineſs, and, without ſtaying to deliberate, theſe unfortunate

perſons hunt through life the phantaſms of a diſordered imagination. Whilſt we pity, we are amuſed by the blindneſs and blunders of thoſe whoſe miſtakes can effect no one's felicity but their own; but any deluſions which prompt their victims to actions inimical to their fellow-creatures, are the objects not unuſually of pity, but of indignation, of private averſion and public puniſhment. We ſmile at the avaricious inſanity of the miſer, who dreſſes himſelf in the caſt-off wig of a beggar, and pulls a cruſhed pancake from his pocket for his own and for his friend's dinner. We ſmile at the inſane vanity of the pauper, who dreſſed himſelf in a many-colored paper ſtar, aſſumed the title of Duke of Baubleſhire, and as ſuch required homage from every paſſenger. But are we inclined to ſmile at the outrageous vanity of the man who ſtyled himſelf the ſon of Jupiter, and who murdered his beſt friend for refuſing him divine honors? Are we diſpoſed to pity the ſlave-merchant, who, urged by the maniacal deſire for gold, hears unmoved the groans of his fellow-creatures, the execrations of mankind, and that "ſmall ſtill voice," which haunts thoſe who are ſtained with blood?

The moral inſanities which ſtrike us with horror, compaſſion, or ridicule, however they may differ in their effects, have frequently one common origin; an early falſe aſſociation of ideas. Perſons who miſtake in meaſuring their own feelings, or who neglect to compare their ideas, and to balance contending wiſhes, ſcarcely merit the name of *rational* creatures. The man, who does not deliberate, is loſt.

We have endeavored, though well aware of the difficulty of the ſubject, to point out ſome of the precautions that ſhould be uſed in governing the imagination of young people of different diſpoſitions. We ſhould add, that in all caſes the pupil's attention to his own mind will be of more conſequence, than the utmoſt vigilance of the moſt able preceptor; the ſooner he is made acquainted with his own character, and the ſooner he can be excited to govern himſelf by reaſon, or to attempt the cure of his own defects, the better.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

MESS. EDITORS,

IS THE STUDY OF THE LATIN AND GREEK LANGUAGES USEFUL?

THIS Queſtion has been lately agitated with conſiderable warmth among modern writers upon the ſubject of Education. Some gentlemen in the middle States have vehemently contended in ſupport of the negative. I do not however feel myſelf convinced by their arguments; and when I ſaw that in your Magazine treatiſes upon this ſubject were admitted, I was determined to collect and ſend you my thoughts relative to this

queſtion. But this deſign was given up, as ſoon as I diſcovered that an abler man had already expreſſed ideas, ſimilar to mine, in a better manner than it was in my power to have done. Though the theories of this writer may be very incorrect, when diſcourſing upon other topics, his thoughts upon this ſubject are, in my opinion, extremely rational and juſt. I have incloſed them for publication in this country; if you ſhould think that their inſertion in your uſeful miſcellany would be ſerviceable to the intereſts of literature, be pleaſed to give them a place.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"AN obvious ground of preſumption in favour of claſſical learning will ſuggeſt itſelf in tracing its hiſtory. The ſtudy of the Latin and Greek authors will ſcarcely be thought to deſerve this appellation, ſo long as their language was the vernacular tongue of thoſe who ſtudied them. Claſſical learning then may be ſaid to have taken its riſe in the fifteenth century, at which time the human mind awoke from a ſlumber that threatened to be little leſs than external. The principal cauſe of this auſpicious event was the ſtudy of the claſſics. Suddenly men were ſeized with the deſire of reſcuing them from the oblivion into which they had fallen. It ſeemed as if this deſire had ariſen juſt in time to render its gratification not impracticable. Some of the moſt valuable remains of antiquity now in our poſſeſſion, were upon the point of being utterly loſt. Kings and princes conſidered their recovery as the moſt important taſk in which they could be engaged; ſcholars travelled without intermiſſion, drawn from country to country by the faineſt hope of encountering a claſſical manuſcript; and the ſucceſs of their ſearch afforded a more guiltleſs, but not a leſs envied triumph, than the defeat of armies and the plunder of millions. The moſt honoured taſk of the literati of that day, was the illuſtration of an ancient author; commentator roſe upon commentator; obſcurities were removed; preciſion acquired; the Greek and Roman writers were underſtood and reliſhed in a degree ſcarcely inferior to their contemporaries; nor were they only peruſed with avidity, their purity and their beauties were almoſt rivalled at the diſtance of almoſt fifteen hundred years.

Such is the hiſtory of one of the moſt intereſting æras in the annals of mankind. We are indebted to the zeal, perhaps a little extravagant and enthuſiaſtic, of the revivers of letters, for more than we can expreſs. If there be in the preſent age any wiſdom, any powers of reaſoning, any acquaintance with the ſecrets of nature, any refinement of language, any elegance of compoſition, any love of all that can adorn and benefit the human race, this is the ſource from which they ultimately flowed.* From

* I do not infer that they could have flowed from no other ſource; I relate a fact.

the Greek and Roman authors the moderns learned to think. While they inveſtigated with unconquerable perſeverance the ideas and ſentiments of antiquity, the feculence of their own underſtandings ſubſided. The ſhakles of ſuperſtition were looſened. Men were no longer ſhut up in ſo narrow boundaries; nor benumbed in their faculties by the ſound of one eternal monotony. They ſaw; they examined; they compared. Intellect aſſumed new courage, ſhook its daring wings, and eſſayed a bolder flight. Patience of inveſtigation was acquired. The love of truth diſplayed itſelf, and the love of liberty.

Shall we then diſcard that, to which our anceſtors owed every thing they poſſeſſed? Do we not fear leſt, by removing the foundations of intellect, we ſhould ſacrifice intellect itſelf? Do we not fear leſt, by imperceptible degrees, we ſhould bring back the dark ages, and once again plunge our ſpecies in eternal night?

This however, though a plauſible, is not a ſtrict and logical argument in favour of claſſical learning; and, if unſupported by direct reaſoning, ought not probably to be conſidered as deciding the controverſy. The ſtrongeſt direct arguments are probably as follow. They will be found to apply with the moſt force to the ſtudy of Latin.

The Latin authors are poſſeſſed of uncommon excellence. One kind of excellence they poſſeſs, which is not to be found in an equal degree in the writers of any other country: an exquiſite ſkill in the uſe of language; a happy ſelection of words; a beautiful ſtructure of phraſe; a tranſparency of ſtyle; a preciſion by which they communicate the ſtrongeſt ſentiments in the directeſt form; in a word, every thing that relates to the moſt admirable poliſh of manner. Other writers have taken more licentious flights, and produced greater aſtoniſhment in their readers. Other writers have ventured more fearleſsly into unexplored regions, and cropped thoſe beauties which hang over the brink of the precipice of deformity. But it is the appropriate praiſe of the beſt Roman authors, that they ſcarcely preſent us with one idle and excreſcent clauſe, that they continually convey their meaning in the choiceſt words. Their lines dwell upon our memory; their ſentences have the force of maxims, every part vigorous, and ſeldom any thing that can be changed but for the worſe. We wander in a ſcene where every thing is luxuriant, yet every thing vivid, graceful and correct.

It is commonly ſaid, that you may read the works of foreign authors in tranſlations. But the excellencies above enumerated are incapable of being transfuſed. A diffuſe and voluminous author, whoſe merit conſiſts chiefly in his thoughts, and little in the manner of attiring them, may be tranſlated. But who can tranſlate Horace? who endure to read the tranſlation? Who is there, acquainted with him only through this medium, but liſtens with aſtoniſhment and incredulity to the encomiums he has received from the hour his poems were produced?

The Roman hiſtorians are the beſt that ever exiſted. The dramatic merit and the eloquence of Livy; the profound philoſophy of Salluſt; the rich and ſolemn pencil of Tacitus, all ages of the world will admire; but no hiſtorian of any other country has ever been able to rival.

Add to this, that the beſt ages of Rome afford the pureſt models of virtue that are any where to be met with. Mankind are too apt to loſe ſight of all that is heroic, magnanimous and public-ſpirited. Modern ages have formed to themſelves a virtue, rather poliſhed, than ſublime, that conſiſts in petty courteſies, rather than in the tranquil grandeur of an elevated mind. It is by turning to Fabricius, and men like Fabricius, that we are brought to recollect what human nature is. Leſt to ourſelves, we are apt to ſink into effeminacy and apathy.

But, if ſuch are the men with whoſe actions it is moſt our intereſt to familiariſe ourſelves, we cannot do this ſo ſucceſsfully as by ſtudying them in the works of their countrymen. To know them truly, we muſt not content ourſelves with viewing them from a diſtance, and reading them in abridgment. We muſt watch their minuteſt actions, we muſt dwell upon their every word. We muſt gain admiſſion among their confidents, and penetrate into their ſecret ſouls. Nothing is ſo wretched a waſte of time as the ſtudy of abridgments.

If it be allowable to elucidate the inſufficiency of the modern writers of ancient hiſtory by inſtances, it might be remarked, that Rollin takes care repeatedly to remind his reader that the virtues of the heathens were only ſo many ſpecious vices, and interlards his hiſtory with an expoſition of the prophecies of Daniel; that Hooke calumniates all the greateſt characters of Rome to exalt the reputation of Cæſar; and that Mitford and Gillies are at all times ready to ſuſpend their narrative for a penegyric upon modern deſpotiſm. No perſons ſeem to have been more utter ſtrangers to that republican ſpirit which is the ſource of our nobleſt virtues, than thoſe authors who have aſſumed to be the hiſtoriographers of the ancient republics.

A ſecond argument in favour of the ſtudy of the Latin claſſics may be thus ſtated. Language is the great medium of communication among mankind. He that deſires to inſtruct others, or to gain perſonal reputation, muſt be able to expreſs himſelf with perſpicuity and propriety. Moſt of the miſunderſtandings which have exiſted, in ſentiment or in ſcience, may be traced to ſome obſcurity or looſeneſs of expreſſion as their ſource. Add to this, that the taſte of mankind is ſo far refined, that they will not accept an uncouth and diſguſtful leſſon, but require elegance and ornament. One of the arts that tend moſt to the improvement of human intellect, is the art of language; and he is no true friend to his ſpecies, who would ſuffer them from neglect to fall back, from their preſent ſtate of advancement in this reſpect, into a barbarous and undiſciplined jargon.

But it is perhaps impoſſible to underſtand one language, unleſs we are acquainted with more than one. It is by compariſon only that we can enter into the philoſophy of language. It is by compariſon only that we ſeparate ideas and the words by which thoſe ideas are ordinarily conveyed. It is by collating one language with another, that we detect all the ſhades of meaning through the various inflections of words, and all the minuter degradations of ſenſe which the ſame word ſuffers, as it ſhall happen to be connected with different topics. He that is acquainted with only one language, will probably always remain in ſome degree the ſlave of language. From the imperfectneſs of his knowledge, he will feel himſelf at one time ſeduced to ſay the thing he did not mean, and at another will fall into errors of this ſort without being aware of it. It is impoſſible that he ſhould underſtand the full force of words. He will ſometimes produce ridicule, where he intended to produce paſſion. He will ſearch in vain for the hidden treaſures of his native tongue. He will never be able to employ it in the moſt advantageous manner. He cannot be well acquainted with its ſtrength and its weakneſs. He is uninformed reſpecting its true genius and diſcriminating characteriſtics. But the man who is competent to and exerciſed in the compariſon of languages, has attained to his proper elevation. Language is not his maſter, but he is the maſter of language. Things hold their juſt order in his mind, ideas firſt, and then words. Words therefore are uſed by him as the means of communicating or giving permanence to his ſentiments; and the whole magazine of his native tongue is ſubjected at his feet.

The ſcience of etymology has been earneſtly recommended, as the only adequate inſtrument for effecting the purpoſe here deſcribed; and undoubtedly it is of high importance for the purpoſe of enabling us more accurately to judge of the value of the words we have occaſion to employ. But the neceſſity and the uſe of etymology have perhaps been exaggerated. However extenſive are our reſearches, we muſt ſtop ſomewhere; and he that has traced a word half-way to its ſource, is ſubject to a portion of the ſame imperfection, as he that knows nothing of it beyond the language in which he has occaſion to uſe it. It is here perhaps as in many other intellectual acquiſitions; the habit of inveſtigating, diſtinguiſhing and ſubtiliſing, is of more importance than any individual portions of knowledge we may chance to have accumulated. Add to which, that the immediate concern of the ſpeaker or writer, is not with the meaning his words bore at ſome diſtant period or the materials of which they are compounded, but with the meaning that properly belongs to them according to the pureſt ſtandard of the language he uſes. Words are perpetually fluctuating in this reſpect. The gradations by which they change their ſenſe are ordinarily imperceptible; but from age to age their variations are often the moſt memorable and ſurprizing. The true mode therefore of becoming acquainted

with their exact force, is to listen to them in the best speakers, and consider them as they occur in the best writers, that have yet appeared.

Latin is indeed a language that will furnish us with the etymology of many of our own words; but it has perhaps peculiar recommendations as a praxis in the habits of investigation and analysis. Its words undergo an uncommon number of variations and inflections. Those inflections are more philosophically appropriated, and more distinct in their meaning, than the inflections of any language of a more ancient date. As the words in Latin composition are not arranged in a philosophical or natural order, the mind is obliged to exert itself to disentangle the chaos, and is compelled to yield an unintermitted attention to the inflections. It is therefore probable that the philosophy of language is best acquired by studying this language. Practice is superior to theory; and this science will perhaps be more successfully learned, and more deeply imprinted, by the perusal of Virgil and Horace, than by reading a thousand treatises on universal grammar.

Example seems to correspond to what is here stated. Few men have written English with force and propriety, who have been wholly unacquainted with the learned languages. Our finest writers and speakers have been men who amused themselves during the whole of their lives with the perusal of the classics. Nothing is generally more easy than to discover by his style, whether a man has been deprived of the advantages of a literary education.

A further argument in favor of the study of the Latin language, may be deduced from the nature of logic, or the art of thinking. Words are of the utmost importance to human understanding. Almost all the ideas employed by us in matters of reasoning have been acquired by words. In our most retired contemplations we think for the most part in words; and upon recollection can in most cases easily tell in what language we have been thinking. Without words, uttered, or thought upon, we could not probably carry on any long train of deduction. The science of thinking therefore is little else than the science of words. He that has not been accustomed to refine upon words, and discriminate their shades of meaning, will think and reason after a very inaccurate and slovenly manner. He that is not able to call his idea by various names, borrowed from various languages, will scarcely be able to conceive his idea in a way precise, clear and unconfused. If therefore a man were confined in a desert island, and would never again have occasion so much as to hear the sound of his own voice, yet if at the same time he would successfully cultivate his understanding, he must apply himself to a minute and persevering study of words and language.

Lastly there is reason to believe that the study of Latin would constitute a valuable part of education, though it were applied

to no practical uſe, and were to be regarded as an affair of intellectual diſcipline only.

There are two qualities eſpecially neceſſary to any conſiderable improvement of human underſtanding; an ardent temper, and a habit of thinking with preciſion and order. The ſtudy of the Latin language is particularly conducive to the production of the laſt of theſe qualities.

In this reſpect the ſtudy of Latin and of geometry might perhaps be recommended for a ſimilar reaſon. Geometry it ſhould ſeem would always form a part of a liberal courſe of ſtudies. It has its direct uſes and its indirect. It is of great importance for the improvement of mechanics and the arts of life. It is eſſential to the juſt maſtery of aſtronomy and various other eminent ſciences. But its indirect uſes are perhaps of more worth than its direct. It cultivates the powers of the mind, and generates the moſt excellent habits. It eminently conduces to the making man a rational being, and accuſtoms him to a cloſeneſs of deduction, that is not eaſily made the dupe of ambiguity, and carries on an eternal war againſt prejudice, and impoſition.

A ſimilar benefit ſeems to reſult from the ſtudy of language and its inflections. All here is in order. Every thing is ſubjected to the moſt inflexible laws. The mind therefore which is accuſtomed to it, acquires habits of order, and of regarding things in a ſtate of clearneſs, diſcrimination and arrangement.

The diſcipline of mind here deſcribed is of ineſtimable value. He that is not initiated in the practice of cloſe inveſtigation, is conſtantly expoſed to the danger of being deceived. His opinions have no ſtandard; but are entirely at the mercy of his age, his country, the books he chances to read, or the company he happens to frequent. His mind is a wilderneſs. It may contain excellent materials, but they are of no uſe. They oppreſs and choak one another. He is ſubject to a partial madneſs. He is unable to regulate his mind, and ſails at the mercy of every breath of accident or caprice. Such a perſon is ordinarily found incapable of application or perſeverance. He may form brilliant projects; but he has neither the reſolution nor the power to carry any of them to its completion.

All talent may perhaps be affirmed to conſiſt in analyſis and diſſection, the turning a thing on all ſides, and examining it in all its variety of views. An ordinary man ſees an object juſt as it happens to be preſented to him, and ſees no more. But a man of genius takes it to pieces, enquires into its cauſe and effects, remarks its internal ſtructure, and conſiders what would have been the reſult, if its members had been combined in a different way, or ſubjected to different influences. The man of genius gains a whole magazine of thoughts, where the ordinary man has received only one idea; and his powers are multiplied in proportion to the number of ideas upon which they are to be employed. Now there is perhaps nothing that contributes more eminently to this

ſubtiliſing and multiplication of mind, than an attention to the ſtructure of language.

In matters of ſcience and the cultivation of the human mind it is not always ſufficiently attended to, that men are often eſſentially benefited by proceſſes, through which they have themſelves never actually paſſed, but which have been performed by their companions and contemporaries. The literary world is an immenſe community, the intercourſe of whoſe members is inceſſant; and it is very common for a man to derive eminent advantage from ſtudies in which he was himſelf never engaged. Thoſe inhabitants of any of the elightened countries of Europe, who are accuſtomed to intellectual action, if they are not themſelves ſcholars, frequent the ſociety of ſcholars, and thus become familiar with ideas, the primary ſource of which is only to be found in an acquaintance with the learned languages. If therefore we would make a juſt eſtimate of the loſs that would be incurred by the abolition of claſſical learning, we muſt not build our eſtimate upon perſons of talent among ourſelves who have been deprived of that benefit. We muſt ſuppoſe the indirect, as well as the direct improvement that ariſes from this ſpecies of ſtudy, wholly baniſhed from the face of the earth.

Let it be taken for granted that the above arguments ſufficiently eſtabliſh the utility of claſſical learning; it remains to be determined whether it is neceſſary that it ſhould form a part of the education of youth. It may be alledged, that, if it be a deſirable acquiſition, it may with more propriety be made when a man is arrived at years of diſcretion, that it will then be made with leſs expence of labour and time, that the period of youth ought not to be burthened with ſo vexatious a taſk, and that our early years may be more advantageouſly ſpent in acquiring the knowledge of things, than of words.

In anſwer to theſe objections, it may however be remarked, that it is not certain that, if the acquiſition of the rudiments of claſſical learning be deferred to our riper years, it will ever be made. It will require ſtrong inclination and conſiderable leiſure. A few active and determined ſpirits will ſurmount the difficulty; but many who would derive great benefit from the acquiſition, will certainly never arrive at it.

Our early years, it is ſaid, may be more advantageouſly ſpent in acquiring the knowledge of things, than of words. But this is by no means ſo certain as at firſt ſight it may appear. If you attempt to teach children ſcience, commonly ſo called, it will perhaps be found in the ſequel that you have taught them nothing. You may teach them, like parrots, to repeat, but you can ſcarcely make them able to weigh the reſpective merits of contending hypotheſes. Many things that we go over in our youth, we find ourſelves compelled to recommence in our riper years under peculiar diſadvantages. The grace of novelty they have forever loſt. We are encumbered with prejudices with reſpect to

them; and, before we begin to learn, we muſt ſet ourſelves with a determined mind to unlearn the crude maſs of opinions concerning them that were once laboriouſly inculcated on us. But in the rudiments of language, it can ſcarcely be ſuppoſed that we ſhall have any thing that we ſhall ſee reaſon to wiſh obliterated from our minds.

The age of youth ſeems particularly adapted to the learning of words. The judgment is then ſmall; but the memory is retentive. In our riper years we remember paſſions, facts and arguments; but it is for the moſt part in youth only that we retain the very words in which they are conveyed. Youth eaſily contents itſelf with this ſpecies of employment, eſpecially where it is not inforced with particular ſeverity. Acquiſitions, that are inſupportably diſguſtful in riper years, are often found to afford to young perſons no contemptible amuſement.

It is not perhaps true that, in teaching languages to youth, we are impoſing on them an unneceſſary burthen. If we would produce right habits in the mind, it muſt be employed. Our early years muſt not be ſpent in lethargic indolence. An active maturity muſt be preceded by a buſy childhood. Let us not from a miſtaken compaſſion to infant years, ſuffer the mind to grow up in habits of inattention and irreſolution.

If the ſtudy of the claſſics have the effect above aſcribed to it for refining and multiplying the intellectual powers, it will have this effect in a greater degree, the earlier it is introduced, and the more pliable and ductile is the mind that is employed on it. After a certain time the mind that was neglected in the beginning, grows aukward and unwieldy. Its attempts at alertneſs and grace are abortive. There is a certain ſlowneſs and ſtupidity that grows upon it. He therefore that would enlarge the mind and add to its quantity of exiſtence, muſt enter upon his taſk at an early hour.

The benefits of claſſical learning would perhaps never have been controverted if they had not been accompanied with unneceſſary rigours. Children learn to dance and to fence, they learn French and Italian and muſic, without its being found neceſſary to beat them for that purpoſe. A reaſonable man will not eaſily be perſuaded that there is ſome myſterious quality in claſſical learning that ſhould make it an exception to all other inſtances.

There is one obſervation ariſing from the view here taken on the ſubject, that probably deſerves to be ſtated. It has often been ſaid that claſſical learning is an excellent accompliſhment in men devoted to letters, but that it is ridiculous, in parents whoſe children are deſtined to more ordinary occupations, to deſire to give them a ſuperficial acquaintance with Latin, which in the ſequel will infallibly fall into neglect. A concluſion oppoſite to this, is dictated by the preceding reflections. We can never certainly foreſee the future deſtination and propenſities of our children. But let them be taken for granted in the preſent argument, yet,

if there be any truth in the above reaſoning, no portion of claſſical inſtruction, however ſmall, need be wholly loſt. Some refinement of mind and ſome clearneſs of thinking will almoſt infallibly reſult from grammatical ſtudies. Though the language itſelf ſhould ever after be neglected, ſome portion of a general ſcience has thus been acquired, which can ſcarcely be forgotten. Though our children ſhould be deſtined to the humbleſt occupation, that does not ſeem to be a ſufficient reaſon for our denying them the acquiſition of ſome of the moſt fundamental documents of human underſtanding."

CRITICISM and BELLES LETTRES.

COMPARATIVE STATE OF LITERATURE IN THE PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

From an Engliſh Journal.

LITERATURE is either leſs cultivated, or leſs valued in theſe days than it was in thoſe of our anceſtors, for certainly learning does not *now* receive the honours it *then* did. That it is leſs cultivated, cannot, I think, with any truth be aſſerted, becauſe the preſent is denominated a learned age. It muſt be the univerſality then, with which it is diffuſed through ſociety, that renders it leſs valuable; as articles grow cheap, not in proportion to their inſignificancy, but their abundance. Great talents, indeed, in any condition of civilized ſociety muſt inevitably confer a certain degree of power: inaſmuch as they render their poſſeſſors either uſeful, or formidable: but ſcarcely any literary attainments would, I apprehend, raiſe a writer in theſe days, to the ſame degree of eminence and requeſt, as Petrarch, Eraſmus, and Politiano enjoyed, in their reſpectve times. We have now amongſt us many ſcholars of great erudition;* men of diſtinguiſhed abilities: yet I much queſtion, as haughty as kings were under the old feudal ſyſtem, if any of the princes in being would contend with the ſame eagerneſs for their favour, as we learn the various ſovereigns of Europe did, for that of Petrarch, or Eraſmus.

It has been queſtioned by ſome, whether the number of publications, which are annually poured upon the world, have contributed in any proportionable ratio to the encreaſe of literature? In my opinion, they have *not*. To a liberal and cultivated mind there is certainly no indulgence equal to the luxury of books: but, in works of learning, may not the facilities of information be encreaſed, until the powers of application and retention be diminiſhed? After admitting that the preſent is a learned age, it

* Parr, Wakefield, Profeſſors Porſon, and White, &c. &c.

may appear ſingular to doubt, whether it affords individuals as profoundly learned, (at leaſt, as far as Latin and Greek go,) as ſome who flouriſhed in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries. The general maſs of learning is greater now than it was then; and is evidently of a more valuable tendency. Yet whether any of the ſcholars of the preſent day could compoſe Latin verſes with as much claſſic purity, and taſte, as Strada, Sannazarius, or Politiano; or whether any of our commentators, eminent as they are, could break a ſpear in the amphitheatre of criticiſm, with Eraſmus, Scaliger, Salmaſius, or Milton, is a matter I much doubt. I am aware that the different ſtate in which literature now ſtands, compared with that in which it formerly ſtood, may be urged as one reaſon for the ſuperior celebrity which learning then conferred. Men generally unenlightened, but knowing the value of information, would make compariſons, and attribute to genius a degree of credit, perhaps, exceeding its real merit: but, independent of this, the writings of the early critics contain infinite learning. Before the modern languages were ſo poliſhed that ſcholars could compoſe in them, it is known that the practice prevailed generally amongſt literary men, of writing and ſpeaking in Latin. This naturally led to a knowledge of that language, not only from motives of refinement, but of neceſſity alſo; for hiſtories, poems, and even familiar letters, were compoſed in Latin. The ſtudy of ſchool-divinity, and the diſcuſſion of learned queſtions in the form of theſes, ſerved to quicken the comprehenſion of the ſtudent: and the introduction of the Ariſtotelian philoſophy into the ſchools, however little it might agree with the ſimplicity of the Goſpel, would naturally give the mind a degree of penetration and conjecture conducive to the diſcoveries of emandatory criticiſm. An acquaintance with the Latin was not, however, confined to *our* ſex only; the knowledge of it was familiar to *ladies* of rank in the ſixteenth century. We are told by Moreri of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, "That ſhe was doubtleſs the handſomeſt princes of her age, and *very learned* in the Latin tongue, in which ſhe pronouced ſeveral orations." And there are ſtill preſerved in the Bodleian, if I miſtake not, ſome Latin letters, or pieces, of Queen Elizabeth, in her own handwriting. Catharine of Medicis alſo is repreſented by hiſtorians as a ſplendid patroneſs of literature. She poſſeſſed the hereditary attachment of her houſe to letters and learned men; and was, we may reaſonably conclude, ſkilful in the languages.

The ſtrange mixture of religion and gallantry, chivalry and imagination, that exiſted in the dark ages, had *not* loſt its hold upon the minds of men, even after the reſtoration of light under the pontificate of Leo. This ſyſtem was a faſcinating appeal to the paſſions, and gave riſe—firſt to romances, which are an unconnected and improbable narration of religion, love, and war; and next—to novels, a more contracted and probable ſpecies of ſtory. Of the laſt deſcription, the Italians, and particularly Bo-

caccio, have afforded many ſpecimens highly entertaining. Cervantes himſelf, although he wrote in ridicule of the prevailing taſte of the age, does not appear to have been entirely free from the contagion of chivalry. His "*Don Quixote*" ſhews a writer well read in romance, and not a little attached to it. The novels he has introduced in the body of his work, diſplay the predominant ſpirit of the times. They are beautiful, and exquiſitely touching. So highly, indeed, did the Spaniſh and Italian noveliſts poſſeſs the power of imagination, a power in ſuch times not much leſs than the power of the keys in the ſucceſſors of St. Peter, that Shakeſpeare, that great maſter of poetic fiction, has founded many of his dramatic pieces upon ſtories taken from the latter.*—Milton alſo, notwithſtanding the ſeverity of his learning, appears to have been attached, in no inconſiderable degree, to the peruſal of romances. And what is the ſtory of "The admirable Critchton, who was—"*Tam Marti, quam Mercurio;*" and is ſaid to have poſſeſſed powers, apparently beyond all human attainment, but a romance, or, at leaſt, a true ſtory romantically embelliſhed?

From theſe remarks, I would not be underſtood as wiſhing to make invidious compariſons between the learning of different ages, or to depreciate that of our own. Upon a fair inveſtigation, there can be no doubt, I think, to which ſide the ſcale of general literature would incline. My object ſimply is, to ſhew the different direction which letters take, and the different patronage which they obtain, in different periods of ſociety. Indeed, learning may more properly be ſaid to *lead* than to *follow* the courſe of the world: ſince, though it may, at firſt, bend to the ſpirit of the age, it will in the end aſſuredly direct, and govern it. The general ſtock of genius is, perhaps, always pretty equal: the opportunities of improving it, and the ſupport it receives, vary with the times. Petrarch and Eraſmus were careſſed by popes and princes: Butler, Otway, and Chatterton, not much inferior in merit, were abſolutely ſtarved; and Johnſon, whoſe moral works were calculated to delight and improve the age, lived long in diſtreſs, and at length received a ſcanty penſion. In ſome ages, and upon ſome occaſions, it muſt be admitted, a genius darts upon the world with intellectual powers, that no induſtry, in the common courſe of things, can hope to equal: but this is a *particular* caſe, and is generally compenſated ſome other way. If

* "Or call up him that left half told,
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife.
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wond'rous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride."

(*Il Penſeroſo.*)

former times have enjoyed works of more fancy, and ſublimity of imagination, than are given to us, we, in return, poſſeſs more uſeful acquiſitions. If they have had their Spencer, Taſſo, and Shakeſpeare, we boaſt Newton, Locke, and Johnſon.—Science, taſte, and correction, are indeed the characteriſtics of the preſent day. Every thing is refined; every thing is grand. We are actually miſers in luxury and taſte, and have left nothing for poſterity. "*Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ*"—We learn our Greek from the Purſuits of Literature, and our morality from Pariſſot: and I do not ſee how we are to be outdone either in learning or in dreſs.

For the NEW-ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ON LOCKE'S ESSAY ON THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

ERRORS and bad tendencies in uſeful and widely circulated Books, ought the more to be pointed out, in proportion as the volumes are popular. The general opinion of mankind carries with us ſuch authority, that unguarded perſons are apt to conſider every aſſertion and every alluſion of approved Books as correct and of good tendency, and to permit them to regulate their opinions and guide their conduct. Much miſchief from this ſource has already occurred to mankind, and probably much more will be experienced, unleſs due pains are taken to point out the incorrectneſs and evil tendency of thoſe volumes, which are moſt read. Such is the imperfection of humanity, that however learned, virtuous and careful an author may be, his works will in ſome places be incorrect and in others have an evil effect. From theſe conſiderations you will excuſe my requeſting you to publiſh the following ſtricture upon that admirable work, Locke's Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding, which I accidentally met with in a Book, publiſhed a few years ſince in England, entitled "Hiſtory the Interpreter of Prophecy" by H. Kett. vol. III. p. 17.

'It has been juſtly obſerved,' ſays Mr. K. that 'we cannot exceed the limits preſcribed for human knowledge, without involving ourſelves in contradictions and abſurdity;' and that 'nothing has produced more pernicious miſchief to ſociety, than the purſuit of principles in themſelves good, far beyond the bounds in which they are good.' Examined by the light of theſe obſervations, and the teſtimony of experience, it will appear that 'the writings of Locke, though himſelf a worthy and religious man, led to a ſcepticiſm eventually hurtful to religion; and though a loyal ſubject, that his political writings generated doctrines hurtful to monarchical government, and indeed to all civil ſociety.' 'The Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding, in itſelf ſo profound and ſo uſeful, with a

conſiderable degree of erroneous theory, as might be expected, from a man even of the greateſt genius exploring untrodden, intricate, and arduous paths, brought a greater acceſſion to man, of knowledge of thoſe powers by which he is peculiarly diſtinguiſhed, than any book that had ever been written. It tended alſo to ſharpen and invigorate the faculties. But the caution with which it examined different ſpecies and degrees of evidence, a caution right as far as it merely prevented error, ſometimes refuſed to admit truth; ſought *proof* of a different kind from that which the nature of the ſubject required; doubted, where, in the plain judgment of common ſenſe, no doubt could exiſt, and afforded *ſuppoſed data* from whence ingenious men might form the moſt viſionary theories.'

"Thus the prevalence of metaphyſical diſquiſitions powerfully aſſiſted the growth of Infidelity, in thoſe countries where the liberal ſpirit of the reformation tolerated *diſcuſſion* upon religious and political ſubjects. Conſidered as matters of mere ſpeculation, and admired as enlarging the ſphere of knowledge, the tendency of theſe writings was not always perceived by minds which Religion guarded from the miſchief. *They* ſaw the dazzling meteors ſhoot harmleſs into ſpace. But Infidelity ſaw clearly how their courſe might be directed to guide mankind to her dominions; and the diſſentions that prevailed among the numerous ſects which ſprung from the doctrines of Luther and Calvin, unhappily aſſiſted the execution of this deſign." Yours, &c. J. C. K.

*Two Letters from the celebrated profeſſor Heyne, of Gottingen, to Mr. Gilbert Wakefield.**

TRANSFERENDUM curavi ad te, vir doctiſſime, cujus ingenium et eruditionem a multo inde tempore admiratus ſum, libellum viri docti, JACOBS, ex mea diſciplina progreſſi; quandoquidem me et colit et amat te, et veſtigia tua in nonnullis premit. Nihil eorum, quæ a te aguntur, et quæ ad tua conſilia ſpectant, a me non ſedulo anquiritur, quantum quidem ex ſcriptis tuis aut ex indiciis aliorum conſequi poſſum. Non itaque levis et temere concepta eſſe poteſt ea qua te proſequor voluntas amor et ſtudium. Tu et valeas et res tuas ex animo agas, precor. Scr. Gottingæ d. xii *Dec.* CIↃIↃXCVII.

CHR. G. HEYNE.
Prof. Acad. Ge. Aug.

Viro doctiſſimo GILBERTO WAKEFIELD
S.
C. G. HEYNE.

CUM antea affectu animi neſcio quo, erga Te, Vir præſtantiſſime, ferrer: nunc multo majore animi ſtudio incenſum me ſentio, exquo Lucretium tuum perlegi. Etſi enim haud, dif-

* A tranſlation will be inſerted in a future Number.

fiteor, hanc ipſam tuam benevolentiam, quam litteris tuis humaniſſimis mihi es teſtatus, eam vim ad animum meum habuiſſe, ut etiam alienam a te voluntatem expugnare ea potuiſſet; nunc autem proclive meum in te ſtudium multo magis inclinare et impellere ea debuit: admiratione tamen ingenii tui doctrinæque exquiſitæ et omni litterarum copia inſtructæ ita percuſſus ex ea lectione receſſi, ut etiam dubitarem, ſitne voluptas et fructus, quem inde percepi, cum ea comparandus: certe utroque animi ſenſu ita contactum me ſentii, ut inter jucundiſſima fortunæ munera numerem, quod contulit illa mihi opportunitatem compellandi te et contrahendi hanc litterarum ſtudiorumque neceſſitudinem. Utinam ex incredibili tuo de antiquis litteris merendi ſtudio fructus conſequaris uberrimos! Nihil video quod mihi auditu jucundius futurum eſſe poſſit, quam te ſperatum meritis tuis favorem et operæ in Lucretium expanſæ præmia tuliſſe largiſſima! Quam vellem conſilium tuum ejuſque fortunam non premi temporum iniquitate! Comparatione enim aliarum terrarum facili licet conjectare, quæ litterarum bonarum eſſe poſſit auctoritas apud Britannos. Providebit tamen bonis conſiliis bonum providumque numen. Vale, et quod ingreſſus es favoris benevolentiæque tuæ ſtadium ita emetiendum tibi eſſe puta, ut tibi conſtantiæ laudem ceteris laudibus adjiciendum eſſe memineris in diligendo eo cui ſemel benevolentiam tuam egregio voluntatis pignore es teſtatus. Cum primum belli furor reſederit, mittam tibi meæ voluntatis teſtem iteratam Pindari et tertiam Tibulli editionem a me curatam. Nunc in Iliade exprimenda operæ librariorum occupantur. Vale.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

ESTIMATION OF VOLTAIRE.

MESS. EDITORS,

I Am pleaſed to ſee critical diſquiſitions admitted into your miſcellany. Calm examinations of popular Books tend to correct public opinion, and often have a very uſeful, though perhaps ſecret, influence.

There is a kind of writing, which, like a kind of ſpeaking, is extremely popular during the firſt moment it is under conſideration, but, when the hurry of the firſt reading is over, and time affords opportunity for a careful peruſal, its ſhallowneſs becomes very viſible, and its real tendency perfectly known. This kind of writing is calculated to do moſt injury to mankind, becauſe the generality of readers are quite ſuperficial, and unaccuſtomed to examine an artful alluſion, or to detect a downright falſhood. It has accordingly been uſed with great ſucceſs by thoſe, who have had evil deſigns to promote, or have been intereſted in the diffuſion of erroneous ſentiments or dangerous doctrines. This ſucceſs however is but temporary, and the fame of theſe writers

is of as ſhort duration as the deluſion, with which for a moment they have deceived the public. Their arts become viſible, their falſhoods are detected, and themſelves are regarded with that virtuous indignation, which their baſe deſigns always excite.

Among thoſe authors, who have been diſtinguiſhed by that ſpecies of writing, no one has been more eminent than Voltaire. Gay, ſuperficial, regardleſs of truth and morality, artful in inſinuations, and witty, he has had a flaſh of reputation, brilliant for a moment, but now expired. He begins to be properly eſtimated. His deſigns are well known, his artifices have been detected, and his falſe aſſertions clearly refuted. I have never ſeen a better eſtimation of Voltaire's writings, than is contained in the following reply. Nicolai was praiſing Voltaire for having written ſo much *new*, and ſo much *good*: "His *good* is not *new*; his *new* is not *good*," replied Leſſing. H. C. P.

BOSTON REVIEW.

ARTICLE I. *The Life of Bonaparte, the firſt Conſul of France, from his birth to the Peace of Luneville. To which is added an Account of his remarkable actions, replies, ſpeeches, and traits of character. Tranſlated from the French, Pages* 300. E & S Larkin. Boſton. 1802.

AS imported Books are often reprinted in this Country for the peruſal of our Citizens, we conceive it our duty to examine the merits of them as well as of original publications. That belief induces us to publiſh our remarks upon the Book before us; and as there have been in different parts of the United States ſeveral editions of this book by different Bookſellers, the duty in this inſtance ſeems more incumbent.

The Life of Bonaparte muſt be an intereſting ſubject to every claſs of readers. The fame of his exploits, the ſucceſs of his arms, and the means by which he has acquired ſovereignty over "*an infuriated people, ſeeking through blood and ſlaughter their long loſt liberty*," excite in every one a curioſity, extremely eager for gratification, and almoſt inſatiable.

The hiſtory of heroes often dazzles us by their glory, and we are apt to look upon them as a ſuperior race of beings. That noble diſregard of life, diſplayed in a perilous ſituation by a mind vigorouſly purſuing ſome glorious principle, ſeems to inveſt a mortal in the robes of immortality. No object can be more ſublime, than that of a conqueror calmly directing in imminent danger the complicated operations of a numerous army, diſplaying in the ſtorm of battle a rapid ſagacity of thought, improving by an energetic vigilance every advantage, and by guarded and

prudential manouvres ſtriking a deciſive blow: he ſeems to be elevated above human control, and to poſſeſs the attributes of an immortal agent.

But when the merits and talents of theſe glorious perſonages are inveſtigated by rational inquiry, it is often diſcerned, that the brilliance of their reputation frequently conceals great deficiencies, as the brightneſs of the ſun prevents his ſpots from being readily diſcovered. The Duke de Rochefocault obſerves, that "fortune is as much concerned in making heroes as nature," and we are inclined to believe the poſition. There are many men in the obſcure walks of life, who naturally poſſeſs talents as great as thoſe of Cæſar, but, like the youth of Gray, are "alike to fortune and to fame unknown." A certain lucky concurrence of circumſtances is abſolutely neceſſary to the forming of what the world calls a *great man.* Mankind judge of actions by their events, and rate the merits of men by their ſucceſs. Inſtead therefore of calling Cæſar the *greateſt*, we ſhould call him the moſt *fortunate* man of his age. Without the *lucky* coincidence before mentioned, Macedonia's madman would never have been heard of, the Twelfth Charles unknown, Frederic would have remained the prince of a petty electorate, Waſhington an obſcure navy officer, and Buonaparte a *common* Corſican.

The firſt Conſul of France undoubtedly poſſeſſes great talents, but talents, that perhaps, are not uncommon. There are many men in every city of the world, who, with his means and his good fortune, would have appeared equally great. The command of a powerful army, ſoldiers animated by a political enthuſiaſm, the promulgation of ſentiments, which in the nations of Europe excited the poor againſt the rich, and proſelyted one half of the people to the French cauſe, intrigue, a diſregard of moral principles and the dictates of juſtice, vicious artifices, and terrific cruelty, have been the prominent cauſes of this Corſican's ſucceſs.

The work now under review was written originally in France, tranſlated in England, and now reprinted in America. It is written with that evident partiality, which makes us doubt every penegyrical ſentence, and which alone, it might be expected, the reſtricted preſſes of France would permit, when the life of the firſt Conſul was the ſubject. There is indeed a ſpecies of writing, which reſembles that ſpecies of painting, called *profile*, invented for the purpoſe of diſplaying the beautiful ſide of the face, and concealing the deformed. Of this ſpecies is this book. It is all praiſe and penegyric; there is no blame. It is, nevertheleſs but a dry ſeries of annals, interlarded occaſionally with extravagant encomium. Its contents conſiſt of little more than a narration of battles, delivered in a gazette ſtile. There are none of thoſe minutiæ of biography, which fully develope the character; and but little to gratify curioſity, to inſtruct, to applaud, or to animate to imitation. We do not know much more of Buonaparte after a peruſal than we did before.

What little of importance, however, there is in the book, as the ſubject is ſo intereſting, we will preſent to our readers.

The preface contains the following portrait of the Firſt Conſul.

Portrait of Bonaparte.

"Before we enter on our ſtory, it may not be amiſs to give a ſlight ſketch of the perſon and mind of the individual whoſe deeds we are about to record.

"Like Alexander, he is of the middle ſtature, of a pale and delicate, though tolerably ſtrong, complexion, dark eyes, aquiline noſe, the chin prominent, the forehead wide, and the whole countenance indicative of a diſcerning and elevated mind.

"He is habitually of a taciturn and contemplative diſpoſition; yet is not devoid of the French politeneſs and gaiety. To a courage at once ardent and daring, he unites a coolneſs which nothing can derange; to the vaſt conceptions of genius, all thoſe ſtratagems of war which Hannibal practiſed ſo ably againſt the Romans; the deepeſt reflection to the moſt rapid execution; all the impetuoſity of youth to the experience of riper years; the ſagacity of the politician to the talents of a great general; and laſtly, to a deſire of glory and the daring ſpirit of former conquerors, the virtues of ſober wiſdom, and every ſentiment of humanity and moderation: politics, and the military art, are ſo much the favorite ſtudy of his mind, as to be carried almoſt to enthuſiaſm and paſſion; and from the oppoſite qualities of her firſt conſul, equally great in peace as in war, France may juſtly boaſt, that ſhe alſo has her WASHINGTON."

In page 115 we meet with an account of Buonaparte's viſit to the Pyramids in Egypt, and his converſation with ſome Imans and Muftis.

"On the 25th Thermidor, Bonaparte, accompanied by ſeveral of his ſtaff, and ſome members of the national inſtitute, examined the great pyramid, called the Cheops, into the interior of which he was conducted by ſeveral muftis and imans, who were commiſſioned to ſhow him its conſtruction. At nine in the morning he arrived with his attendants on the top of the mountains of Gizelo, to the north-weſt of Memphis. After viſiting the five interior pyramids, he ſtopped and contemplated with particular attention the pyramid of Cheops. He afterwards penetrated into the interior, where he found a paſſage a hundred feet long and three feet broad, which conducted him by a rapid deſcent towards the apartments that ſerved as a tomb for Pharaoh, who erected this monument. A ſecond paſſage, much injured, and leading towards the ſummit of the pyramid, carried him ſucceſſively over two platforms and thence to a vaulted gallery, in one of the walls of which the place of a mummy was ſeen, which was believed to have been the ſpouſe of one of the Pharaohs.

This laſt apartment is a flattened vault. Bonaparte ſeated himſelf there on a cheſt of granite, eight feet long and four feet

deep, with his attendants, and requeſting the muftis and imans, Suleiman, Ibrahim, and Muhamed, to be alſo ſeated, he held with them the following converſation, in the preſence of his ſuite.

Bonaparte

God is great, and his works are marvellous. But we have here a grand production of the hand of man. What was the object of the individual who cauſed this pyramid to be conſtructed ?

Suleiman.

He was a powerful king of Egypt, whoſe name it is ſaid was Cheops. He wiſhed to prevent the ſacrilegious from troubling the repoſe of his aſhes.

Bonaparte.

The great Cyrus commanded that, when dead, his body ſhould be left in the open air, that it might return to the elements. Doſt thou not think that he did better ? Tell me, my friend, what is your opinion ?

Suleiman (inclining himſelf.)

Glory to God, to whom all glory is due !

Bonaparte.

Honour to Allah ! Who was the calif who cauſed this pyramid to be opened, aud thus troubled the aſhes of the dead ?

Muhamed.

It is believed by ſome that it was Mahmoud, the commander of the faithful, who reigned, ſeveral centuries ago, at Bagdad ; others ſay that it was the renowned Aaron Raſchild—(Peace to his manes !)—who expected to find treaſures here : but when by his command entrance was made into this apartment, tradition ſays that he found mummies only, and this inſcription in letters of gold on the wall :

" The impious ſhall commit iniquity without recompenſe, but not without remorſe."

Bonaparte.

The bread ſtolen by the wicked fills his mouth with ſand.

Muhamed (inclining himſelf.)

Theſe are the words of wiſdom.

Bonaparte.

Glory to Allah ! There is no other god but God ; Mahomet is his prophet, and I am his friend.

Suleiman.

The ſalutation of peace to the envoy of God ! Salutation to thee alſo, invincible warrior, favourite of Mahomet !

Bonaparte.

Mufti, I thank the. The divine coran is the delight of my ſoul, and the object of my contemplation. I love the prophet, and I hope, ere long, to ſee and honour his tomb in the holy city. But my miſſion is firſt to exterminate the Mamelucs.

Ibrahim.

May the angels of victory ſweep the duſt from thy path, and cover thee with their wings. The Mameluc has merited death.

Bonaparte.

He has been ſmote and delivered over to the black angels, Moukir and Quaquir. God, on whom all things depend, has ordained that his dominion ſhall be deſtroyed.

Suleiman.

He has extended the hand of rapine over the land, the harveſts, and the horſes of Egypt.

Bonaparte.

And over the moſt beautiful ſlaves, thrice holy mufti. Allah has withered his hand. If Egypt be his portion, let him ſhow me the leaſe which God has given him of it; but God is juſt and merciful to the people.

Ibrahim.

O moſt valiant among the children of Iſſa! Allah has cauſed thee to follow the exterminating angel, to deliver his land of Egypt.

Bonaparte.

This land was a prey to twenty-four oppreſſors, rebels againſt the Grand Sultan, our ally—(whom God turn to his glory!)—and to ten thouſand ſlaves from Canada and Georgia. Adriel, the angel of death, has breathed upon them; we are come, and they have diſappeared.

Muhamed.

Noble ſucceſſor of Scander, honour to thy invincible arms, and to the unexpected thunder which ſprings from the middle of thy warriors on horſe.

Bonaparte.

Doſt thou believe that thunder to be a work of the children of men? Doſt thou believe ſo? Allah has placed it in my hands by his meſſenger the genius of war.

Ibrahim.

We perceive in thy works the great Allah who has ſent thee. Couldſt thou have conquered if Allah had not permitted? The Delta, and all the neighbouring countries, reſound with thy miracles.

Bonaparte.

A celeſtial car will aſcend by my command to the abode of the clouds; and the lightening will deſcend to the earth, along a metallic wire, the moment I ſhall bid it.

Suleiman.

And the great ſerpent, which ſprung from the baſe of the pillar of Pompey, on the day of thy triumphant entry into Scanderich, and which remained withered at the ſocket of the pillar; was not that alſo a prodigy effected by thy hand?

Bonaparte

Lights of the age, you are deſtined to ſee yet greater wonders, for the days of regeneration are come.

Ibrahim.

May the divine unity regard thee with an eye of predilection,

adorer of Iſſa, and render thee the ſupport of the children of the prophet.

Bonaparte.

Has not Mahomet ſaid, every man who adores God, and performs good works, whatever may be his religion, ſhall be ſaved?

Suleiman, Muhamed, Ibrahim (together, inclining themſelves.)

He has ſaid ſo.

Bonaparte.

And if, by an order from on high, I have moderated the pride of the vicar of Iſſa, by diminiſhing his terreſtrial poſſeſſions, in order to amaſs for him celeſtial treaſures, was it not rendering glory to God, whoſe mercy is infinite?

Muhamed (with an air of heſitation.)

The mufti of Rome was rich and powerful; we are poor muftis.

Bonaparte.

I know that you are poor; be without apprehenſion; for you have been weighed in the balance of Balthazar, and you have been found light. Does this pyramid, then, really contain no treaſure that you know of?

Suleiman (his hands on his breaſt.)

None, my lord, we ſwear by the holy city of Mecca.

Bonaparte.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy thoſe who ſeek for periſhable riches, and covet gold and ſilver, which are like unto duſt!

Suleiman.

Thou haſt ſpared the vicar of Iſſa, and haſt treated him with clemency and goodneſs.

Bonaparte.

He is an old man whom I honour—(May God accompliſh his wiſhes, when they ſhall be regulated by reaſon and truth!)—but he is to blame in condemning to eternal fire all the muſſulmans:—Allah defend us from intolerance!

Ibrahim.

Glory to Allah, and to his prophet, who has ſent thee into the midſt of us to rekindle the faith of the weak, and to open to the faithful the gates of the ſeventh heaven!

Bonaparte.

You have ſpoken my wiſhes moſt zealous muftis: be faithful to Allah, the ſovereign ruler of the ſeven marvellous heavens; and to Mahomet his viſir, who traverſed all the celeſtial manſions in a ſingle night. Be the friends of the Francs; and Allah, Mahomet, and the Francs, will recompenſe you.

Ibrahim.

May the prophet himſelf cauſe thee to ſit at his left hand on the day of reſurrection, after the third ſound of the trumpet!

Bonaparte.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. The hour of political reſurrection has arrived for all who groan under oppreſſion. Muftis, imans, mullahs, derviſes, and kalenders, inſtruct the peo-

ple of Egypt; encourage them to join in our labours to complete the deſtruction of the beys and the Mamelucs. Favour the commerce of the Francs in your country, and their endeavours to arrive at the ancient land of Brama. Let them have ſtorehouſes in your ports, and drive far from you the iſlanders of Albion, accurſed among the children of Iſſa. Such is the will of Mahomet. The treaſures, induſtry, and friendſhip of the Francs ſhall be your lot, till you aſcend to the ſeventh heaven, and are ſeated by the ſide of the black-eyed houris, who are endowed with perpetual youth and virginity. Repoſe under the ſhade of Laba, whoſe branches preſent of themſelves to true Muſſulmans whatever their hearts may deſire.

Suleiman (inclining himſelf.)

Thou haſt ſpoken like the moſt learned of the mullahs. We place faith in thy words, we will ſerve thy cauſe, and God hears us.

Bonaparte.

God is great, and his works are marvelous. The ſalutation of peace be upon you, thrice holy muftis!"

The following paſſage illuſtrates the character, arts, and hypocriſy of the firſt Conſul. To ſuch artifices and deceptions Buonaparte owes much of his ſucceſs. It ſeems to be one of his favorite principles, that the end juſtifies the means. In page 13 of the ſecond volume, it is recorded, that:

"Before Bonaparte entered Alexandria, he annouced his arrival by a letter to the pacha of Egypt, in which, after aſſuring him of his attachment to the Porte, and his intention to deſtroy the beys, he ſaid:

'You are undoubtedly informed, that my intentions are not againſt the alcoran, or the ſultan: come therefore, and curſe with me the race of the beys.'

On his arrival he declared, by proclamation, that he came to chaſtiſe the Mamelucs, who, by long oppreſſing the Egyptians, were become enemies to the grand-ſeignior, and conſequently offenſive to the French, his ſincere friends; and told the muſſelman:

'*I reſpect God, his prophet, and the alcoran*, more than the Mamelucs; for, in effect, by what wiſdom, talents, or virtue, are they diſtinguiſhed? If we find a beautiful tract of land, it belongs to the Mamelucs; if we ſee a handſome ſlave, a fine horſe, or a well-built houſe, they all belong to the Mamelucs. If Egypt be their farm, let them ſhow the leaſe which God has granted them of it: but God is juſt and compaſſionate towards the people. Cadys, ſheiks, imans, and ſchorbadgis, inform the people that we are the friends of muſſelmans.

'Villages that take up arms againſt the French ſhall be burned.

'Thoſe that ſubmit, ſhall hoiſt our colours by the ſide of thoſe of the grand-ſeignior, our friend.

'Prayers ſhall be continued in the country as uſual; every one thanking God for the deſtruction of the Mamelucs, and crying, Glory to the Sultan! Glory to the French army, his friends!—Malediction to the Mamelucs, and happineſs to the people of Egypt!"

The enſuing extract from Page 123 of the ſame volume, will be intereſting to American readers.

"Bonaparte, as indefatigable in the cabinet as in the midſt of armies, negotiated a treaty of peace with the United States of America. At a brilliant entertainment given at Morfontaine by Joſeph his brother, preſident of the commiſſion of miniſters plenipotentiary employed in negotiating with the envoys extraordinary of the United States, the good underſtanding between the two countries was magnificently celebrated.

The firſt Conſul joined them at three o'clock with his family, when the miniſter for foreign affairs preſented him with the convention ſigned on the 9th of Vendemiaire between the French and American miniſters.

After dinner ſeveral toaſts and ſentiments were drunk—Bonaparte gave

"*To the manes of the French and Americans killed on the field of battle for the independence of the new world.*"

On the morrow the American miniſters took leave of the firſt Conſul, and told him 'they hoped that the convention, ſigned on the 9th, would be the baſis of a laſting friendſhip between France and America, and that they would themſelves leave nothing undone to accompliſh that end.'

Bonaparte replied:

'The diſputes which have taken place between us being now terminated, we ſhould conſider them as family quarrels, and forgive them accordingly. The liberal principles conſecrated in the convention, on the ſubject of navigation, ought to be the foundation of the friendſhip of the two nations, as well as of their intereſt. Under the preſent circumſtances, it becomes more neceſſary than ever that the two nations ſhould adhere to it.'

During their ſtay at Morfontaine, on the ſame day, the prefect of the department of the Oiſe preſented Bonaparte with ſeveral golden medals recently found by ſome peaſants within his juriſdiction. They were encloſed, with many others, in a ſmall earthen veſſel; the whole being worth about 600,000 livres. They were in a very perfect ſtate, and of ſeveral different dates; ſome as far back as the Roman republic, and others of the time of the emperors. The prefect informed the firſt conſul, that it had been very difficult to obtain the pieces, as thoſe who found them were afraid of being put to ſome trouble on account of the diſcovery. 'According to the ancient laws,' continued he, 'any treaſures found belong to government.' *At preſent*, replied Bonaparte, *government do not wiſh to diſpute with the good fortune of a citizen;*

beſides, we muſt be careful that theſe medals, which may be invaluable monuments to the hiſtorian, be not melted down; buy as many of them therefore as you can.—Perhaps, added he, after a moment's reflection, *theſe are only a part, and you may eaſily procure more.* 'I hope ſo, general.' The firſt conſul then approached Mr. Davis, one of the American miniſters, and ſaid to him: *Here are ſome Roman medals which have been juſt found in France; do me the favour to take them to America.*

Thus theſe monuments of the Roman republics became pledges of union between the republics of France and America."

The narration concludes with recounting the ſeveral attemps to put the Conſul to death, which, having been publiſhed in almoſt all our gazettes, it is unneceſſary to relate.

On the whole, we think this a very indifferent performance, a catch-penny publication.

A well written hiſtory of the life of this young hero is greatly wanted; but ſo complicate and extraordinary have its events been, that it will require a maſterly mind to execute the important taſk.

ARTICLE II. *M. T. Ciceronis Orationes Quædam Selectæ; Select Orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero, with Notes Hiſtorical & explanatory, and a Sketch of the Life of the Orator. Exeter. Ranlet.* 1802.

AMERICAN Editions of Claſſical Books are much wanted. If America is to be politically independant, ſhe ſhould endeavour to find within herſelf the gratification of all her wants, and be as little dependant upon foreign countries for her literature as for her legiſlators. It indeed appears to us a duty to encourage our own manufactures, and to reward our own authors. Were this patriotic principle to prevail, we ſhould not pay ſuch extravagant prices for Europeon Books, nor be charged ſo dearly for foreign Publications, while Books of our own production are equally, or, perhaps, more uſeful.

The volume before us is anonymous, though it contains much matter never before publiſhed. Its plan is new, and promiſes to be uſeful. The orations, which are thoſe in common uſe, are prefixed with a Sketch of the Life of Cicero, written in a manner calculated to inſpire young minds with a deſire to imitate the virtues and induſtry of the Roman Orator. Before each oration is placed an Engliſh Introduction narrating its cauſe and effect; and to the bottom of each page are ſubjoined Notes in Engliſh, explaining hiſtorical alluſions, and illuſtrating difficult paſſages. The deſign of the Book is, however, better developed in the Editor's advertiſement, which we ſhall quote.

"The intention of publiſhing this volume is to afford ſome aſſiſtance to thoſe, whoſe plans of education require them to ſtudy the enſuing orations. Notwithſtanding the many diſadvantages

that have attended its publication, it is with deference ſubmitted to the examination and offered to the uſe of thoſe Gentlemen, who are engaged in teaching the Latin Language. It was deſigned to enable Students to comprehend the objects of the Orations, and to underſtand their alluſions and phraſeology, without requiring of Preceptors much time and trouble of expounding.

To the ſeveral plans of former editions of the following Orations, various objections have been made. Some of them have Latin on one page and Engliſh on the next; and it is now generally acknowledged, that the uſe of tranſlations at the time, when young Students commonly begin to ſtudy Cicero, tends rather to encourage indolence than to afford inſtruction. Other editions are without tranſlations and notes; theſe are in the oppoſite extreme; where too much is required, little is performed; ſevere taſks diſcourage the moſt induſtrious. It is true, that theſe laſt mentioned editions have a Latin introduction to each oration; but while the Introductions require as much ſtudy as the Orations themſelves, Boys will neglect to peruſe them, and will confine attion to what alone is exacted of them. The French Edition, publiſhed by Merouillé the Jeſuit for the Uſe ef the Dauphin, is undoubtedly the beſt extant; yet it is to be obſerved, that this Edition alſo is liable to a former objection. The Notes and Introductions are in Latin; the Lads, who are learning the language, are generally young and frugal of labor; they careleſsly paſs over whatever they cannot eaſily comprehend, and commonly neglect to take the pains neceſſary to underſtand the Latin explanations, which the learned Editor has preſented to them.

"From theſe objections, it is conceived, this edition is free. No part of the volume is in Latin, except the Orations themſelves. The Introductions and Notes will be eaſily underſtood; and it was intended, the hiſtorical narrations ſhould be ſufficiently plenary to make the Students underſtand the alluſions, and feel intereſted in the events.—As utility was the object of the publication, explanations, wherever they were found, were freely admitted. Some of them are tranſlated from Merouillé; others have been taken from Adam's Roman Antiquities." But, it is hoped, that, whatever may have been their ſource, they will give that aſſiſtance to Students, which they are intended to afford."

The execution of this plan has made the book valuable in our ſyſtem of education, and we hope to ſee it introduced into general uſe. A ſecond edition will undoubtedly improve it, both as it reſpects its typographical errors (which unfortunately are not a few) and a ſmall number of other inaccuracies.

We have been pleaſed with two paſſages in the life of Cicero, illuſtrative of his character.

"The parade, buſineſs, and din of war, however, were leſs agreeable to him than the arts of peace. Nature ſeems to have calculated him rather for a civilian and a philoſopher than for a warrior. The amicable contentions of intellect were much more

pleaſing to him than the butchery of battles. The ſucceſsful inveſtigation of intricate truth afforded him more ſatisfaction, than the invention of practical ſchemes of military deſtruction. His feelings were "tremblingly alive" to the tale of woe; and ſo averſe was he to the commiſſion of cruelties which his heart condemned, that no inducement but a neceſſary regard to duty and ſafety could make him execute the ſevere decrees of juſtice. He did not poſſeſs that inſenſibility, which ſeems to be a requiſite trait in the character of a conqueror; and his humanity would ever have impeded thoſe bloody and inſtantaneous deciſions, upon which military ſucceſs ſo frequently depends. His talents as well as his feelings were more adapted to the attaining of excellence in the forum and ſenate houſe, than in the camp and battle. His imagination was brilliant, his elocution proper and diſtinct, his eloquence faſcinating and perſuaſive, his reaſoning concluſive and convinciug; and, as it is not evident that he was endowed with that inſtinctive intrepidity and natural prudence which diſtinguiſh the ableſt generals, he appears to have had more art, addreſs, and ability in managing the underſtanding, than in guiding the conduct or oppoſing the deſigns of men."

The following is the ſummary of the character of the Roman Orator.

"In the character of Cicero we find much to admire and ſomething we cannot praiſe. His talents were brilliant and uſeful. Mankind are ſtill divided in opinion, whether the palm of eloquence is due to him or the Grecian Orator. Cicero is copious, magnificent, and harmonious, but ſometimes diffuſe, weak, and oſtentations: Demoſthenes was nervous, ſublime, and irreſiſtible, but ſometimes harſh, immethodical, and obſcure. As a ſtateſman the abilities of Cicero were fally diſplayed in defeating Cataline's conſpiracy. His conduct on this occaſion deſerves the greateſt praiſe. Great alſo were his philoſophical talents. His writings have conferred the higheſt honor on the ancient world. The virtues of Cicero were no leſs conſpicuous than his talents. His induſtry was indefatigable and very productive; his humanity embraced the whole human race; his morals were irreproachable. His manners were characteriſed by mildneſs, his diſpoſition by cheerfulneſs; & his ſociable qualities were excellent. The faults of Cicero were the failings of an amiable mind. His greateſt foible was vanity. His ambition too often degenerated into vain glory. His boaſting frequently diſguſted his audience; his nobleſt actions have been ſaid to have originated rather from a deſire of diſtinction than from the diſintereſted motives of patriotiſm. Weakneſs has alſo been attributed to his mind. Proſperity elated him too much; misfortune made him timid, imprudent, and too melancholy. His talents ſeem not to have been calculated to rule in the tumults of contention. He could foreſee evils, but appears not to have had that greatneſs of ſoul, which poſſeſſes in-

vention and reſolution enough to ſubdue or avoid them. But notwithſtanding all his imperfections, the abilities and virtues of Cicero performed ſignal ſervices to the Romans, and it will be a long time before his great merits will be obliterated from the memory of mankind."

As an example of the Introductions to the Orations, we ſhall extract that prefixed to the Oration for Marcus Marcellus.

"There exiſted a friendſhip between Cicero and the family of the Marcelli: but of Marcus Marcellus Cicero was a particular friend. Marcellus was no leſs eminent on account of his birth, than for the rank he held in the republic; his courage and conduct were equally conſpicuous, and the teſtimonies of hiſtorians unite in characteriſing him as incapable of meanneſs or fear. During his conſulſhip he oppoſed Cæſar, and avowed his intentions to ruin him. After the battle of Pharſalia, in which Cæſar conquered Pompey and his adherents, he retired to Mitylenæ, where he ſeemed reſolved to ſpend the remainder of his life in philoſophic retirement, and make the purſuits of literature his only employment. This reſolution after many attempts was deſtroyed by the urgent requeſts of his friends. The letters of his brother Caius and Cicero induced him to conſent, that application might be made to Cæſar for permiſſion to return to Rome. In one of the meetings of the Senate, therefore, when the Dictator had taken his ſeat, Piſo, the father in law of Cæſar, firſt mentioned the return of Marcellus. The brother of the illuſtrious exile immediately threw himſelf at the feet of Cæſar, and requeſted of him the deſired favour; and the whole ſenate at the ſame time riſing from their ſeats urged the requeſt, and entreated him to reſtore them one of their moſt diſtinguiſhed and moſt valuable members. Cæſar at firſt aſſumed ſeverity, and complained of the reſentment Marcellus had ever ſhewn to him. But when he made the Senators fear a denial, he unexpectedly added, that whatever reaſons he had to be diſſatisfied with the man, for whoſe return they ſued, he could not oppoſe the unanimous deſire of the ſenate. Having ſaid this, notwithſtanding he ſaw the whole ſenate concurrent in the petition, he called for the particular opinion of every Senator; a method never practiſed, except in caſes of debate, and when the houſe was divided; "but," ſays Dr. Middleton, "he wanted the uſual tribute of flattery upon this act of grace; and had a mind probably to make an experiment of Cicero's temper, and to draw from him eſpecially ſome incenſe on the occaſion; nor was he diſappointed of his aim." Cicero experienced much joy at the proſpect of his friend's return; he fancied he ſaw the image of the old republic reviving; and, after other Senators had expreſſed their opinions, he pronounced in the exalted feelings of the moment, the following beautiful Oration, which is ſo much known, and ſo univerſally admired, and "which," ſays Cicero's Engliſh Hiſtorian, "though made upon the ſpot, yet for elegance of diction, vivacity of ſentiment, and politeneſs of compliment is

ſuperior to any thing extant of the kind in all antiquity." It was pronounced in the 707 year of Rome, in the 61ſt of Cicero's age, and commenced as follows."

The following may ſerve as an example of the Notes.

Equites Romani.—*The order of Roman Knights had nothing in it analogous or ſimilar to any order of modern Knighthood, but depended entirely upon a* cenſus *or valuation of their eſtates, which was uſually made every five years by the Cenſors in their* luſtrum *or general review of the whole people. All thoſe people, whoſe entire fortune amounted to* 400 *Seſtertia (£.3229 ſterling) were enrolled of courſe in the liſt of* Equites. *The badges of Equites were a horſe given them by the public, a golden ring, a narrow ſtrip of purple ſewed on the breaſt of their tunic, and a ſeperate place at the public ſpectacles."*

On the whole we wiſh much to ſee this uſeful volume introduced into our Schools and Academies and would recommend it generally to all Teachers of the Latin Language.

ART. III. *An Oration, pronounced in the Meeting-Houſe, at Rutland, July 5th, 1802. By William Charles White, Eſq. Worceſter. Goodrice.*

THE anniverſary of American Independence affords fine opportunities for the orators of the United States to diſplay their eloquence. Theſe opportunities, if properly improved, would have a conſiderable tendency to produce a national character in our country and to aſſimilate in good qualities the heterogeneous mixture of oppoſite traits, ſo remarkable in the inhabitants of the different parts of our territory.

The oration before us breathes much of the ſpirit of Liberty, and has much good ſenſe and candor. It ſeems however to be the production of a young writer, unacquainted with human nature, and too fond of declamation. The author ſeems to have taken a ſide in politics, without perceiving the diſtinction of parties. He is often viſionary, and ſometimes miſconſtrues the records of hiſtory. He is extremely incorrect is ſuppoſing George the Third more cruel than Nero or Caligula. Whatever of iniquity has occurred during the reign of this king has been the fault of his miniſters, not of him.

The ſtile of this Oration is frequently verboſe, and bombaſtic. Moſt of the remarks are general aſſertions, to which little can be objected. But there is a pleaſing warmth running through the whole.

ART. IV. *Cheap Religious Tracts.*

THIS is a uſeful and excellent publication, written in a plain and eaſy ſtile, and extremely well calculated to diſſeminate the principles of Chriſtianity among the common people.

Theſe Tracts conſiſt of three dialogues between a miniſter and one of his Pariſhioners on the true principles of religion and ſalva-

tion by Jeſus Chriſt, written by the Rev. T. Vivian, A. B. late Vicar of Cornwood, England.

The Dialogue is eaſy and natural, and the ſubject is plainly and properly diſcuſſed.

The following extract from the firſt dialogue may ſerve as a ſpicimen of the performance.

" Pariſhioner. I hope you do not condemn us all: ſome of us indeed are wicked, ſwearing, drunken men ; but we are not all ſo. You know yourſelf that I keep my church, and come ſometimes to ſacrament. I never hurt any man in my life, and pay every man his due.

Miniſter. And upon this you build your hopes of heaven ! If this is your foundation, I muſt plainly tell you, it will leave you hopeleſs in the day of trial. Let us examine it by the word of God. 'You never hurt any 'man.' You mean, I ſuppoſe, you never robbed or murdered any perſon : I do not think you have ; but ſtill you have committed much ſin, and done much hurt, not only to others but eſpecially to your own ſoul, by great and numberleſs offences againſt the holy law of God. Nay you have broken every one of his commandments.

P. Who could give you ſuch an account of me ?

M. You yourſelf laſt Sunday. When you heard me repeat the commandments, you made anſwer after each of them, Lord have mercy upon us ! Your calling for mercy was plainly acknowledging yourſelf guilty.

P. I never committed idolatry, murder, adultery.

M. Yes, all of them. Have you never loved any worldly thing more than God and his favour ; nor feared any thing more than his diſpleaſure, ſo as to neglect a known duty rather than draw upon yourſelf ſome temporal evil ? This was a breach of the *firſt* commandment. The *ſecond* commandment reſpects the manner of expreſſing the devotion of the heart ; and therefore, whatever in your ſervice has been unbecoming, ſuch as wandering thoughts, careleſſneſs and irreverance, as well as uſing images, is a breach of this commandment : ſo is alſo neglect of God's ſervice. And here you will not pretend, I ſuppoſe, to be not guilty. Conſequently, your coming to church and ſacrament in this careleſs, unthinking manner, deserves rather to be reckoned among your ſins, than truſted to for juſtification before God. But a few minutes ago, in my hearing, *you took the Lord's name in vain*, uſing it needleſsly, and without an awful ſenſe of his Majeſty, of whom you ſpake. You have done the ſame perhaps ten thouſand times in your life. This is a breach of the *third* commandment. Whenever you have neglected to attend on God's worſhip on the ſabbath, without a neceſſary hindrence, ſuffered worldly thoughts to unfit you for God's ſervice, done worldly buſineſs on that day, that might have been done on another, and neglected to devote the whole to God, by reading, hearing, prayer, meditation, and uſeful converſation, you have profaned the Lord's day. The ſub-

ſtance of theſe commands is, thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart: but you have come ſhort of this whenever you have not acted to the glory of God. Now what think you of your innocence with reſpect to the duties of the firſt table of the commandments?

P. I cannot pretend to juſtify myſelf with reſpect to *God*, but I am ſure I have done no hurt to man.

M. You would not ſay ſo, if you underſtood the ſpiritual nature and extent of God's law, as explained by our Lord in his ſermon on the mount. Mat. v.

There you find that wantonneſs in the eye or heart is eſteemed *adultery* in the ſight of God; and cauſeleſs anger, and eſpecially injurious language, is accounted a degree of murder: and who can accquit himſelf of theſe? If you take the ſame method to underſtand the other commandments, all parts of your behaviour that are unſuitable to your ſtation, all irreverence and raſh cenſure of ſuperiors, and all unkind and injurious treatment of thoſe beneath you, will appear breaches of the *fifth* commandment. All evil ſpeaking and repeating ſtories injurious to the character of others, contrary to the *ninth*, and all murmuring and diſcontent, envy and greedineſs, are ſins forbidden by the *tenth*.

P. Then it ſeems there is but one commandment againſt which I have not ſinned.

M. If you rightly knew yourſelf and the law of God, you would not acquit yourſelf of that neither. Be not offended, I ſpeak out of love to your ſoul. I do not think you a thief or a robber: yet have you never concealed the faults of what you ſold when you knew that ignorance of theſe was the very thing that induced the perſon to buy? Nay, have you not often recommended your goods in ſuch general terms as were not conſiſtent with ſtrict truth? Have you not cruelly taken the advantage of the neceſſity of a needy ſeller, and beat down his ware much below its real value? Theſe will certainly witneſs againſt you.

P. Why, ſir, after this rate you condemn all the world. According to your account there is not a good man upon earth.

M. It is not my account, but the ſcripture account. 'There is none that doth good, no not one.' Rom. iii. 12.

P. I am glad then you do not think me worſe than my neighbours. I hope I ſhall do as well as others, for all are ſinners.

M. therefore you think you need not be greatly troubled, if you are ſo too; but hope to paſs in the crowd. Does not ſome ſuch thought as that lurk at the bottom? But what ſignify numbers with God, whoſe all ſearching eye no man can be concealed from, and whoſe arm none can reſiſt or eſcape? Had you lived in Sodom the old world, this ſame thought might have lulled you aſleep in the prevailing ſins, but would not have ſaved you from the ſtreams of fire.

P. After this rate you damn all the world.

M. *Damn!* what a word is that? It ſignifies to judge to eternal torment. to do which belongeth only to the righteous Judge. I would with all my ſoul reſcue all men from this miſery. And with that view I ſpeak plainly and faithfully to you, and agreeably to the word of God.

P. Who then can be ſaved? Not you yourſelf. Pray, ſir, did you never ſin?

M. Friend, be ſerious. The ſubject we are now upon is of the utmoſt importance. I have ſinned as well as you; I have greatly ſinned, and my ſins have deſerved eternal damnation: but God hath been pleaſed to awaken me to repentance; he hath ſhewn me my danger, and ſtirred me up to flee from the wrath to come. He hath ſhewn me alſo the way of eſcaping the wages of ſin, opened in the bleſſed goſpel. The offer of ſalvation there made, I truſt I have embraced, and obtained forgiveneſs through faith in Jeſus Chriſt."

ART. V. *Prieſtcraft Defended: A Sermon occaſioned by the expulſion of ſix young gentlemen from the Univerſity of Oxford for praying reading, and expounding the Scriptures, dedicated to the Vice Chancellor, &c. by their humble ſervant, the Shaver, the ſeventeenth edition. London printed, Boſton reprinted. Edes.* 1802.

THIS is a humorous and ironical attack upon the Vice Chancellor of the Univerſity of Oxford, and the Heads of the Houſes in that Seminary. There is alſo ſome particular ſatire againſt ſome Engliſh Doctors, of whom enough is not known in this country to enable us to diſcover by the author's alluſions their names.

There is undoubtedly that kind of humour in this publication, which is calculated to make ſerious things appear ridiculous; and from the number of Editions printed in England it appears to have been very popular among that claſs of readers, who are fond of ſeeing dignified characters abuſed.

We cannot however conjecture the motive which induced the printer to republiſh this Book in this country. There is nothing in the ſubject intereſting to our citizens, or the prevailing ſects of Chriſtianity; nor is the ſtile and execution ſuch, as is worthy of imitation.

As there are ſo many mechanics in this country engaged in the practice of thoſe arts relating to literature, we wiſh, that inſtead of crowding upon us unintereſting European publications, they would preſent us with ſuch works as are worthy of an American's peruſal and attention.

TRAVELS AND MANNERS OF NATIONS.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE KNISTENEAUX INDIANS.

From Mackenzie's Voyages.

THESE people are ſpread over a vaſt extent of country.—Their language is the ſame as that of the people who inhabit the coaſt of Britiſh America on the Atlantic, with the exception of the Eſquimaux,* and continues along the coaſt of Labrador, and the gulph and banks of St. Laurence to Montreal. The line then follows the Utawas river to its ſource; and continues from thence nearly Weſt along the high lands which divide the waters that fall into Lake Superior and Hudſon's Bay. It then proceeds till it ſtrikes the middle part of the river Winipic, following that water through the Lake Winipic, to the diſcharge of the Saſkatchiwine into it; from thence it accompanies the latter to Fort George, when the line, ſtriking by the head of the Beaver River to the Elk River, runs along its banks to its diſcharge in the Lake of the Hills; from which it may be carried back Eaſt, to the Iſle a la Croſſe, and ſo on to Churchill by the Miſſinipi. The whole of the tract between this line and Hudſon's Bay and Straits (except that of the Eſquimaux in the latter) may be ſaid to be excluſively the country of the Kniſteneaux. Some of them, indeed, have penetrated further Weſt and South to the Red River, to the South of Lake Winipic, and the South branch of the Saſkatchiwine.

They are of a moderate ſtature, well proportioned, and of great activity. Examples of deformity are ſeldom to be ſeen among them. Their complection is of a copper-colour, and their hair black, which is common to all the natives of North America. It is cut in various forms, according to the fancy of the ſeveral tribes, and by ſome is left in the long, lank, flow of nature. They very generally extract their beards, and both ſexes manifeſt a diſpoſition to pluck the hair from every part of the body and limbs. Their eyes are black, keen, and penetrating; their countenance open and agreeable, and it is a principal object of their vanity to give every poſſible decoration to their perſons. A material article in their toilettes is vermilion, which they contraſt with their native blue, white, and brown earths, to which charcoal is frequently added.

Their dreſs is at once ſimple and commodious. It conſiſts of tight leggins, reaching near the hip; a ſtrip of cloth or leather,

* The ſimilarity between their language, and that of the Algonquins, is an unequivocal proof that they are the ſame people.

called aſſian, about a foot wide, and five feet long, whoſe ends are drawn inwards, and hang behind and before, over a belt tied round the waiſt for that purpoſe; a cloſe veſt or ſhirt reaching down to the former garment, and cinctured with a broad ſtrip of parchment faſtened with thongs behind; and a cap for the head, conſiſting of a piece of fur, or ſmall ſkin, with the bruſh of the animal as a ſuſpended ornament; a kind of robe is thrown occaſionally over the whole of the dreſs, and ſerves both night and day. Theſe articles, with the addition of ſhoes and mittens, conſtitute the variety of their apparel. The materials vary according to the ſeaſon, and conſiſt of dreſſed mooſe-ſkin, beaver prepared with the fur, or European woollens. The leather is neatly painted, and fancifully worked in ſome parts with porcupine quills, and mooſe-deer hair; the ſhirts and leggins are alſo adorned with fringe and taſſels; nor are the ſhoes and mittens without ſomewhat of appropriate decoration, and worked with a conſiderable degree of ſkill and taſte. Theſe habiliments are put on, however, as fancy or convenience ſuggeſts; and they will ſometimes proceed to the chaſe in the ſevereſt froſt, covered only with the ſlighteſt of them. Their head-dreſſes are compoſed of the feathers of the ſwan, the eagle, and other birds. The teeth, horns, and claws of different animals, are alſo the occaſional ornaments of the head and neck. Their hair, however arranged, is always beſmeared with greaſe. The making of every article of dreſs is a female occupation; and the women, though by no means inattentive to the decoration of their own perſons, appear to have a ſtill greater degree of pride in attending to the appearances of the men, whoſe faces are painted with more care than thoſe of the women.

The female dreſs is formed of the ſame materials as thoſe of the other ſex, but of a different make and arrangement. Their ſhoes are commonly plain, and their leggins gartered beneath the knee. The coat, or body covering, falls down to the middle of the leg, and is faſtened over the ſhoulders with cords, a flap or cape turning down about eight inches, both before and behind, and agreeably ornamented with quill-work and fringe; the bottom is alſo fringed, and fancifully painted as high as the knee. As it is very looſe it is incloſed round the waiſt with a ſtiff belt, decorated with taſſels, and faſtened behind. The arms are covered to the wriſt, with detached ſleeves, which are ſewed as far as the bend of the arm; from thence they are drawn up to the neck, and the corners of them fall down behind as low as the waiſt. The cap, when they wear one, conſiſts of a certain quantity of leather or cloth, ſewed at one end, by which means it is kept on the head, and, hanging down the back, is faſtened to the belt, as well as under the chin. The upper garment is a robe like that worn by the men. Their hair is divided on the crown, and tied behind, or ſometimes faſtened in large knots over the ears. They are fond of European articles, and prefer them to their own na-

tive commodities. Their ornaments conſiſt, in common with all ſavages, in bracelets, rings, and ſimilar baubles. Some of the women tatoo three perpendicular lines, which are ſometimes double: one from the centre of the chin to that of the under lip, and one parallel on either ſide to the corner of the mouth.

Of all the nations which I have ſeen on this continent, the Kniſteneaux women are the moſt comely. Their figure is generally well proportioned, and the regularity of their features would be acknowledged by the more civilized people of Europe. Their complection has leſs of that dark tinge which is common to thoſe ſavages who have leſs cleanly habits.

Theſe people are, in general, ſubject to few diſorders. The lues venerea, however, is a common complaint, but cured by the application of ſimples, with whoſe virtues they appear to be well acquainted. They are alſo ſubject to fluxes, and pains in the breaſt, which ſome have attributed to the very cold and keen air which they inhale; but I ſhould imagine that theſe complaints muſt frequently proceed from their immoderate indulgence in fat meat at their feaſts, particularly when they have been preceded by long faſting.

They are naturally mild and affable, as well as juſt in their dealings, not only among themſelves, but with ſtrangers.* They are alſo generous and hoſpitable, and good-natured in the extreme, except when their nature is perverted by the inflammatory influence of ſpirituous liquors. To their children they are indulgent to a fault. The father, though he aſſumes no command over them, is ever anxious to inſtruct them in all the preparatory qualifications for war and hunting; while the mother is equally attentive to her daughters in teaching them every thing that is conſidered as neceſſary to their character and ſituation. It does not appear that the huſband makes any diſtinction between the children of his wife, though they may be the offspring of different fathers. Illegitimacy is only attached to thoſe who are born before their mothers have cohabited with any man by the title of huſband.

It does not appear, that chaſtity is conſidered by them as a virtue; or that fidelity is believed to be eſſential to the happineſs of wedded life. Though it ſometimes happens that the infidelity of a wife is puniſhed by the huſband with the loſs of her hair, noſe, and perhaps life; ſuch ſeverity proceeds from its having been practiſed without his permiſſion: for a temporary interchange of wives is not uncommon; and the offer of their perſons is conſidered as a neceſſary part of the hoſpitality due to ſtrangers.

When a man loſes his wife, it is conſidered as a duty to marry her ſiſter, if ſhe has one; or he may, if he pleaſes, have them both at the ſame time.

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* They have been called theivs, but when that vice can with juſtice be attributed to them, it may be traced to their connection with the civilized people who come into their country to traffic.

It will appear from the fatal conſequences I have repeatedly imputed to the uſe of ſpirituous liquors, that I more particularly conſider theſe people as having been, morally ſpeaking, great ſufferers from their communication with the ſubjects of civilized nations. At the ſame time they were not, in a ſtate of nature, without their vices, and ſome of them of a kind which is the moſt abhorrent to cultivated and reflecting man. I ſhall only obſerve, that inceſt and beaſtiality are among them.

When a young man marries, he immediately goes to live with the father and mother of his wife, who treat him, nevertheleſs, as a perfect ſtranger, until after the birth of his firſt child: he then attaches himſelf more to them than his own parents; and his wife no longer gives him any other appellation than that of the father of her child.

The profeſſion of the men is war and hunting, and the more active ſcene of their duty is the field of battle, and the chaſe in the woods. They alſo ſpear fiſh, but the management of the nets is left to the women. The females of this nation are in the ſame ſubordinate ſtate with thoſe of all other ſavage tribes; but the ſeverity of their labour is much diminiſhed by their ſituation on the banks of lakes and rivers, where they employ canoes. In the winter, when the waters are frozen, they make their journies, which are never of any great length, with ſledges drawn by dogs. They are, at the ſame time, ſubject to every kind of domeſtic drudgery; they dreſs the leather, make the clothes and ſhoes, weave the nets, collect wood, erect the tents, fetch water, and perform every culinary ſervice; ſo that when the duties of maternal care are added, it will appear that the life of theſe women is an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of toil and pain. This, indeed, is the ſenſe they entertain of their own ſituation; and, under the influence of that ſentiment, they are ſometimes known to deſtroy their female children, to ſave them from the miſeries which they themſelves have ſuffered. They alſo have a ready way, by the uſe of certain ſimples, of procuring abortions, which they ſometimes practiſe, from their hatred of the father, or to ſave themſelves the trouble which children occaſion; and, as I have been credibly informed, this unnatural act is repeated without any injury to the health of the women who perpetrate it.

The funeral rights begin, like all other ſolemn ceremonials, with ſmoaking, and are concluded by a feaſt. The body is dreſſed in the beſt habiliments poſſeſſed by the deceaſed, or his relations, and is then depoſited in a grave, lined with branches; ſome domeſtic utenſils are placed on it, and a kind of canopy erected over it. During this ceremony, great lamentations are made, and if the departed perſon is very much regretted, the near relations cut off their hair, pierce the fleſhy part of their thighs and arms with arrows, knives, &c. and blacken their faces with charcoal. If they have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in war, they are ſometimes laid on a kind of ſcaffolding; and I have been inform-

ed that women, as in the Eaſt, have been known to ſacrifice themſelves to the manes of their huſbands. The whole of the property belonging to the departed perſon is deſtroyed, and the relations take in exchange for the wearing apparel, any rags that will cover their nakedneſs. The feaſt beſtowed on the occaſion, which is, or at leaſt uſed to be, repeated annually, is accompanied with eulogiums on the deceaſed, and without any acts of ferocity. On the tomb are carved or painted the ſymbols of his tribe, which are taken from the different animals of the country.

Many and various are the motives which induce a ſavage to engage in war. To prove his courage, or to revenge the death of his relations, or ſóme of his tribe, by the maſſacre of an enemy. If the tribe feel themſelves called upon to go to war, the elders convene the people, in order to know the general opinion. If it be for war, the chief publiſhes his intention to ſmoke in the ſacred ſtem at a certain period, to which ſolemnity, meditation and faſting are required as preparatory ceremonials. When the people are thus aſſembled, and the meeting ſanctified by the cuſtom of ſmoking, the chief enlarges on the cauſes which have called them together, and the neceſſity of the meaſures propoſed on the occaſion.

He then invites thoſe who are willing to follow him, to ſmoke out of the ſacred ſtem, which is conſidered as the token of enrolment; and if it ſhould be the general opinion, that aſſiſtance is neceſſary, others are invited, with great formality, to join them. Every individual who attends theſe meetings brings ſomething with him as a token of his warlike intentions or as an object of ſacrifice, which, when the aſſembly diſſolves, is ſuſpended from poles near the place of council.

They have frequent feaſts, and particular circumſtances never fail to produce them; ſuch as a tedious illneſs, long faſting, &c. On theſe occaſions it is uſual for the perſon who means to give the entertainment, to announce his deſign on a certain day, of opening the medicine bag and ſmoking out of his ſacred ſtem. This declaration is conſidered as a ſacred vow that cannot be broken. There are alſo ſtated periods, ſuch as the ſpring and autumn, when they engage in very long and ſolemn ceremonies. On theſe occaſions dogs are offered as ſacrifices, and thoſe which are very fat, and milk-white, are preferred. They alſo make large offerings of their property, whatever it may be. The ſcene of theſe ceremonies is in an open incloſure on the bank of a river or lake, and in the moſt conſpicuous ſituation, in order that ſuch as are paſſing along or travelling, may be induced to make their offerings. There is alſo a particular cuſtom among them, that, on theſe occaſions, if any of the tribe, or even a ſtranger, ſhould be paſſing by, and be in real want of any thing that is diſplayed as an offering, he has a right to take it, ſo that he replaces it with ſome article that he can ſpare, though it be of far inferior value; but to take or touch any thing wantonly is conſidered as a ſacri-

legious act, and highly inſulting to the great Maſter of Life, to uſe their own expreſſion, who is the ſacred object of their devotion.

The ſcene of private ſacrifice is the lodge of the perſon who performs it, which is prepared for that purpoſe by removing every thing out of it, and ſpreading green branches in every part. The fire and aſhes are alſo taken away. A new hearth is made of freſh earth, and another fire is lighted. The owner of the dwelling remains alone in it; and he begins the ceremony by ſpreading a piece of new cloth, or a well-dreſſed mooſe-ſkin neatly painted, on which he opens his medicine-bag and expoſes its contents, conſiſting of various articles. The principal of them is a kind of houſe-hold god, which is a ſmall carved image about eight inches long. Its firſt covering is of down, over which a piece of birch bark is cloſely tied, and the whole is enveloped in ſeveral folds of red and blue cloth. This little figure is an object of the moſt pious regard. The next article is his war-cap, which is decorated with the feathers and plumes of ſcarce birds, beavers, and eagle's claws, &c. There is alſo ſuſpended from it a quill or feather for every enemy whom the owner of it has ſlain in battle. The remaining contents of the bag are, a piece of Brazil tobacco, ſeveral roots and ſimples, which are in great eſtimation for their medical qualities, and a pipe. Theſe articles being all expoſed, and the ſtem reſting upon two forks, as it muſt not touch the ground, the maſter of the lodge ſends for the perſon he moſt eſteems, who ſits down oppoſite to him; the pipe is then filled and fixed to the ſtem. A pair of wooden pincers is provided to put fire in the pipe, and a double pointed pin, to empty it of the remnant of tobacco which is not conſumed. This arrangment being made, the men aſſemble, and ſometimes the women are allowed to be humble ſpectators, while the moſt religious awe and ſolemnity pervade the whole. The Michiniwais, or Aſſiſtant, takes up the pipe, lights it, and preſents it to the officiating perſon, who receives it ſtanding, and holds it between both his hands. He then turns himſelf to the Eaſt, and draws a few whiffs, which he blows to that point. The ſame ceremony he obſerves to the other three quarters, with his eyes directed upwards during the whole of it. He holds the ſtem about the middle between the three firſt fingers of both hands, and raiſing them upon a line with his forehead he ſwings it three times round from the Eaſt, with the ſun, when, after pointing and balancing it in various directions, he repoſes it on the forks: he then makes a ſpeech to explain the deſign of their being called together, which concludes with an acknowledgment for paſt mercies, and a prayer for the continuance of them, from the Maſter of Life. He then ſits down, and the whole company declare their approbation and thanks by uttering the word *ho!* with an emphatic prolongation of the laſt letter. The Michiniwais then takes up the pipe and holds it to the mouth of the officiating perſon, who after ſmoking three whiffs out of it,

utters a ſhort prayer, and then goes round with it, taking his courſe from Eaſt to Weſt, to every perſon preſent, who individually ſays ſomething to him on the occaſion: and thus the pipe is generally ſmoked out; when after turning it three or four times round his head, he drops it downwards, and replaces it in its original ſituation. He then returns the company thanks for their attendance, and wiſhes them, as well as the whole tribe, health and long life.

Theſe ſmoking rites precede every matter of great importance, with more or leſs ceremony, but always with equal ſolemnity. The utility of them will appear from the following relation.

If a chief is anxious to know the diſpoſition of his people towards him, or if he wiſhes to ſettle any difference between them, he announces his intention of opening his medicine-bag and ſmoking in his ſacred ſtem; and no man who entertains a grudge againſt any of the party thus aſſembled, can ſmoke with the ſacred ſtem: as that ceremony diſſipates all differences, and is never violated.

No one can avoid attending on theſe occaſions; but a perſon may attend and be excuſed from aſſiſting at the ceremonies, by acknowledging that he has not undergone the neceſſary purification. The having cohabited with his wife, or any other women, within twenty-four hours preceding the ceremony, renders him unclean, and, conſequently, diſqualifies him from performing any part of it. If a contract is entered into and ſolemnized by the ceremony of ſmoking it never fails of being faithfully fulfilled. If a perſon, previous to his going a journey, leaves the ſacred ſtem as a pledge of his return, no conſideration whatever will prevent him from executing his engagement.*

The chief, when he propoſes to make a feaſt, ſends quills, or ſmall pieces of wood, as tokens of invitation to ſuch as he wiſhes to partake of it. At the appointed time the gueſts arrive, each bringing a diſh or platter, and a knife, and take their ſeats on each ſide of the chief, who receives them ſitting, according to their reſpective ages. The pipe is then lighted, and he makes an equal diviſion of every thing that is provided. While the company are enjoying their meal, the chief ſings, and accompanies his ſong with the tamborin, or ſhiſhiquoi, or rattle. The gueſt who has firſt eaten his portion is conſidered as the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſon. If there ſhould be any who cannot finiſh the whole of their meſs, they endeavour to prevail on ſome of their friends to eat it for them, who are rewarded for their aſſiſtance with ammunition and tobacco. It is proper alſo to remark, that at theſe feaſts a ſmall qaantity of meat or drink is ſacrificed, before they begin to eat, by throwing it into the fire, or on the earth.

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* It is however to be lamented, that of late there is a relaxation of the duties originally attached to theſe feſtivals.

Theſe feaſts differ according to circumſtances; ſometimes each man's allowance is no more than he can diſpatch in a couple of hours. At other times the quantity is ſufficient to ſupply each of them with food for a week, though it muſt be devoured in a day. On theſe occaſions it is very difficult to procure ſubſtitutes, and the whole muſt be eaten whatever time it may require. At ſome of theſe entertainments there is a more rational arrangement, when the gueſts are allowed to carry home with them the ſuperfluous part of their portions. Great care is always taken that the bones may be burned, as it would be conſidered a profanation were the dogs permitted to touch them.

The public feaſts are conducted in the ſame manner, but with ſome additional ceremony. Several chiefs officiate at them, and procure the neceſſary proviſions, as well as prepare a proper place of reception for the numerous company. Here the gueſts diſcourſe upon public topics, repeat the heroic deeds of their forefathers, and excite the riſing generation to follow their example. The entertainments on theſe occaſions conſiſt of dried meats, as it would not be practicable to dreſs a ſufficient quantity of freſh meat for ſuch a large aſſembly; though the women and children are excluded.

Similar feaſts uſed to be made at funerals, and annually, in honour of the dead; but they have been, for ſome time, growing into diſuſe, and I never had an opportunity of being preſent at any of them.

The women, who are forbidden to enter the places ſacred to theſe feſtivals, dance and ſing around them, and ſometimes beat time to the muſic within them; which forms an agreeable contraſt.

With reſpect to their diviſions of time, they compute the length of their journies by the number of nights paſſed in performing them; and they divide the year by the ſucceſſion of moons. In this calculation, however, they are not altogether correct, as they cannot account for the odd days.

The names which they give to the moons, are deſcriptive of the ſeveral ſeaſons.

May	Atheiky o Piſhim	Frog-Moon.
June	Oppinu o Piſhim	The Moon in which birds begin to lay their eggs.
July	Aupaſcen o Piſhim	The Moon when birds caſt their feathers.
Auguſt	Aupahou o Piſhim	The Moon when the young birds begin to fly.
September	Waſkiſcon o Piſhim	The Moon when the mooſe-deer caſt their horns.
October	Wiſac o Piſhim	The Rutting-Moon.
November	Thithigon Pewai o Piſhim	Hoar-Froſt-Moon.
	Kuſkatinayoui o Piſhim	Ice-Moon.
December	Pawatchicananaſis o Piſhim	Whirlwind-Moon.

January -	Kuſhapawaſticanum o Piſhim	Extreme cold Moon.
February	Kichi Piſhim - - - -	Big Moon; ſome ſay, Old Moon.
March -	Mickyſue Piſhim - - -	Eagle Moon.
April -	Niſcaw o Piſhim - - -	Gooſe-Moon.

Theſe people know the medicinal virtues of many herbs and ſimples, and apply the roots of plants and the bark of trees with ſucceſs. But the conjurers, who monopolize the medical ſcience, find it neceſſary to blend myſtery with their art, and do not communicate their knowledge. Their materia medica they adminiſter in the form of purges and clyſters; but the remedies and ſurgical opperations are ſuppoſed to derive much of their effect from magic and incantation. When a bliſter ariſes in the foot from the froſt, the chafing of the ſhoe, &c. they immediately open it, and apply the heated blade of a knife to the part, which, painful as it may be, is found to be efficacious. A ſharp flint ſerves them as a lancet for letting blood, as well as for ſcarification in bruiſes and ſwellings. For ſprains, the dung of an animal juſt killed is conſidered as the beſt remedy. They are very fond of European medicines, though they are ignorant of their application: and thoſe articles form an inconſiderable part of the European traffic with them.

Among their various ſuperſtitions, they believe that the vapour which is ſeen to hover over moiſt and ſwampy places, is the ſpirit of ſome perſon lately dead. They alſo fancy another ſpirit which appears, in the ſhape of a man, upon the trees near the lodge of a perſon deceaſed, whoſe property has not been interred with him. He is repreſented as bearing a gun in his hand, and it is believed that he does not return to his reſt, until the property that has been withheld from the grave has been ſacrificed to it.

ON MADRID.

From Southey's Letters.

Madrid, Jan. 6, 1796.

ON Monday we were at the Spaniſh Comedy. There is a ſtationary table fixed where the door is on the Engliſh ſtage, and (what is a ſtranger peculiarity) no money is paid going in, but a man comes round and collects it between the acts. Between every act is a kind of operatical farce, a piece of low and groſs buffoonery, which conſtantly gives the lie to their motto—"repreſenting a variety of actions we recommend virtue to the people;" it is a large and inelegant theatre, preſenting to the eye only a maſs of tarniſhed gilding. So badly was it lighted that to ſee the company was impoſſible. One of the actreſſes, whoſe hair was long and curling, wore it combed naturally, without any kind of bandage, and I have ſeldom ſeen any head dreſs ſo becoming.

The repreſentation began at half paſt four, and was over at eight. I have heard a curious ſpecimen of wit from a Spaniſh comedy. During the abſence of a phyſician, his ſervants preſcribe. A patient has been eating too much *hare;* and they order him to take *greyhound broth.*

Concerning the city and its buildings, the manners of the people, their Tertullas and their Cortejo ſyſtem, you will find enough in twenty different authors. What pleaſes me moſt is to ſee the city entirely without ſuburbs: it is ſurrounded by a wall, and the moment you get without the gates, the proſpect before preſents nothing that can poſſibly remind you of the vicinity of a metropolis. The walking is very unpleaſant, as the ſtreets are not paved: the general fault of the ſtreets is their narrowneſs. In one of them it was with difficulty that I kept myſelf ſo near the wall as to eſcape being cruſhed by a carriage; a friend of M. had a button on his breaſt torn off by a carriage in the ſame place; accidents muſt have been frequent here, for it is called the narrow ſtreet of dangers. *La Calle auguſta de los periglos.*

This very unpleaſant defect is obſervable in all the towns we have paſſed through. It is eaſily accounted for. All theſe towns were originally fortified, and houſes were crowded together for ſecurity within the walls. As the houſes are generally high, this likewiſe keeps them cool, by excluding the ſun; and a Spaniard will not think this convenience over balanced by the preventing a free circulation of air. The ſenſes of a foreigner are immediately offended by dirt and darkneſs; but the Spaniard does not diſlike the one, and he connects the idea of coolneſs with the other. From the charge of dirt, however, Madrid muſt now be acquitted, and the grand ſtreet, the Calle de Alcala, is one of the fineſt in Europe. The Prado (the public walk) croſſes it at the bottom, and it is terminated by an avenue of trees, with one of the city gates at the end.

Of Spaniſh beauty I have heard much, and ſay little. There is indeed a liquid luſtre in the full black eye, that moſt powerfully expreſſes languid tenderneſs. But it is in this expreſſion only that very dark eyes are beautiful: you do not diſtinguiſh the pupil from the ſurrounding part, and of courſe loſe all the beauty of its dilation and contraction. The dreſs both of men and women is altogether inelegant. The old Spaniſh dreſs was more convenient and very graceful. They wrap the great cloaks that are now in faſhion in ſuch a manner as to cover the lower half of the face; it was on this account that the law was enacted that interdicts round hats; for as their great hats would hide the other half, every perſon would walk the ſtreets as in a maſk.

We are now in private lodgings, for which we pay twenty-four reals a day. The rooms are painted in the theatrical taſte of the country, and would be cheerful if we had but a fire-place. You will hardly believe that, though this place is very cold in winter, the Spaniſh landlords will not ſuffer a chimney to be built in their

houſes! They have a proverb to expreſs the calmneſs and keenneſs of the air.—"The wind will not blow out a candle, but it will kill a man." I have heard that perſons who incautiouſly expoſed themſelves to the wind before they were completely dreſſed, have been deprived of the uſe of their limbs.

This is an unpleaſant town; the neceſſaries of life are extravagantly dear; and the comforts are not to be procured. I hear from one who muſt be well acquainted with the people, that "there is neither friendſhip, affection, or virtue among them!" A woman of rank, during the abſence of her huſband, has been living at the hotel with another man! and yet ſhe is received into every company. I ought to add ſhe is not a Spaniard, but in England adultery meets the infamy it deſerves.

All our early impreſſions tend to prejudice us in favour of Spain. The firſt novels that we read fill us with high ideas of the grandeur and the dignity of the national character, and in peruſing their actions in the new world, we almoſt fancy them a different race from the reſt of mankind, as well from the ſplendor of their exploits, as from the cruelties that ſullied them. A little obſervation ſoon deſtroys this favourable prepoſſeſſion; a great and total alteration in their exiſting eſtabliſhments muſt take place before the dignity of the Spaniſh character can be reſtored.

In the middle ages the ſuperiority of the Nobles was not merely titular and external. Learning was known only in the cloiſter; but in all accompliſhments, in all courteſies, and in all feats of arms, from habit and faſhion the Ariſtocracy poſſeſſed a real advantage. The pride of anceſtry was productive of good: want of opportunity might prevent the heir of an illuſtrious houſe from diſplaying the ſame heroiſm that his anceſtors had diſplayed in the cauſe of their country, but it was diſgraceful to degenerate in magnificent hoſpitality, and in the encouragement of whatever arts exiſted.*

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* The hiſtory of Spain affords one remarkable proof that a long genealogy may be good for ſomething, if the fact may be credited. When the Mooriſh king was aſked why he raiſed the ſeige of Xeres (1285) ſo precipitately, for fear of King Sancho, he replied, I was the firſt who enthroned the family and race of Barrameda, and honoured it with the royal title and dignity: my enemy derives his deſcent from more than forty kings, whoſe memory has great force, and in the combat would place fear and dread in me, but to him would ſupply confidence and ſtrength, if we ſhould come to battle. "Yo fui el primero que entronicè y honrè la familia y linage de Barrameda con titulo y mageſtad real; mi enemigo trae deſcendencia de mas de quarenta Reyes, cuya memoria tiene gran fuerza, y en el combate a mi pnſiera temor y eſpanto, à el diera atrevimiento y esfuerzo ſi llegaramos a las manos." *Mariana.*

The ancient Nobility of Spain were placed in circumſtances peculiarly adapted to form an elevation and haughtineſs of character ; like the gallant Welſh, they had been driven among their mountains by the invaders, but their efforts were more fortunate, and they recovered their country. They who have ſtrugled without ſucceſs in the cauſe of independance deſerve the applauſe of Poſterity, and, to the honour of human nature, Poſterity has always beſtowed it ; but the ſelf applauſe of the ſucceſsful is not very remote from arrogance, and this arrogance, uniting with the natural reſerve of the Spaniards, produced the characteriſtic haughtineſs of their grandees.

This characteriſtic exiſts no longer, and you may form ſome idea of what the Grandees now are by a circumſtance which happened only this week. A Swiſs officer in the Engliſh ſervice has been for ſome time reſident at Madrid. It was told him that the Marquis of S***, at whoſe houſe he was a frequent viſitor, had ſaid of him in public, that he was a ſpy of the Engliſh miniſtry and that no perſon ought to aſſociate with him. The officer in company with the friend who had informed him, called upon the Marquis, who received him with his uſual civility, and expreſſed his joy at ſeeing him. The Swiſs charged him with what he had ſaid. He denied it, and ſubſtituted other expreſſions.—It is true, ſaid he, I may have ſaid as that you were in the Engliſh ſervice you muſt of courſe be in the Engliſh intereſt. "Were thoſe the expreſſions the Marquis made uſe of," ſaid the officer to his informer. The informer repeated what he had heard the Marquis ſay, and the officer immediately called the Marquis a liar, a ſcoundrel, and a coward, and beat him. The houſe was immediately in an uproar ; the doors were faſtened, and the ſervants came up with their knives. The Swiſs, however, placed his back to the wall, drew his ſword, and compelled them to open the doors. The news ſoon got abroad, and the Marquis has been put under arreſt, by the order of the Court, to prevent any ſerious conſequences.

We dined the ſame day at the Ambaſſador's, in company with the Swiſs, and went to the opera afterwards. My Uncle, who is very well acquainted with the manners of theſe countries, obſerved three men dogging us from the houſe. They followed us a long way, but left us at laſt after looking very earneſtly at us. They might have made a diſagreeable miſtake on the occaſion. The officer remained in Madrid three days, and appeared every where in public ; he then very prudently decamped.

The King ſet off on Monday laſt ; his retinue on this journey conſiſts of ſeven thouſand perſons ! and ſo vain is his Moſt Catholic Majeſty of this parade, that he has actually had a liſt of his attendants printed on a paper larger than any map or chart you ever ſaw, and given to all the Grandees in favour. We were in hopes of ſecuring a carriage through the Marquis Yrandas's intereſt. This nobleman during the war was in diſgrace, but when

pacific principles gained the aſcendancy at Court, he was recalled from a kind of baniſhment at his country ſeat, and ſent to negotiate the peace, which was afterwards concluded by Yriarte, a brother of the poet, ſince dead. The intelligence he gives us is very unfavourable to men who are in haſte. The Court will not be leſs than fifteen days on the road with us; no intereſt can ſecure us a carriage; and if we can get one to ſet out, it will probably be taken from us on the way by ſome of their retinue; and there is no accommodation at the poſados, for, independent of the common attendants, ſix hundred people of rank were obliged to lie in the open air the firſt night; nor can we go a different road without doubling the diſtance; for were we to attempt to enter Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo, and the province of Tras os Montes, if the rains which are daily expected ſhould overtake us, the mountain torrents would be impaſſable.

His Majeſty's title to the crown of Corſica has been virtually acknowledged here in a ſingular manner. A Corſican, in ſome trifling quarrel concerning a plate at dinner, ſtabbed a man on Sunday laſt, and took ſhelter in the houſe of the Engliſh Ambaſſador. Theſe things are common here: I never paſſed through a village without ſeeing three or four monumental croſſes in it; and as it can hardly be ſuppoſed that a banditti would attack in an inhabited place, it is fair to conclude that theſe monuments are for men who have been ſtabbed in ſome private quarrel. Their long knives are very convenient. Detection is eaſily avoided in this country and conſcience ſoon quieted by the lullaby of abſolution!

The old palace of Buen Retiro is converted into a royal porcelain manufactory; the prices are extravagantly high, but they have arrived to great excellence in the manufacture. The falſe taſte of the people is diſplayed in all the vaſes I ſaw there, which, though made from Roman models, are all terminated by porcelain flowers! In the gardens of his Majeſty, who is a great ſportſman, and occaſionally ſhoots, high ſcaffolds are erected in different parts for his markers to ſtand upon: here alſo he amuſes himſelf with a royal recreation ſimilar to what boys call Bandy in England; he is ſaid to play very well, but as this Auguſt Perſonage is ambitious of fame, he is apt to be very angry if he is beaten. Did you ever ſee two boys try which could bring the other on his knees by bending his fingers back? The King of Spain is very fond of this amuſement, for he is remarkably ſtrong: a little time ago there was a Frenchman in great favour with him, becauſe he had ſtrength enough to equal his Majeſty in all theſe ſports, and ſenſe enough to yield to him. One day when they were thus employing themſelves, the King fancied his antagoniſt did not exert all his force: and as his pride was hurt, inſiſted upon it in ſuch a manner that the Frenchman was obliged to be in earneſt, and brought him to the ground. The King immediately ſtruck him in the face.

Membrino's account of the cat-eating is confirmed: I was playing with one laſt night, and the lady told me ſhe was obliged to confine her in the houſe leſt the neighbours ſhould ſteal and eat it.

PORTUGAL.

From Southey's Letters.

EUROPE, ſays Antonio de Macedo, is the beſt of the four quarters of the globe: Spain is the beſt part of Europe: Portugal* is the beſt part of Spain. The tales of the Fortunate Iſlands and the Elyſian Fields are not the mere fables of the poets; they deſcribed places that really exiſt, and only indeed gave a faint deſcription of Liſbon and the adjacent country. So much for the beauty and optimiſm of Portugal. Its great antiquity is as boldly aſſerted, and as clearly proved. The foundation of Liſbon by Ulyſſes was deſigned by Pope for an epiſode in his projected epic poem, and forms the ſubject of the Ulyſſea of Gabriel Pereira de Caſtro; but this belongs to the Poets, and tempting as is the etymology of Liſbon from Ulyſſes, the antiquarian rejects it. It was founded by Eliſa the eldeſt ſon of Java, ſays Luis Marinho de Azevedo; he called it Eliſeon, thence Eliſbon—Liſbon. Nothing can be plainer.

If however, the honour of founding the metropolis of Portugal be conteſted between Eliſa and Ulyſſes, there is no controverſy concerning the eſtabliſhment of Setuval by Tubal.

One of the many excellencies of Portugal is its great population. Do you queſtion this? Macedo tells you that Tubal at his death left ſixty-five thouſand deſcendants. You object to this as too remote a fact. It contained five hundred and ſixty-eight thouſand inhabitants in the time of Auguſtus. But you want to know if it be populous at preſent. His proof is deciſive. Blanca de Rocha, the wife of Rodrigo Monteiro, had fourteen children at a birth who were all baptized. Maria Marcella had ſeven at a birth, who all entered the church, greatly to the benefit of population no doubt! and Inez del Caſal de Gueday was married ſeven times, and had an hundred and ſeven children.

Ariſtotle obſerves that the inhabitants of cold countries, and the Europeans, poſſeſs great courage, but little genius, and that the Aſiatics have great genius, but little courage, the effect of climate; but as the Greeks are ſituate between both, they partake the qualities of both, and are conſequently more perfect than either. Experience proves this more clearly than any reaſoning can do. It is manifeſt to every perſon that the Europeans are ſuperior to the reſt af the world, and that of them, they who in-

* He wrote when Portugal was annexed to Spain. His book is in Spaniſh, and entitled, "Flores de Eſpana—Excelencias de Portugal."

habit the more temperate regious are the more perfect by nature, as we ſee the Spaniards and Italians; and it is evident that as Liſbon is ſituate in the moſt temperate aſpect, the influence of the Heavens muſt neceſſarily make its inhabitants moſt perfect of all, both in corporeal beauty and mental excellence. So ſays Luis Mendes de Vaſconcellos.

There was once a Lady in Liſbon, of ſuch ſuperior uglineſs, that ſhe was the jeſt of the whole city. Mortified by the unfortunate ſingularity of being ugly where all beſides were beautiful, ſhe prayed with unceaſing fervor to her patron Saint, St. Vincent. Her prayers were heard, and ſhe beheld herſelf one morning in her looking glaſs the moſt beautiful woman in Portugal. "I ſay," exclaims Macedo, "that the Saint works many ſuch miracles, for he is much and devoutly worſhipped, his benevolence is great, and power cannot be wanting in him, for he dwells in the preſence of God: but what convinces me is that without ſome ſuch miraculous interpoſition the Portugueze women could not poſſibly be ſo beautiful."

Such then, according to thoſe who muſt be beſt acquainted with them, are the excellences of the country, the metropolis, and the inhabitants. There are likewiſe Nine Excellences in the Portugueze language; and theſe, as quoted from Macedo, are prefixed to the new Dictionary of the Academy.

Excellence the firſt.—Its great antiquity. One of the ſeventy-two languages given by God to the builders of Babel, being brought into Portugal by Tubal.

Excellence the ſecond.—It has every quality which a language ought to have to be perfect.

Excellence the third.—Harmonious pronunciation of the Portugueze language.

Excellence the fourth.—Brevity of the Portugueze language.

Excellence the fifth.—Perfect orthography of the Portugueze language.

Excellence the ſixth.—Aptitude of the Portugueze language to any kind of ſtyle.

Excellence the ſeventh.—Great ſimilarity of the Portugueze language to the Latin.

Excellence the eighth.—The wide extent of the country where the Portugueze language is ſpoken.

Excellence the ninth.—The commendation which ſo many authors have beſtowed upon the Portugueze language.

A long proof is annexed to each of theſe propoſitions, and the whole fills three folio pages..

All this reminds me of the Eſquimaux, who diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of mankind by the title of MEN. *One of

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* See Major Cartwright's Journal.

theſe MEN ſaw a dried monkey in England, and declared in the utmoſt agitation that it was a little old Eſquimaux!

Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a good Portugueze of him, ſays the Spaniſh proverb. One who is well acquainted with both countries, and has no prejudices in favour of either, denies its truth; he ſays, "add hypocriſy to a Spaniard's vices, and you have the Portugueze character." Theſe nations blaſpheme God, by calling each other natural enemies. Their feelings are mutually hoſtile, but the Spaniards deſpiſe the Portugueze, and the Portugueze hate the Spaniards.

Almoſt every man in Spain ſmokes; the Portugueze never ſmoke, but moſt of them take ſnuff. None of the Spaniards will uſe a wheel-barrow, none of the Portugueze will carry a burthen: the one ſays it is only fit for beaſts to draw carriages, the other that it is only fit for beaſts to carry burthens. All the porters in Liſbon are Gallegos, an induſtrious and honeſt race, deſpiſed by both nations for the very qualities that render them reſpectable. An Engliſhman at Porto wanted his ſervant to carry a ſmall box to the next houſe; the man ſaid he was a Portugueze, not a beaſt; and actually walked a mile for a Gallego to carry the box.

The hiſtory of the preſent war will ſhow with what wiſdom public affairs are conducted in this kingdom. The Portugueze were engaged by treaty to furniſh the Engliſh with a certain number of ſhips, or a certain ſum of money, and the Spaniards with troops, or money. The money was expected, but Martinho de Mello, the Miniſter and Secretary of State, argued, that as the money was to be expended, it was wiſer to expend it among their own countrymen, and diſcipline ſoldiers and ſailors; the ſhips were therefore ſent to Portſmouth, and troops to Rouſſillon.—Mello's meaſures were vigorous; he reſolved to place every part of the Portugueze dominions in a ſtate of defence, recalled the General of one of the provinces, appointed him Commander in Chief in Brazil, and ordered him to be ready to depart at an hour's notice; but Mello was old and infirm, he was taken ill, and during his illneſs the party who diſapproved his meaſures had the management, and every thing was at a ſtand. After remaining three months at Liſbon, the General ſaw no probability of departing, and he therefore ſent for his furniture and wife and family to Liſbon. Soon after they arrived the Secretary recovered. Every thing was hurried for the expedition, and the General ſent his wife, family, and furniture home again. Again Mello was taken ill, again the preparations were ſuſpended, and again the General called his family to Liſbon. The old man recovered, ſent them all into the country, forwarded the preparations, fell ill a third time and died. The meaſures of the Government have ſince been uniformly languid, and with a ſtupidity that almoſt exceeds belief, though they had ſent ſhips to England and troops to Spain, they never believed themſelves at war with France, till the French took their ſhips at the mouth of the river.

A Portugueze veſſel was taken by the French and carried into the iſle of Bourbon. The Portugueze inſiſted that they were not at war with France, and as the French were not quite certain, they were about to reſtore the ſhip, when another prize was brought in; in ſearching this they found an Engliſh newſpaper, with an account that the Portugueze fleet had arrived at Portſmouth. The next French veſſel that arrived brought the French newſpaper, with a liſt of the two and twenty nations with whom the Republic was at war.

OF THE CITY OF CAIRO.

From Niebuhr's Travels.

IN the courſe of the eleven laſt centuries, ſince the conqueſt of Egypt by the Arabians, many changes have taken place in the neighbourhood of Cairo, or, as it is called in the language of the country, *Kahira.* Thoſe conquerors demoliſhed or neglected the cities which they found ſubſiſting, and built others.

At their entrance into this country, they found a city on the banks of the Nile, which their writers called *Maſr*, and which no doubt was the Egyptian Babylon of the Greek authors. They became maſters of it by the treaſon of *Mokaukas.* In their Muſſulman zeal, abhorring to dwell in the ſame city with Chriſtians, they ſettled, by degrees, in the place where their general had pitched his camp, and formed a city which they called *Foſtat.*

This city, when it became the capital of Egypt, was alſo called *Maſr;* a name which it has retained even ſince Cairo, originally only a ſuburb, has ſupplanted it in the character of capital. Foſtat declined, as Cairo, which was founded in the 358 year of the Hegira, by the general of a Fatimite Caliph I. advanced. The remains of Foſtat are known at preſent by the name of *Maſr-el-atik*, old Maſr. The famous *Salah ed din* embelliſhed the riſing city of Cairo, and incloſed it with walls.

Cairo, in its turn, came to receive the name of Maſr. The Europeans call it Cairo, or Grand Cairo. Although ſo modern, it is truly very large. It extends, for an hour's walk to the foot of the mountain *Mokattam*, at the diſtance of half a league from the banks of the Nile. From the top of that hill, on which ſtands the caſtle, the whole city is ſeen. On the other ſides it is ſurrounded with hillocks formed by the accumulation of the dirt, conveyed out of the city. They are already ſo high, that the tops of the buildings in the city can ſcarce be ſeen over them from the banks of the Nile.

Cairo, although a very great city, is not ſo populous as the cities in Europe, of the ſame extent. The capital of Egypt contains large ponds, which, when full, have the appearance even of lakes. The moſques occupy large areas. In a quarter which I had occaſion to examine particularly, I found the large ſtreets

divided by a large ſpace of ground, laid out in gardens and otherwiſe. I am induced to think, that, in the other quarters, are large unoccupied ſpaces of the ſame ſort. The houſes in Cairo are not ſo high as in the cities of Europe. In ſome parts they conſiſt only of one ſtory, and are built of bricks that have been dried in the ſun.

I have obſerved, that travellers always err in eſtimating the population of the cities of the Eaſt: and I may add, that the arrangement of the ſtreets of Cairo muſt make that city appear larger than it really is. In ſeveral quarters there are pretty long *wynds*, which terminate not in any principal ſtreet; ſo that thoſe who live at the bottom of them, can converſe from the back parts of their houſes, yet muſt walk a quarter of a league before they can meet. Such *wynds* or *lanes* are, for the moſt part, inhabited by artiſans, who go out to work in more frequented ſtreets, and leave their wives and children at home. From this circumſtance, theſe are ſo ſurpriſed to ſee a paſſenger, that they naturally ſuppoſe, that you have loſt your way and tell you that you cannot paſs there. All the intercourſe is therefore through the principal ſtreets; and theſe are very narrow; ſo that, being continually crowded, they will naturally occaſion a ſtranger to think the city much more populous than it really is.

The caſtle ſtanding upon a ſteep, inſulated rock, between the city and mount Mokattam, was probably erected in the days of the Greeks, and might form a part of the Egyptian Babylon. It is at preſent parted into three diviſions, which are occupied by the Pacha, the Janiſſaries, and the Aſſabs. The palace of the Pacha is falling into ruins, and is unworthy of being the dwelling of the Governor of a great province. But the Turkiſh Pachas are in general ill lodged. They know all that they are not to be long in power; and none cares for making reparations to accommodate his ſucceſſor.

The quarter of the Janniſſaries is ſurrounded with ſtrong walls which are flanked with towers, and has more the appearance of a fortreſs. Thoſe ſoldiers accordingly avail themſelves of their ſituation in the revolutions which happen ſo frequently in Egypt. That body, although paid by the Sultan, are not much attached to their ſovereign. Their principal officers have been ſlaves to the more reſpectable inhabitants of Cairo, and are ſtill more attached to their old maſters than to the Sovereign of the Turkiſh empire. When the Egyptians depoſe a Pacha, the Janiſſaries are commonly ready to drive him out of the palace, if he fails to ſet off at the day fixed to him by the Beys. But the Arabs are in little fear of the Janiſſaries, and rob with confidence, cloſe by their quarters.

Within this caſtle are two monuments, which ſome, both Mahometans and Chriſtians, fancifully aſcribe to a patriarch; the fountain, and palace of Joſeph. The fountain is indeed deep, and cut in the rock; but nothing extraordinary, when it is con-

ſidered, that the rock is a very ſoft calcareous ſtone. It is not at all comparable to the labours of the ancient Indians, who have cut whole pagodas in the very hardeſt rocks.

The pretended palace of Joſeph, is a large building, which ſtill retains ſome precious remains of its ancient magnificence. In the apartment in which a manufacture of cloth is at preſent carried on, the walls are adorned with figures of beautiful Moſaic work, compoſed of mother of pearl, precious ſtones, and coloured glaſs. The ceiling of another chamber contains fine paintings; in ſome places, the names of moſt of the ancient monarchs of Egypt are engraven. The caliphs of Egypt appear to have inhabited this palace; and it is ſurpriſing, that the Pacha does not chooſe to lodge in it. From a balcony in this building, a perſon has a delightful view of Cairo, *Butak*, *Geeſh*, and a vaſt track of country extending all the way to the pyramids.

That valuable ſtuff of which the Sultan makes an annual preſent to the ſanctuary of Mecca, is fabricated in this palace. I aſked the director of the manufacture, from what Joſeph he ſuppoſed the fountain and palace to have taken their denomination? he anſwered from *Salah ed din*, whoſe proper name was Joſeph. This account ſeems the more probable, as Cairo owes it other embelliſhments to that Caliph. Near this palace are thirty large and beautiful columns of red granite ſtill ſtanding, but unroofed, and degraded by having a parcel of wretched huts built againſt them. In a path cut in the rock, and leading from one part of the caſtle to another, I was ſurpriſed to obſerve an eagle with a double head engraven upon a large ſtone, and ſtill perfectly diſcernible.

The ſuburb *El Caraſe*, at preſent but thinly inhabited, contains a number of ſuperb moſques which are partly fallen into ruins, with ſeveral tombs of the ancient ſovereigns of this country. The Mahometan women repair in crowds to this place, on pretence of performing their devotions, but, in reality, for the pleaſure of walking abroad. On the other ſide of the caſtle, there is alſo a great number of ruinous moſques, and houſes of prayer built over the tombs of rich Mahometans, and forming a ſtreet three quarters of a German league in length. From the aſtoniſhing number of theſe moſques and houſes, it ſhould ſeem that the ancient ſovereigns of Egypt were not leſs diſpoſed than the Sultans of Conſtantinople, to expend money upon pious foundations.

Among this multitude of moſques are ſome diſtinguiſhed by beauty and ſolidity of ſtructure. One of thoſe, although the ſeat of an academy, was ſo ſtrongly and ſo advantageouſly ſituated, that, in particular inſurrections, batteries uſed to be raiſed in it, and directed againſt the caſtle; for which reaſon the gates have been built up. Thoſe moſques have little ornament within: The pavement is covered with mats, ſeldom with carpets. Nothing appears on the walls but a few paſſages of the Koran, written in golden letters, and a profuſion of bad lamps, ſuſpended horizon-

tally, and intermixed with oſtrich eggs, and ſome other trifling curioſities.

The *Mouritan* is a large hoſpital for the ſick and mad. Thoſe of the former claſs are not numerous, conſidering the extent of the city. The ſick were formerly provided with every thing that could tend to ſoothe their diſtreſs, not excepting even muſic. From the inſufficiency of the funds to ſupply ſo great an expence, the muſic had been retrenched, but has been ſince reſtored by the charity of a private perſon. The deſcriptions of Cairo ſay much of the large revenues belonging to the hoſpital, and to many of the moſques. But the ſame thing happens here as in other places: The adminiſtrators of the revenues enrich themſelves at the expence of the foundations; ſo that new bequeſts from the pious are from time to time neceſſary, to prevent them from falling into utter decay.

In this city are a great many *kans* or *oquals*, as they are called in Egypt. Theſe are large and ſtrong buildings conſiſting of ware-rooms and ſmall chambers for the uſe of foreign merchants. Here, as well as at Conſtantinople, are ſeveral elegant houſes, where freſh water is diſtributed gratis to paſſengers.

The public baths are very numerous. Although externally very plain buildings, they have handſome apartments within, paved with marble, and ornamented in the faſhion of the country. Several ſervants attend, each of whom has his particular taſk, in waiting upon and aſſiſting thoſe who come to bathe. Strangers are ſurpriſed when thoſe bathers begin to handle them, and afraid of having their limbs diſlocated. But after being a little accuſtomed to the ceremony, they find it ſufficiently agreeable.

The *birkets*, or ponds, formed by the waters of the Nile, which, when it riſes, fills the hollows, are very common about and in Cairo. Thoſe ponds, or rather marſhes, become meadows, every year after the water is evaporated. This viciſſitude renders them very agreeable; And the moſt conſiderable perſons in the country live upon their banks. The palaces of the great are no ornaments to the city; for nothing about them can be ſeen but the high walls that ſurround them.

OF THE DIVERSIONS OF THE ORIENTALS.

From the ſame.

IT may appear trifling to deſcend to a detail of the arts by which a people have contrived to while away the leiſure hours that hang heavy on their hands: Yet are theſe arts expreſſive of the character and manners of a nation. The nature of the amuſements followed in any country can never be a matter of indifference to an obſerver, who wiſhes to ſtudy the character of its inhabitants. Beſides, what renders the amuſements of the Eaſt peculiarly intereſting, theſe are all of ancient origin, and an

acquaintance with them clears up ſome difficulties concerning old cuſtoms.

The climate, cuſtoms, and government, conſpire to give the manners of the Orientals a melancholy caſt. Their ſerioufneſs is increaſed by the want of ſocial intercourſe, from which they are ſecluded by means of that jealouſy which hinders them from admitting one another into their houſes. They are ſilent, becauſe, when ſhut up with their women, where they have few topics for converſation, they unavoidably acquire habits of taciturnity. As power is confined to a few hands, and induſtry oppreſſed by Government, the ſubjects of the Eaſtern deſpots naturally become gloomy and languid for want of employment; and the more ſo, for their being unacquainted with letters, or with the fine arts, which afford the beſt relief from the *tædium* of ſuch a life. The exactions of Government render fortune ſo precarious, as to bewilder the people in endleſs ſpeculations about their intereſts, and to render them more attached to buſineſs than to pleaſure.

The amuſements of nations in ſuch circumſtances muſt be very different from thoſe of a people among whom the idle and opulent form a numerous claſs; where the women lead the faſhion, and give the tone to manners and converſation, while all the world are obliged to bend to their whimſies and humours. In Europe, all the pleaſures of ſociety are marked with the ſoftneſs and domeſtic, ſedentary life of the ſex; and men are daily adopting more entirely the amuſements of the women. But, in the Eaſt, amuſements take their caſt more from the tranſactions of public life, and have ſomething more maſculine and auſtere in them. The ignorance of the Orientals, indeed leaves them a reliſh for very inſipid diverſions.

In the evening, the great generally ſhut themſelves up in their *harem*. We know not what paſſes in theſe ſolitary retreats: But, as the women of the Eaſt are exceſſively ignorant, and merely great children, it is very probable that the amuſements of the *harem* are extremely childiſh. Some hints which have occaſionally eſcaped from huſbands of my acquaintance confirm me in this opinion.

The *Oſmanli*, or Turks of diſtinction, who are ſtill attached to the ancient military inſtitutions of the nation, amuſe themſelves chiefly with equeſtrian exerciſes. The principal inhabitants of Cairo meet twice a-week in a large ſquare, called *Muſtabe*, with a number of attendants on horſeback. In this ſquare they play at *Gerid*; which conſiſts in running, by two and two, with ſtirrups looſe, purſuing one another, and toſſing ſtaves four feet long; theſe they throw with ſuch force, that if any one be not upon his guard, he is in danger of having a leg or an arm broken. Others, while riding at full gallop, throw balls into a pot placed upon a heap of ſand. Others, again, ſhoot the bow; an exerciſe in ſuch repute, that pillars are erected in honour of thoſe who exhibit extraordinary proofs of ſtrength or dexterity in launching the arrows.

When the Nile is at its greateſt height, the great about Cairo divert themſelves in little boats ſplendidly decked out, upon the *Birkets* in the middle of the city. Upon this occaſion, they regale the inhabitants with muſic, and often with fire-works.

A man originally from Tripoli in Barbary informed me, that the Pacha of that city uſed ſometimes to erect two ſcaffolds, with cords running between them, and upon theſe miniature models of ſhips of war, armed with cannons of a ſize in proportion to that of the veſſel. Thoſe veſſels, thus ſuſpended in the air, and commanded by naval officers, who directed the evolutions, and the fire of the ſmall artillery, preſented no unentertaining repreſentation of a ſea fight. The captain whoſe veſſel firſt ſuffered conſiderable damage was conſidered as conquered. But this diverſion often ended in ſerious quarrels among the commanders, and was therefore aboliſhed.

The ſervants of the Egyptian nobles exerciſe themſelves on foot, in throwing, one againſt another, ſtaves five or ſix feet long; and thus learn to throw the *Gerid*, when on horſeback. The common people and peaſants divert themſelves with cudgel-playing. Gladiators by profeſſion there are, too, who exhibit in public. But ſtaves are their only weapons; and a ſmall cuſhion faſtened under the left arm, ſerves them as a buckler.

Through the villages, the young people amuſe themſelves at diverſions much the ſame as ſeveral of thoſe which are practiſed in Europe. They run, leap, play at the ball, ſometimes at odds and evens, and at toſſing a number of ſmall ſtones into the air, and receiving them again into the hand.

It is natural for people who live in ſecluſion from ſociety, and in ſubjection to arbitrary authority, to be fond of public feſtivals. Theſe are celebrated in Egypt with much pomp and ceremony, particularly the feſtival upon the departure of the pilgrims for Mecca, of which ſeveral authors have given a deſcription. The other feaſts beſides this, are numerous: each moſque celebrates a feaſt in honour of its founder; upon occaſion of which there is a proceſſion of perſons of all ranks; and the people are permitted to divert themſelves in an adjoining ſquare. The Copts have their feaſts, as well as the Mahometans, and contribute, by their ceremonies to the general amuſement.

Theſe feſtivals are ſometimes celebrated by night. The ſtreets are then illuminated by the blaze of reſinous wood in a chaffing diſh, held up on a long pole. They uſe alſo another more luminous flambeau, which is a machine conſiſting of divers pieces of light wood, to which are hung a number of ſmall lamps, and the whole carried on a pole, as the former. When theſe feſtivals are celebrated by day, the people divert themſelves upon ſwings, and with other ſimilar amuſements.

In Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, the favourite amuſement of perſons in any degree above the very loweſt claſſes, is, to ſpend the

evening in a public coffee-houſe, where they hear muſicians, ſingers, and tale-tellers, who frequent thoſe houſes in order to earn a triffle by the exerciſe of their reſpective arts. In thoſe places of public amuſement, the Orientals maintain a profound ſilence, and often ſit whole evenings without uttering a word. They prefer converſing with their pipe; and its narcotic fumes ſeem very fit to allay the ferment of their boiling blood. Without recurring to a phyſical reaſon, it would be hard to account for the general reliſh which theſe people have for tobacco: by ſmoaking, they divert the ſpleen and languor which hang about them, and bring themſelves, in a ſlight degree, into the ſame ſtate of ſpirits which the opium-eaters obtain from that drug. Tobacco ſerves them inſtead of ſtrong liquors, which they are forbidden to uſe.

This fondneſs for tobacco has rendered them very nice, with reſpect to the form and materials of their pipes. Thoſe uſed by the common people, have the bole of burnt clay, with a reed for a ſtalk. Perſons of condition have their pipes made of ſome more precious matter, and more ornamented. They cover the ſtalk with a piece of cloth which they wet, when the heat is exceſſive, in order to cool the ſmoke, as they inhale it. Over great part of Aſia, the Perſian pipe is uſed, which by paſſing the ſmoke through water, renders it milder, and more agreeable to thoſe who ſwallow it. In Egypt, the Perſian pipe is nothing but a cocoa nutſhell, half filled with water, with two ſtalks, one communicating with the bole, the other entering the mouth of the perſon who ſmokes. *Kerim-Kan*, the preſent *Schah* in the ſouth of Perſia, ſeems to diſtinguiſh himſelf at this amuſement; for the pipe that is moſt in faſhion, is called, after him, a *Kerim-Kan*.

Smoking with the Perſian pipe ſerves to warm a perſon upon occaſion, as well as to amuſe. The ſmoke inhaled from it enters the lungs, and thus communicates through the whole body a gentle heat. In a voyage upon the Euphrates, which I performed in winter, the boatmen were often obliged to go into the water, to ſet the boat a-float. As they durſt not drink brandy to ſave themſelves from ſuffering by the cold, I could not do them a greater pleaſure, than by giving them a pipe of tobacco in this way.

CURIOSITIES.

ACCOUNT OF A MAN WHO LIVED UPON LARGE QUANTITIES OF RAW FLESH.

In a Letter from Dr. Johnſtone, Commiſſioner of ſick and wounded Seamen, to Dr. Blane.

MY DEAR SIR, *Somerſet Place, Oct.* 28, 1799.

HAVING in Auguſt and September laſt been engaged in a tour of public duty, for the purpoſe of ſelecting from among the priſoners of war ſuch men as, from their infirmities, were fit

objects for being releaſed without equivalent, I heard, upon my arrival at Liverpool, an account of one of theſe priſoners being endowed with an appetite and digeſtion ſo far beyond any thing that had ever occurred to me, either in my obſervation, reading, or by report, that I was deſirous of aſcertaining the particulars of it by ocular proof, or undeniable teſtimony. Dr. Cochrane, fellow of the college of phyſicians at Edinburgh, and our medical agent at Liverpool, is fortunately a gentleman upon whoſe fidelity and accuracy I could perfectly depend; and I requeſted him to inſtitute an enquiry upon this ſubject during my ſtay at that place. I encloſe you an atteſted copy of the reſult of this; and as it may probably appear to you, as it did to me, a document containing facts extremely intereſting, both in a natural and medical view, I will beg you to procure its inſertion in ſome reſpectable periodical work.

Some farther points of inquiry concerning this extraordinary perſon having occurred to me ſince my arrival in town, I ſent them in the form of queries to Dr. Cochrane, who has obligingly returned ſatisfactory anſwers. Theſe I ſend along with the abovementioned atteſted ſtatement, to which I beg you to ſubjoin ſuch reflections as may occur to you on this ſubject.

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,
J. JOHNSTONE.

To Gilbert Blane, M. D. F. R. S.
and one of the Commiſſioners.
of ſick and wounded Seamen.

CHARLES DOMERY, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, aged twenty-one, was brought to the priſon of Liverpool in Febuary, 1799, having been a ſoldier in the French ſervice, on board the Hoche, captured by the ſquadron under the command of Sir J. B. Warren off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciouſneſs of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army: and the peculiar craving for food in this young man began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional ſupply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were ſcarce, he made up the deficiency by eating four or five pounds of graſs daily; and in one year devoured 174 cats (not their ſkins) dead or alive! and ſays he had ſeveral conflicts in the act of deſtroying them, by feeling the effects of their torments on his face and hands: ſometimes he killed them before eating, but when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office!

Dogs aud rats equally ſuffered from his mercileſs jaws; and, if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals indiſcriminately became his prey. The above facts are atteſted by Picard, a

reſpectable man, who was his comrade in the ſame regiment, on board the Hoche, and is now preſent—and who aſſures me he has often ſeen him feed on thoſe animals.

When the ſhip, on board of which he was, had ſurrendered, after an obſtinate action, finding himſelf, as uſual hungry, and nothing elſe in his way but a man's leg (which was ſhot off) lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily, when a ſailor ſnatched it from him, and threw it over board.

Since he came to this priſon, he has eat one dead cat and about twenty rats. But what he delights moſt in is raw meat, beef or mutton, of which, though plentifully ſupplied (by eating the rations of ten men daily*) he complains he has not the ſame quantity, nor indulged in eating ſo much as he uſed to do, when in France.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without taſting bread or vegetables, waſhing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His ſubſiſtence at preſent, independent of his own rations, ariſes from the generoſity of the priſoners, who give him a ſhare of their allowance.—Nor is his ſtomach confined to meat; for when in the hoſpital, where ſome of the patients refuſed to take their medicines, Domery had no objection to perform this for them; his ſtomach never rejected any thing, as he never vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wiſhing fairly to try how much he could eat in one day—on the 17th of September, 1799, at 4 o'clock in the morning, he breakfaſted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half paſt nine, in preſence of Dr. Johnſtone, commiſſioner of ſick and wounded ſeamen, Admiral Child and his Son, Mr. Foſter, agent for priſoners, and ſeveral reſpectable gentlemen, he exhibited his power as follows:—There was ſet before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; theſe he finiſhed by half paſt ten o'clock. At one o'clock there was again put before him five pounds of beef and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter; at which time he was locked up in the room, and ſentries placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his proviſions. At two o'clock, when I again ſaw him, with two friends, he had nearly finiſhed the whole of the candles, and a great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, ſtool, or urine; his ſkin was cool, and pulſe regular, and in good ſpirits. At a quarter paſt ſix, when he was to be returned to his priſon, he had devoured the

* The French priſoners of war were at this time maintained at the expence of their own nation, and were each allowed the following daily ration:—Twenty-ſix ounces of bread, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or ſix ounces of cheeſe.

whole, and declared he could have eat more; but from the priſoners without, telling him we wiſhed to make ſome experiment on him, he began to be alarmed. It is alſo to be obſerved, that the day was hot, and not having his uſual exerciſe in the yard, it may be preſumed he would otherwiſe had a better appetite. On recapitulating the whole conſumption of this day, it ſtands thus:

Raw cow's udder - -	4 lb.
Raw beef - - - -	10
Candles - - - - -	2
Total	16 lb.

Beſides five bottles of porter.

The eagerneſs with which he attacks his beef, when his ſtomach is not gorged, reſembles the voracity of a hungry wolf tearing off and ſwallowing peices with canine greedineſs. When his throat is dry from continued exerciſe, he lubricates it by ſtripping the greaſe off the candles between his teeth, which he generally finiſhes at three mouthfuls, and wrapping the wick like a ball, ſtring and all, ſends it after in a ſwallow. He can, when no choice is left, make ſhift to dine on immenſe qnantities of raw potatoes or turnips; but from choice, would never deſire to taſte bread or vegetables.

He is in every reſpect healthy, his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the priſon, he danced, ſmoked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and, by four the next morning, he awoke with his uſual ravenous appetite, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is ſix feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made but thin, his countenance rather pleaſant, and is good tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the preſence of, and atteſted by—

Deſtauban, French ſurgeon;
Le Fournier, ſteward of the hoſpital;
Revet, commiſſaire de la priſon;
Le Flem, ſoldat de la fer demi brigade.
Thomas Cochrane, M. D. inſpector and ſurgeon of the priſon, and agent, &c. for ſick and wounded ſeamen.

Liverpool, Sept. 9, 1799.

(A true copy.)

John Bynion, clerk in the office for ſick and wounded ſeamen.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

1ſt. What are the circumſtances of his ſleep and perſpiration?

He gets to bed at eight o'clock at night, immediately after which he begins to ſweat, and that ſo profuſely, as to be obliged to throw off his ſhirt. He feels extremely hot, and in an hour or two after goes to ſleep, which laſts untill one in the morning.

after which he always feels himself hungry, even though he had lain down with a full stomach. He then eats bread or beef, or whatever provision he may have reserved through the day; and if he has none, he beguiles the time in smoking tobacco. About two o'clock he goes to sleep again, and awakes again at five or six in the morning in a violent perspiration, with great heat. This quits him on getting up; and when he has laid in a fresh cargo of raw meat (to use his own expression) he feels his body in a good state. He sweats while he is eating; and it is probably owing to this constant propensity to exhalation from the surface of the body, that his skin is commonly found to be cool.

2d. What is his heat by the thermometer?

I have often tried it, and found it to be of the standard temperature of the human body. His pulse is now eighty-four—full and regular.

3d. Can this ravenous appetite be traced higher than his father?

He knows nothing of his ancestors beyond his father. When he left the country, eleven years ago, his father was alive, aged about fifty—a tall stout man, always healthy, and can remember he was a great eater, but was too young to remember the quantity, but that he eat his meat half boiled. He does not recollect that either himself or his brothers had any ailment, excepting the small-pox, which ended favourably with them all—he was then an infant; his face is perfectly smooth.

4th. Is his muscular strength greater or less than that of other men at his time of life?

Though his muscles are pretty firm, I do not think they are so full or so plump as those of other men. He has, however, by his own declaration, carried a load of three hundred weight of flour in France, and marched fourteen leagues in a day.

5th. Is he dull or intelligent?

He can neither read nor write, but is very intelligent and conversable, and can give a distinct and consistent answer to any question put to him. I have put a variety at different times, and in different shapes, tending to throw all the light possible on his history, and never found that he varied; so that I am inclined to believe that he adheres to truth.

6th. Under what circumstances did his voracious disposition first come on?

It came on at the age of thirteen, as has been already stated. He was then in the service of Prussia, at the siege of Thionville: They were at that time much straitened for provisions, and as he found this did not suit him, he deserted into the town. He was conducted to the French general, who presented him with a large melon, which he devoured, rind and all, and then an immense quantity and variety of other species of food, to the great entertainment of that officer and his suite. From that time he has preferred raw to dressed meat; and when he eats a moderate quantity of what has been either roasted or boiled, he throws it

up immediately. What is ſtated above, therefore, reſpecting his never vomiting, is not to be underſtood literally, but imports merely that thoſe things which are moſt nauſeous to others had no effect upon his ſtomach.

There is nothing farther to remark, but that ſince the atteſted narrative was drawn up he has repeatedly indulged himſelf in the cruel repaſts before deſcribed, devouring the whole animal, except the ſkin, bones, and bowels; but this has been put a ſtop to, on account of the ſcandal which it juſtly excited.

In conſidering this caſe, it ſeems to afford ſome matters for reflection, which are not only objects of conſiderable novelty and curioſity, but intereſting and important, by throwing light on the proceſs by which the food is digeſted and diſpoſed of.

Monſtroſity and diſeaſe, whether in the ſtructure of parts, or in the functions and appetites, illuſtrate parts of the animal economy, by exhibiting them in certain relations in which they are not to be met with in the common courſe of nature. The power of the ſtomach, in ſo quickly diſſolving, aſſimilating, and diſpoſing of the aliment in ordinary caſes, muſt ſtrike every reflecting perſon with wonder; but the hiſtory of this caſe affords a more palpable proof, and more clear conception of theſe proceſſes, juſt as objects of ſight become more ſenſible and ſtriking when viewed by a magnifying glaſs, or when exhibited on a larger ſcale.

The facts here ſet forth tend alſo to place in a ſtronger light the great importance of the diſcharge by the ſkin, and to prove that it is by this outlet, more than by the bowels, that the recrementious parts of the aliment are evacuated; that there is an admirable co-operation eſtabliſhed between the ſkin and the ſtomach, by means of that conſent of parts ſo obſervable, and ſo neceſſary to the other functions of the animal economy; and, that the purpoſe of aliment is not merely to adminiſter to the growth and repair of the body, but by its bulk and peculiar ſtimulus to maintain the play of the organs eſſential to life.

CURIOUS MEMOIRS OF A PARISH CLERK.

BY THE CELEBRATED DEAN SWIFT.

Extracted from the new edition of his works juſt publiſhed by Mr. John Nichols.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatiſe conſiſted of two large volumes in folio, which might juſtly be entitled, "The Importance of a man to himſelf:" but, as it can be of very little uſe to any body beſides, I have contented myſelf to give only this ſhort abſtract of it, as a taſte of the true ſpirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the Lord. Amen. I, F. P. by the grace of God, clerk of this pariſh, writeth this Hiſtory.

Ever ſince I arrived at the age of diſcretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a pariſh clerk: and to that end, it ſeemed unto me meet and profitable to aſſociate myſelf with the pariſh-clerks of this land—ſuch, I mean, as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and ſweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to paſs, that I was born in the year of our Lord, *Anno Domini*, 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor eſquire Bret did add one bell to the ring of this pariſh. So that it hath been wittily ſaid, that "one and the ſame day did give to this our church two rare gifts—its great bell and its clerk."

Even when I was at ſchool, my miſtreſs did ever extol me above the reſt of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was farthermore obſerved, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exerciſe myſelf in ſinging godly ballads, ſuch as the Lady and Death, the Children in the Wood, and Chevy chace; and not like other childrrn, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the pſalm next after maſter William Harris, my predeceſſor, who (it muſt be confeſſed, to the glory of God) was a moſt excellent pariſh-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of ſixteen I became a company keeper, being led into idle converſation by my extraordinary love to ringing; inſomuch that in a ſhort time I was acquainted with every ſet of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to abſent myſelf from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the ſteeple. While I was in theſe ſocieties, I gave myſelf up to unſpiritual paſtimes, ſuch as wreſtling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; ſo that I often returned to my father's houſe with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a hat that was edged with ſilver galloon; but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold, my head was broken a ſecond time!—At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom! But I adminiſtered to my comfort, ſaying within myſelf, "what man is there, howſoever dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a baſe-born child laid unto me—for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal phantaſies: Thus was I led into ſin by the comelineſs of Suſannah Smith, who firſt tempted me, and then put me to ſhame—for indeed ſhe was a maiden of a ſeducing eye and pleaſant feature. I humbled myſelf before the juſtice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and, to do away mine offen-

ces and make her ſome atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the ſabbath-day following.

How often do thoſe things which ſeem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! for the miniſter (who had long looked on Suſannah as the moſt lovely of his pariſhioners) liked ſo well of my demeanor, that he recommended me to the houour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the deceaſe of good maſter William Harris.

No ſooner was I elected into mine office, but I laid aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity, ſince by wearing a band (which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our clergy) I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linen veſtment of Aaron.

Thou may'ſt conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me when I firſt took my place at the feet of the prieſt. When I raiſed the pſalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, "Remember, Paul, thou ſtandeſt before men of high worſhip, the wiſe Mr. juſtice Freeman, the grave Mr. juſtice Thomſon, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters: nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, knight and baronet, and my younger maſter the eſquire, who ſhall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation—- but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein!

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuſes which had crept into the church.

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the temple, excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober dog which yelped not, neither was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs (though ſore againſt my heart) unto poor babes, in tearing from them half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church: but verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, the pews and benches, which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I cauſed every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom and trimmed.

Fifthly and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender, yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water; and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the miniſter in cleaner linen.

Shoes, ſaith he, did I make (and, if entreated, mend) with good approbation; faces alſo did I ſhave, and I clipped the hair.

Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my two-fold profeſſion there paſſed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearſed; how that being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhaved the prieſt with Spaniſh blacking, for ſhoes inſtead of waſhball, and with lamblack powdered his peruke. But theſe were ſayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth—for it is well known that great was my ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf without fetching blood. Farthermore I was ſought unto geld the Lady Frances her ſpaniel, which was won't to go aſtray: he was called Toby, that is to ſay, Tobias. And thirdly, I was entruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid lady to ſet a heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch therefore, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the king to mend ſhoes for his majeſty—whom God preſerve! Amen.

That the ſhame of women may not endure, I ſpeak not of baſtards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the pariſh: even her who hath done penance in the ſheet will I not mention, foraſmuch as the church hath been witneſs of her diſgrace: let the father, who hath made due compoſition with the church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, reſt in peace; my pen ſhall not bewray him, for I alſo have ſinned.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the pſalms of King David ſhould be hymned unto the ſame tunes to which he played them upon his harp; ſo was I informed by my ſinging-maſter a man right cunning in pſalmody. Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was inſtituted the ſol-fa, in ſuch guiſe as is ſung in his majeſty's chapel. We had London ſinging-maſters ſent into every pariſh, like unto exciſemen; and I alſo was ordained to adjoin myſelf unto them, though an unworthy diſciple, in order to inſtruct my fellow pariſhioners in this new manner of worſhip. What though they accuſed me of humming through the noſtril as a ſackbut, yet would I not forego that harmony—It having been agreed by the worthy pariſh-clerks of London ſtill to preſerve the ſame. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a pſaltry, and the church on the Sunday was filled with theſe new hallelujahs.

We are now (ſays he) arrived at that celebrated year in which the church of England was tried in the perſon of Dr. Sacheverell. I had ever the intereſt of our high church at heart, neither would I at any ſeaſon mingle myſelf in the ſocieties of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred more than the heathen or gentile. It was in theſe days I bethought myſelf that much profit might accrue unto our pariſh, and even unto the nation, could there be aſſembled together a number of choſen men of the right ſpirit,

who might argue, refine, and define upon high and great matters. Unto this purpoſe I did inſtitute a weekly aſſembly of divers worthy men, at the Roſe and Crown alehouſe, over whom myſelf (though unworthy) did preſide. Yea, I did read to them the Poſt-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourſelves.

Our ſociety was compoſed of the following perſons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciſeman; and myſelf. Firſt of the firſt, Robert Jenkins:

He was a man of bright parts and ſhrewd conceit, for he never ſhoed a horſe of a whig or a fanatic, but he lamed him ſorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy perſon, rightly eſteemed among us for his ſufferings, in that he had been honoured in the ſtocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a ſufferer alſo; of zealous and laudable freedom of ſpeech, inſomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewiſe, for that his uncle by the mother's ſide had formerly been ſervitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverell was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the pariſh upon theſe our weekly councils. In a ſhort ſpace the miniſter came among us; he ſpake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other miniſters at the viſitation, and they ſpake thereof unto the miniſters at London, ſo that even the biſhops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, ſpake of the ſame unto other members of parliament, who ſpake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our coumcils enter into the hearts of our generals and our law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we deviſed, thus did they.

In the church-yard I read this epitaph, ſaid to be written by himſelf.

O reader, if that thou canſt read,
Look down upon this ſtone;
Do all we can, death is a man
That never ſpareth none.

PRETERNATURAL OPERATION OF THE SENSES.

FATHER Paul Sarpi, a perſon of ſingular qualifications and profound learning, had all his ſenſes ſo vivacious and ſprightly, as few other men were bleſſed with. His taſte was ſo perfect, that he was able to diſcern almoſt inſenſible things: But in compound meats, it was a wonder how quickly he could diſtinguiſh what was beneficial, from what was dangerous, and thereby prevented the attempts of his enemies to poiſon him, and preſerved himſelf to a very old age, being ſeventy and one when he died.

Sir Kenelm Digby ſays, that it is the cuſtom of ſome hermits that abide in the deſerts, by their ſmell and taſte, to inform themſelves, whether the herbs, fruits and roots, they meet withal in thoſe ſolitary and unfrequented places, be proper for them to feed on or not, and accordingly eat or refuſe them.

Cardanus reports, that he knew Auguſtus Corbetas, an eminent patrician of their city, whoſe ſmell was very good, but he had no taſte at all. He could ſmell ginger, pepper, or cloves, but could not taſte them, or diſcern their potential heat, and ſo of other things.

Lazarus, commonly called the Glaſs-eater, was well known to all in Venice and Ferrara. He never had any taſte, or knew what it was, could not diſcern between ſweet and ſour, freſh and ſalt, inſipid and bitter; but all things, whether glaſs, ſtones, wood, coals, linen or woolen cloth, tallow, candles, or the dung of animals, came all alike to him; he found neither pleaſure nor offence in eating. When he was dead, Columbus opened him, and found that the fourth conjugation of nerves, which in other men (for their taſte ſake) is extended long, in this man did not bend itſelf towards the palate or tongue, but was turned back to the hinder part of the head.

Meeting caſually ſays Mr. Boyle, with the deſervedly famous Dr. Finch, extraordinary anatomiſt to the Duke of Tuſcany, he told me of a great rarity he had ſeen at Maeſtrich in the Low Countries: A man that could diſcern colours by the touch of his finger, but could not do it unleſs he was faſting; any quantity of drink taking from him that exquiſiteneſs of touch, which is requiſite to ſo nice a ſenſation.

It is credibly reported of count Mansfield, that though he was blind of both his eyes, yet by his touch only, he could diſtinguiſh between black and white, and name them in their proper colours, which was the one, and which was the other, without ever being miſtaken.

A certain young man, ſays Bartholinus, had totally loſt his ſenſes of taſting and feeling, nor was he at any time an hungry, yet eat as other men do to ſuſtain life, but more out of cuſtom than neceſſity. He could not walk but upon crutches, and the reaſon of it was, he did not know where his feet were, or whether he had any or not.

That excellent Lithotomiſt, Mr. Hillier, acquaints us, ſays Mr. Boyle, that among other infirm people, that were ſent to be cured in a great hoſpital wherein he was employed as a ſurgeon, a maid of about eighteen or nineteen years of age, had ſo utterly loſt the ſenſe of feeling in all the external parts of her body, that ſevere trials of pinching and burning were employed but to no purpoſe; for ſhe was as unconcerned at them, as if they had been tried upon wood, ſtone, or a dead body. Having thus remained a long time in the hoſpital, without any ſymptom of amendment, or hope of cure, Dr. Harvey upon the ſtrangeneſs

of the accident, and to ſatisfy his curioſity, ſometimes made her a viſit, and ſuſpecting her diſtemper to be uterine, and cureable only by hymeneal exerciſes, he adviſed her parents, who were of good ſubſtance (and did not ſend her thither out of poverty) to take her home, and provide her a huſband; they followed the doctor's advice, and were not long before they diſpoſed of her in marriage, which in effect was her perfect cure, as the doctor had prognoſticated.

The number of teeth are thirty-two, and when they exceed that number, they are accounted preternatural, and when they come ſhort of it, Nature is ſaid to be defective. Columbus ſays, he ſaw one over in a certain nobleman. Some have but twenty-eight, which is thought to be the loweſt, and yet the ſame author obſerved, that cardinal Nicholas Ardinghellus had only twenty-ſix in his mouth, and yet had never loſt any as himſelf related.

Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, had no teeth in his upper jaw, that is to ſay, not diſtinguiſhable one from another, as in other people, but only one intire bone poſſeſſing his gums, notched a little on the top, where the teeth in other men are divided.

It is credibly reported that Louis XIII. king of France, had a double row of teeth in one of his jaws, which was the cauſe that he had an impediment in his ſpeech.

The lord Michael de Romagnano, at the age of ninety years caſt his teeth, and had a new ſet that came in their places. The emperor Charles IV. had one of his grinders dropt out, and another came in the room of it, though he was then in the ſeventy firſt year of his age. And an Engliſh gentleman (as has been reported) from a decrepid old age, grew upright, renewed his conſtitution, and had a new ſet of teeth, by the frequent uſe of bathing and drinking the Bath water, which has been cuſtomary ever ſince.

Amatatus Luſitanus gives us a relation of one James, that had long hairs growing upon his tongue, which as often as they were pulled out would grow again. Schenkius ſpeaks of divers perſons that had ſtones taken out of their tongues as big as a pea, others as big as a bean, which obſtructed the freedom of ſpeech, which they recovered again, the cauſe being taken away.

The wife of Nauſimenes the Athenian, having ſurprized her ſon and daughter in the horrid act of inceſtuous copulation, ſhe was ſtruck with ſuch confuſion, that ſhe loſt the uſe of her ſpeech, and was mute as long as ſhe lived.

Atys the ſon of king Cræſus, being dumb from his birth, ſeeing a ſoldier about to kill his father, cried out, O man, man, do not kill Cræſus; and by this violent paſſion looſing the ſtrings of his tongue, he had ever after a free uſe of ſpeech.

THE MUSICAL PIGEON—*As related by Mrs. Piozzi.*

AN odd thing to which I was this morning witneſs, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, ſo well known in London by his long reſidence among us, and from the undiſputed merit of his compoſitions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of dumb creatures, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals that can live at Venice, where, as I obſerved, ſcarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exiſt with any degree of comfort to themſelves. This creature has, however, by keeping his maſter company, I truſt, obtained ſo perfect an ear and taſte for muſic, that no one who ſees his behaviour, can doubt for a moment of the pleaſure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and ſing; for as ſoon as he ſits down to the inſtrument, Columbo begins ſhaking his wings, perches on the piano-forte, and expreſſes the moſt indubitable emotions of delight. If however he or any one elſe ſtrike a note falſe, or make any diſcord upon the keys, the dove never fails to ſhew evident tokens of anger and diſtreſs; and if teazed too long, grows quite enraged; pecking the offender's legs and fingers in ſuch a manner, as to leave nothing leſs doubtful than the ſincerity of his reſentment. Signora Cecilia Giuliani, a ſcholar of Bertoni's, who has received ſome overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if ſhe ever arrives there, bear teſtimony to the truth of an aſſertion very difficult to believe, and to which I ſhould hardly myſelf give credit, were I not witneſs to it every morning that I chuſe to call and confirm my own belief. A friend preſent proteſted he ſhould feel afraid to touch the harpſichord before ſo nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the aſſertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting thoſe who came to take muſical inſtructions. With regard to other actions of life, I ſaw nothing particularly in the pigeon, but his tameneſs, and ſtrong attachment to his maſter; for though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never ſeeks to range away from the houſe, or quit his maſter's ſervice, any more than the dove of Anacreon:

While his better lot beſtows
Sweet repaſt and ſoft repoſe;
And when feaſt and frolic tire,
Drops aſleep upon his lyre.

AN ACCOUNT OF A MERMAN, OR SEA MONSTER,

Seen off at Breſt; in a letter from one of the Spectators.

THE wind being eaſterly, we had thirty fathoms of water, when at ten o'clock in the morning a ſea-monſter like a man appeared near our ſhip; firſt on the larboard where the mate was, whoſe name is William Lomone, who took a grappling-iron to pull him up; but our captain named Oliver Morin, hindred him, being afraid that the monſter would drag him away into the ſea. The ſaid Lomone ſtruck him only on the back, to make him turn about, that he might view him the better. The monſter being ſtruck, ſhewed his face having his two hands cloſed, as if he had expreſſed ſome anger. Afterwards he went round the ſhip; when he was at the ſtern, he took hold of the helm with both his hands, and we were obliged to make it faſt, leſt he ſhould damage it. From thence he proceeded to the ſtarboard, ſwimming ſtill as men do. When he came to the fore-part of the ſhip, he viewed for ſome time the figure that was in our prow, which repreſented a beautiful woman; and then he roſe out of the water, as if he had been willing to catch that figure. All this happened in ſight of the whole crew. Afterwards he came again to the larboard, where they preſented to him a codfiſh hanging down with a rope; he handled it without ſpoiling it, and then removed the length of a cable, and came again to the ſtern, where he took hold of the helm a ſecond time. At that very moment, captain Morin got a harping-iron ready, and took it himſelf to ſtrike him with it; but the cordage being entangled he miſſed his aim, and the harping-iron touched only the monſter, who turned about ſhewing his face as he had done before. Afterwards he came again to the fore-part, and viewed again the figure in our prow. The mate called for the harping-iron; but he was frighted, fancying that this monſter was one La Commune, who had killed himſelf in the ſhip the year before, and had been thrown into the ſea in the ſame paſſage. He was contented to puſh his back with the harping-iron, and then the monſter ſhewed his face, as he had done at other times. Afterwards he came along the board, ſo that one might have given him the hand. He had the boldneſs to take a rope held up by John Mazier, and John Deſſiete, who being willing to pluck it out of his hands, drew him to our board, but he fell into the water, and then removed at the diſtance of a gun's ſhot. He came again immediately near our board, and riſing out of the water to the naval, we obſerved that his breaſt was as large as that of a woman of the beſt plight. He turned upon his back, and appeared to be a male. Afterwards he ſwam again round the ſhip, and then went away; we have never ſeen him ſince.

I believe that from ten o'clock to twelve that this monſter was along our board, if the crew had not been frighted, he might have been taken many times with the hand, being only two feet

diſtant. The monſter is about eight feet long; his ſkin is brown and tawny, without any ſcales: All his motions are like thoſe of men; the eyes of a proportionable ſize, a little mouth, a large and flat noſe, very white teeth, black hair, the chin covered with a moſſy beard, a ſort of whiſkers under the noſe, the ears like thoſe of men, fins between the fingers and toes of his hands and feet, like thoſe of ducks. In a word, he is like a well ſhaped man; which is certified to be true by captain Oliver Morin, and John Martin, pilot, and by the whole crew, conſiſting of two and thirty men.

A WHIMSICAL LETTER,

Containing ſome remarkable Anecdotes relative to Dogs.

PAYING a viſit the other day, to an old lady of my acquaintance, whilſt we were in the midſt of an elegant ſupper, a maſtiff, that is the ſecurity of a neighbouring carpenter's yard, interrupted our regale with a moſt hideous, frightful howling. The old gentlewoman ſtopped ſhort, with abundance of gravity laid down her knife and fork, and turned as pale as her handkerchief. Surprized, and thinking ſome ſudden diſorder had attacked her I halloed out to the ſervants, and at the expence of overſetting our good cheer, haſted to her aſſiſtance myſelf, and began to chafe her temples, and feel her pulſe; while ſhe ſeemed to regard me only with dying looks;—all trembling and cold, ſhe reclined her head upon my ſhoulder, and only anſwered to my repeated enquiries after her health with,———*Alas! oh!*——— *Good God, how unfortunate I am!*———*That curſed Dog!*——— *I wiſh he had been ſhot a year ago!*———*My poor huſband had juſt the ſame warning!*———&c. Finding ſhe began to expreſs herſelf with ſome ſtrength, I ſignified my deſire to be acquainted with what connexiou there was between her ſudden indiſpoſition and the dog. When ſhe informed me, that his howling was a certain ſign of ſome body's dying in the neighbourhood, and ſhe was ſure it was herſelf, from a dream ſhe had that day three weeks, which ſhe alſo recited to me, and gave me, without my being able to put in one word, a long narration of the ſeveral times of his howling, for ſome years, and the great mortality that followed thereupon in her vicinity. It was in vain, I found to attack this favourite ſuperſtition of her's which had been rivetted, by ſo many examples, into her imagination; and therefore, after ſtaying till ſhe was put to bed, with all the ſymptons of an approaching fever, cauſed by this accident, I took my leave.

Arrived at home, I began to muſe upon this nonſenſical notion, which has, it ſeems, diſtracted the brains of abundance of ſilly people, and by the very apprehenſion of death, may poſſibly put an end to the life of my good old ſhe acquaintance. In vain has the inimitable Spectator combated ſuch whims as theſe in his in-

ſtructive papers; they ſtill ſpread far and wide, and by the old and illiterate, are fixed as firmly in their belief as their religion.

The howling that theſe perſons take notice of, I find, upon enquiry, muſt be accompanied with the following circumſtances to make it a prognoſtick. It muſt be late at night, or very early in the morning, when the creatures may be ſuppoſed to be more inclined to reſt than to diſturb their maſters with ſuch noiſy ſalutations. Their cry muſt be hollow, long continued, and ending in a faintiſh kind of cadence: In ſhort, not like the common cry of dogs, but as if ſome extraordinary emotion compelled them to it.

My reveries carried me, at length, to an admiration of the ſagacity of animals, which manifeſts itſelf on ſo many occaſions and of which we have, from hiſtory and experience, ſuch well warranted ſtories. I then could not help entertaining a thought that dogs may find themſelves really diſturbed, and ſomewhat altered, when the atmoſphere about them is in the leaſt degree tainted. Diſeaſed and Morbid perſons, let their caſe be what it will, alter the particular air they breathe in, which the fine ſcent of a dog may immediately diſcover; for they, no doubt, enjoy the faculty of ſmelling, in an almoſt infinitely greater degree than human creatures. It is the ſcent by which they find their homes, or maſters, when loſt; and by their poſture when running by themſelves, you may diſcern they trace their way by it. They are ſo habituated to the well known effluvia of the perſons they belong to, that when the owner ſtops, though he is mixed with an hundred other people, the dog loſing the particular favour he is uſed to, ſtops ſhort, yet without turning about to look.——Let the owner approach nearer, the cur will reſume his old pace, though his eyes were never employed to diſcover his want. This would almoſt indicate, that we are of as great a variety of ſmells as we are of features and complexions. Blood-hounds, and all ſorts of game-dogs, are too well known for their excellent noſes to need much illuſtration. Murderers and game-killers have been found out by the former, at 20 miles diſtance from the place where they committed the fact: And ſo retentive are theſe organs in them, that a dog having been preſent at the murder, upon ſeeing the murderer of his maſter again 20 years after, has fallen upon him, and by that means diſcovered him; of this we have many well atteſted ſtories. A phyſician whom I knew, and was very intimate with abroad, had ſo much reliance upon this diſcerning faculty in his dog, that, ſaving your readers preſence, whenever he untruſſed a point the dog only ſmelt at the contents he left behind him, and retired without taſteing, he immediatly phyſicked himſelf, as apprehenſive his body was out of order; and aſſured me ſeveral times, that he had experienced the verity of this obſervation. And it was, no doubt, more by this ſenſe than his ſight, that Argus, Ulyſſes's dog, diſcovered his maſter after ſo long an abſence—

Tho' juſt expiring on the ground he lay.
Him when he ſaw, he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,

'Twas all he could—and crawl'd, and lick'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy;—then falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and dy'd.

I think it ſhould be read—'Him when he *ſmelt*'—as he may be ſuppoſed to be very dim-ſighted, for he muſt be near 30 years old. Why then may not we ſuppoſe, that on a perſon's being diſordered, and in bad health, tho' perhaps he has not yet diſcovered it himſelf, he may have tainted the circumjacent air, ſufficiently to diſturb and annoy the delicate organs of ſmell of a neighbouring dog, which may occaſion uneaſy ſenſations in the brute, and thoſe complaints he is wont to make by ſuch expreſſive howling.—Therefore it may be a portent, perhaps, of ſickneſs to ſomebody about him; his continuing to howl, and his howling more, of the increaſe of the diſeaſe; and though I cannot find how he is the prognoſticator of death, yet when he howls almoſt continually, ſomebody muſt be bad indeed.

A dog of the pointing kind, that I brought from Charleſton, in South-Carolina, to Edinburgh, in June laſt, where he died, was by this ſenſe a remarkable prognoſticator of bad weather: Whenever I obſerved him prick up his ears in a liſtening poſture, ſcratching the deck, and rearing himſelf up to look over to windward, where he would eagerly ſnuff up the wind, though it was the fineſt weather imaginable, I was ſure of a ſucceeding tempeſt; and he was grown ſo uſeful to us, that whenever we perceived the fit upon him, we immediately reefed our ſails, and took in our ſpare canvas to prepare for the worſt. Other animals are prognoſticators of weather too. I never was in a ſtorm at ſea, but it was foretold by ſome natural philoſophers on board, many hours before the gale. Cats and pigs, for inſtance, no doubt, perceiving, though we cannot, the alteration in the atmoſphere, by ſome particular effect it has on their bodies, will run about wild things. Puſs will dance up and down the ſhrouds, gnaw the ropes, and divert herſelf with every thread that ſtirs. The pigs will ſport fore and aft, race about, bite one another, and commence perfect poſture-maſters. You may laugh, ſir, but what I tell you is really true, and they get many a kick from the apprehenſive ſailor. Poultry on ſhip-board, alſo, before the approach of windy weather, I have obſerved to be greatly diſturbed, beat their wings about their coops, and droop prodigiouſly, making a low, mournful kind of cackling.

Sharks ſhould ſeem to have very good ſcents, by their following a veſſel many days wherein was a diſeaſed perſon; but then I have alſo obſeved them follow us, in like manner, when no one has been ſick during the whole voyage. And, no doubt, the reaſon of their keeping company thus with ſhips, is not ſo much from their being ſenſible of an approaching meal upon a dead body, as to feed upon the excrements, and other traſh and filth that is generally hove overboard; beſides, I have feaſted heartily on a ſhark, which when firſt opened, I found had abundance of ſea ware in

his ſtomach; this makes me think they are only fiſhes of prey when neceſſity preſſes them, or ſome enemy has driven them from their uſual haunts; and if I remember right, Atkins, or ſome other voyager, is of my opinion.

More need not be ſaid to ſupport the probability of dogs being able to foretel approaching ſickneſs and diſeaſe by their exquiſite ſcent. However, I do aſſure you, ſir, that I very much condemn the weakneſs of thoſe people, who imagine, that a dog is made the meſſenger of fate to them; that notion is as ridiculous and abſurd as any thing can poſſibly be; and let me inform our antiquated ſoothſaying ſages of both ſexes, that, according to my hypotheſis, any other uncommon ſtink, beſide the diſordered human body, may occaſion theſe uneaſy, dreaded cries from the diſturbed brute.

'Tis impious and profane to the laſt degree, to ſuppoſe, that the all-wiſe Creator, upon every trifling occaſion, goes out of his ordinary way of governing the world, and ſupernaturally inſpires every vile creature to give ſigns and tokens to the human race, and that only to a few individuals, in no reſpects raiſed above the reſt of the ſpecies, and when, after all, it can anſwer no wiſe end or purpoſe. What end would theſe warnings anſwer, when given ſo immediately before death? they would only ſerve to terrify and diſtract the poor wretches; ſeeing that, according to my notions of things, nothing can be ſo mean, ſo deſpicable, as a death-bed repentance. 'Tis like the honeſty of a man when arreſted, and in durance for a juſt debt, which he then conſents to pay, becauſe elſe he muſt ſuffer impriſonment. Theſe, and an hundred other fooleries, I am ſenſible, with ſome perſons, are the indubitable and principal proofs of the exiſtence of a Divine Being. I pity them much—that they are not capable of gathering enough from the all-wiſe and beautiful creation, from reaſon and philoſophy, aided by the ſacred evidence of the holy ſcriptures, to prove that exiſtence; but that they muſt have recourſe to ſuch idle and groundleſs fancies, and muſty tales and fables, which indeed have received too much credit in all ages ſince the æra of our redemption, by the miſtaken zeal of ſo many champions of the faith, who have given ſuch wounds to it by their credulity, and to religion in general.

The ſagacity of thoſe dogs that lead the blind ought to have been touched on. It has oftentimes amazed me, with what care and concern they avoid any thing that may give their maſters diſturbance; and by their ſtopping ſo opportunely, ſometimes, one would be apt to think they could even ſmell the qualities of one's mind, and diſtinguiſh generoſity from inhumanity.

Since I made theſe reflections, I recollect a ſtory, that now no longer ſurpriſes me. A gentleman, late in Turkey, has a fine pointer that he very greatly values, and is a conſtant attendant on him. Stepping into a public aſſembly three years ago with this gentleman, we paid our compliments to a certain noted bar-

onet, who has received ſo many wounds in the cauſe of Venus, that his whole carcaſe is a corrupted maſs of diſtempers. Hector immediately made up to the ſame corner of the aſſembly, and for two or three moments, with great briſkneſs, ſnuffled about this hero's garments, and then with a mortified look, taking two or three traverſes round the room, he hung his ears, and with his tail between his legs, fairly ſcampered down ſtairs, notwithſtanding the repeated calls we made after him. As I always regarded the actions of this beaſt as ſomewhat above common inſtinct, for he is a remarkable cunning creature, this immediately ſtruck me, and I ran down after him, where I found him drinking out of a gutter that ran from a pump before the door; that finiſhed, he rolled himſelf in the duſt two or three times, gave ſome yelps, and quietly laid himſelf before the threſhold to wait our coming out; nor could all my intreaties or menaces get him in again. Is there any thing ſurpriſing in this? No—the gentleman was grown ſuch a ſtink-pot, that even a brute could not endure him, and was forced to uſe methods to get rid of the hautgout, even after he had left him. Indeed, we, more complaiſant than honeſt Hector, ſtood the whole nauſeous perfume, at the expence of ſickened ſtomachs, to preſerve the appearance of good manners.

If perſons who have reduced themſelves to ſo low an ebb by their vices, had any modeſty remaining, they would not peſter public places with their company, and endanger the loſs of many a good cur, whoſe noſe may not be ſo complaiſant as their maſters. And let me tell them, that a good dog is of infinitely more worth, and fills up his rank in the creation with much greater grace and decorum, than ſuch filthy mongrels as they do, who have forfeited all right to humanity, and rendered themſelves more deſpicable than the beaſt that periſheth. Shadowy remains of guilty pleaſure! Relics of diſaſtrous debauchery! they but crawl about to the offence of their fellow-creatures, and when the fatal ſiſters, at laſt, taking compaſſion upon the ſufferings of thoſe about them, cut the fine ſpun hair of their lives, they drop, and are a bye-word to poſterity.

Dogs of all kinds are ſenſible when they encounter ſuch wretched objects; nay, within theſe few days I have obſerved more than ordinarily their actions in the ſtreet, and found they have made a large circuit to avoid ſome perſons who have looked paſſid and emaciated, whilſt they have paſſed cloſe by thoſe of ſanguine, healthy phizes.

Some Account of S. BISSET, *the extraordinary Teacher of Animals and a Wonderful Inſtance of Eccentricity and Patience.*

(From the Anthologia Hibernica.)

PERHAPS no period has produced ſo ſingular a character as Biſſet; though in this age of apathy, his merit was but little rewarded. At any former æra of time, the man who could aſſume a command over the dumb creation, and make them act with a docility which went far beyond mere brutal inſtinct, would have been looked upon as poſſeſſed of ſupernatural powers, according to the Pagan notions; or, be burned as a wizard, according to the chriſtian ſyſtem.

Biſſet was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721; he had one or two brothers bred to the watch-making buſineſs, who ſettled in this kingdom; but having himſelf ſerved a regular time to a ſhoe-maker, and a remarkable hand at what is called women's work; he went to London, where he married a woman who brought him ſome property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money, until the notion of teaching the quadruped kind attracted his attention in the year 1739. Reading an account of a remarkable horſe ſhewn at the fair of St. Germain's, curioſity led him to try his hand on a horſe and a dog which he bought in London, and he ſucceeded beyond all expectation. Two monkies were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilſt the other held a candle, with one paw, for his companion, and with the other played a barrel organ. Theſe antic animals he alſo inſtructed to play ſeveral fanciful tricks, ſuch as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling upon the horſe's back, and going through ſeveral regular dances with the dog. Being a man of unwearied patience, three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He taught thoſe domeſtic tigers, to ſtrike their paws in ſuch directions on the dulcimer, as to produce ſeveral regular tunes, having muſic books before them, and ſqualling at the ſame time in different keys or tones, firſt, ſecond, and third, by way of concert. In ſuch a city as London, ſuch a matter could not fail of making ſome noiſe; his houſe was every day crouded, and great interruption given to his buſineſs. Among the reſt he was viſited by an exhibitor of wonders;—Pinchbeck, brother to the little gentleman whoſe elegant trifling in the toy-way has been well known to attract the attention of royalty. This gentleman adviſed him to a public exhibition of his animals at the Haymarket, and even promiſed, on receiving a moiety, to be concerned in the exhibition. Biſſet agreed, but the day before the performance, Finchbeck declined, and the other was left to act for himſelf. The well known *Cat's Opera* was advertiſed in the Haymarket; the horſe, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their ſeveral parts, with uncommon applauſe, to crouded houſes; and in a few days Biſſe-

found himſelf poſſeſſed of near a thouſand pounds profit to reward his ingenuity.

This ſucceſs excited a deſire of extending his dominion over other animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a leveret, and reared it to beat ſeveral marches on the drum with its hind legs, until it became a good ſtout hare. This creature which is always ſet down as the moſt timid, he has declared to the writer of this article, to be as miſchievous and bold an animal, to the extent of its power, as any he has known. He taught Canary birds, linnets, and ſparrows, to ſpell the name of any perſon in company, to diſtinguiſh the hour and minute of time, and play many other ſurpriſing fancies; he trained ſix turkey-cocks to go through a regular country-dance; but in doing this he confeſſed he adopted the Eaſtern method, by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the courſe of ſix months teaching, he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company. It is not, however, imagined, that the very great time he employed in teaching thoſe different creatures, could ever make him a return for the neglect of his induſtry. He found himſelf conſtrained, in the courſe of a few years, to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his groupe, and to ſell ſome others of them. In the year 1775, he ſhewed his animals in this city, to the very great aſtoniſhment of thouſands; after which he took the north-weſt circuit of the kingdom, and ſettled at length at Belfaſt, where he eſtabliſhed himſelf in a public-houſe, determined to have nothing more to do with any other but the rational part of animated nature.

But the habits and the amuſements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and a cat (now in the poſſeſſion of his widow at Belfaſt,) to go through many amazing performances. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a gold-fiſh, which he did not deſpair of making perfectly tractable. But ſome time afterwards, a doubt being ſtarted to him, whether the obſtinacy of a pig could be conquered, his uſual patient fortitude was practiſed to try the experiment. He bought a black ſucking pig in the market of Belfaſt for three ſhillings, and trained it to lie under the ſtool, or kit, on which he ſat at his work. At various intervals, during ſix or ſeven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpoſe; and deſpairing of every kind of ſucceſs, he was on the point of giving it away, when it ſtruck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in conſequence of which, in the courſe of ſixteen months, he made an animal, ſuppoſed the moſt obſtinate and perverſe in nature, to become the moſt tractable. In Auguſt 1783, he once again turned itinerant, and brought his learned pig to Dublin, where it was firſt ſhewn for two or three nights at Ranelagh. It was not only under full command, but appeared as pliant and good natured as a ſpaniel. When the weather having made it neceſſary he ſhould remove to the city,

he obtained the permiſſion of the chief magiſtrate, and advertiſed the pig in Dame-ſtreet. It was ſeen two or three days by many perſons of condition, to ſpell without any apparent direction, the name or names of thoſe in company, to caſt up accounts, and to point out even the words thought of by perſons preſent; to tell exactly the hour, minutes, and ſeconds; to point out the married and unmarried; to kneel and, make his obeiſance to the company, &c. &c. Poor Biſſet was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a man, whoſe ignorance and inſolence diſgraced authority, broke into the room, without any ſort of pretext, and armed with that brutality which the idea of power gives (what Shakeſpeare calls,) "a pelting petty officer," he aſſaulted the inoffending man, broke and deſtroyed every thing by which the performance was directed, and drew his ſword to kill the ſwine, which Pope would have called *half-reaſoning*, inſtead of *grovelling*—an animal, that in the practice of good manners, was at leaſt the ſuperior of the aſſailant. The injured Biſſet pleaded, without any purpoſe, the permiſſion he obtained from the chief magiſtrate: he was threatened to be dragged to priſon, if he was found any more offending in the ſame manner; in conſequence of which he was conſtrained to return home, but not before the agitation of his mind had thrown him into a fit of illneſs, from which he never effectually recovered; and died a few days after at Cheſter, on his way to London.

NARRATIVE.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SPANISH BIRD HERMIT,

In Montſerrat Hermitage.

THE mountain of Montſerrat is ſituate in Catalonia, and has many hermitages diſperſed about the higher parts.

Mr. Thickneſſe, whoſe travels have afforded the public much entertainment and uſeful information, gives us the following account of a viſit he paid to the Bird-Hermit, ſo called, becauſe the feathered tribe are his conſtant aſſociates.

The ſecond hermitage, in the order they are uſually viſited, is that of St. Catherine, ſituated in a deep and ſolitary vale; it, however, commands a moſt extenſive and pleaſing proſpect at noon-day to the eaſt and weſt. The buildings, garden, &c. are confined within ſmall limits, being fixed in a moſt pictureſque and ſecure receſs under the foot of one of the high pines. Though this hermit's habitation is the moſt retired and ſolitary abode of any, and far removed from the din of men, yet the courteous, affable, and ſprightly inhabitant ſeems not to feel the loſs of human ſociety, though no man, I think, can be a greater ornament to human nature. If he is not much accuſtomed to hear the

voice of men, he is amply recompenced by the mellifluous notes of birds; for it is their ſanctuary as well as his; for no part of the mountain is ſo well inhabited by the feathered race of beings as this delightful ſpot. Perhaps, indeed, they have ſagacity enough to know, that there is no other ſo perfectly ſecure. Here the nightingale, the blackbird, the linnet, and an infinite variety of little ſongſters, greater ſtrangers to my eyes than fearful of my hands, dwell in perfect ſecurity, and live in the moſt friendly intimacy with their holy protector, and obedient to his call: for, ſays the hermit,

"Haſte here, ye feather'd race of various ſong,
Bring all your pleaſing melody along!
O come, ye tender, faithful, plaintive doves,
Perch on my hands, and ſing your abſent loves!"

When inſtantly the whole vocal band quit their ſprays, and ſurround the perſon of their daily benefactor, ſome ſettling upon his beard; and, in the true ſenſe of the word, take his bread even out of his mouth; but it is freely given; their confidence is ſo great, (for the holy father is their bondſman) that the ſtranger too partakes of their familiarity and careſſes. Theſe hermits are not allowed to keep within their walls either dog, cat, bird, or any living thing, leſt their attention ſhould be withdrawn from heavenly to earthly affections. I am ſorry to arraign this good man; he cannot be ſaid to tranſgreſs the law, but he certainly evades it; for though his feathered band do not live within his walls, they are always attendant upon his court: nor can any prince or princeſs upon earth boaſt of heads ſo elegantly plumed, as may be ſeen at the court of St. Catharine; or of vaſſals, who pay their tributes with half the chearfulneſs they are given and received by the humble monarch of this ſequeſtered vale. If his meals are ſcanty, his deſert is ſerved up with a ſong, and he is huſhed to ſleep by the nightingale; and when we conſider, that he has but few days in the whole year which are inferior to ſome of our beſt in the months of May and June, you may eaſily conceive, that a man who breathes ſuch pure air, who feeds on ſuch light food, whoſe blood circulates freely from moderate exerciſe, and whoſe mind is never ruffled by worldly affairs; whoſe ſhort ſleeps are ſweet and refreſhing, and who lives confident of finding in death a more heavenly reſidence; lives a life to be envied, not pitied.—Turn but your eyes one minute from this man's ſituation, to that of any monarch or miniſter on earth, and ſay, on which ſide does the balance turn? While ſome princes may be embruing their hands in the blood of their ſubjects, this man is offering up his prayers to God to preſerve all mankind; whilſt ſome miniſters are ſending forth fleets and armies to wreak their own private vengeance on a brave and uncorrupted people, this ſolitary man is feeding, from his own ſcanty allowance, the birds of the air. Conceive him, in his laſt hour, upon his ſtraw bed, and ſee with what

compoſure and reſignation he meets it! Look in the face of a dying king, or a plundering and blood-thirſty miniſter—what terrors the ſight of their velvet beds, adorned with crimſon plumage, muſt bring to their affrighted imagination. In that awful hour, it will remind them of the innocent blood they have ſpilt; nay, they will perhaps think, they were dyed with the blood of men ſcalped and maſſacred, to ſupport their vanity and ambition. In ſhort, while kings and miniſters are torn to pieces by a thirſt after power and riches, and diſturbed by a thouſand anxious cares, this poor hermit can have but one, leſt he ſhould be removed (as the prior of the convent has a power to do) to ſome other cell, for that is ſometimes done, and very properly.

The youngeſt and moſt hardy conſtitutions are generally put into the higher hermitages, or thoſe to which the acceſs is moſt difficult; for the air is ſo fine in the higheſt parts of the mountain, that they ſay it often renders the reſpiration painful. Nothing therefore can be more reaſonable than that, as theſe good men grow older, and leſs able to bear the fatigues and inconveniences the higheſt abodes unavoidably ſubject them to, they ſhould be removed to more convenient dwellings, and that the younger and ſtouter men ſhould ſucceed them.

As the hermits never eat meat, I could not help obſerving to him, how fortunate a circumſtance it was for the ſafety of his little feathered friends; and that there were no boys to diſturb their young, nor any ſportſman to kill the parent. "God forbid," ſaid he, "that one of them ſhould fall, but by his hands who gave it life!" "Give me your hand," ſaid I, "and bleſs me." I believe it did; but it ſhortened my viſit: ſo I ſtept into the grot, and ſtole a pound of chocolate upon his ſtone ſtable, and took myſelf away.

If there is a happy man upon this earth, I have ſeen that extraordinary man, and here he dwells! His features, his manners, all his looks and actions announce it; yet he had not even a ſingle maravedi in his pocket. Money is as uſeleſs to him as to one of his blackbirds.

Within a gunſhot of this remnant of Eden, are the remains of an ancient hermitage, called St. Pedro. While I was there, my hermit followed me; but I too coveted retirement. I had juſt bought a fine fowling piece at Barcelona; and when he came, I was availing myſelf of the hallowed ſpot, to make my vow never to uſe it. In truth, there are ſome ſorts of pleaſure too powerful for the body to bear, as well as ſome ſorts of pain: and here I was wrecked upon the wheel of felicity; and could only ſay, like the poor criminal who ſuffered at Dijon—O God! O God! at every *coup*.

I was ſorry my hoſt did not underſtand Engliſh, nor I Spaniſh enough, to give him the ſenſe of the lines written in poor Shenſtone's alcove.

"O you that bathe in courtlye bliſs,
Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare;
Do not too raſhly deeme amiſſe
Of him that bides contented here."

I forgot the other lines, but they conclude thus:

"For faults there beene in buſy life
From which theſe peaceful glennes are free."

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF THE EXACT OBEDIENCE WHICH SOME HAVE YIELDED TO THEIR SUPERIORS.

WHEN Metellus had diſinherited his ſons, they choſe rather to have no ſhare in his eſtate, than to admit of any diſputation about the force of his will: and ſome have freely parted with liberty and life itſelf, when either has come into competition with the commandment of their ſuperiors.

1. Tiribaſus was a ſtout and valiant man; and when ſome Perſians came to lay hold on him, he drew his ſcymeter, and manfully defended himſelf. His aggreſſors thereupon fearing to be worſted by him, cried out, "That what they did was by the king's command." Tiribaſus no ſooner heard this, but he threw away his weapon, and gave his hands to be bound by them.

2. The great Baſſa of Aleppo, who was alſo an emir or hereditary prince, the year before my coming thither had revolted from his emperor, and fighting the Baſſas of Damaſcus and Carahemen, overcame them. The year following, and in my being there, the Grand Signior ſent from Conſtantinople a Chiaus and two Janizaries in embaſſage to him. When they came to Aleppo, the Baſſa was in his own country of Meſopotamia; the meſſengers made haſte after him, but in their journey they met with him coming to Aleppo, accompanied with his two ſons and five hundred horſemen. Upon the highway they delivered their meſſage, where he ſtood ſtill and heard them. The proffer of Sultan Achmet was, that if he would acknowledge his rebellion, and for that treaſon committed ſend him his head, his eldeſt ſon ſhould both inherit his poſſeſſions and the Baſſaſhip of Aleppo; that otherwiſe he would come with great forces in all expedition, and in his own perſon would extirpate him and all his from the face of the earth. At the hearing of which the Baſſa, knowing he was not able to reſiſt the invincible army of his maſter in his own perſon, diſmounted from his horſe, and went to counſel with his ſons, and neareſt friends; where he and they concluded it was beſt for him to die, being an old man, to ſave his race undeſtroyed, and to preſerve his ſon in his authority and inheritance. This done, the Baſſa went to prayer, and taking his leave of them all, kneeled down on his knees, where the Chiaus ſtruck off his head, putting

it into a box to carry with him to Aleppo. The dead corpſe was carried to Aleppo, and honourably buried; for I was an eye-witneſs to that funeral feaſt.—*Lithgow.*

3. No monarch had ever the glory of being ſo exactly obeyed as was that poor fiſher-boy in Naples, vulgarly called Maſaniello. He ordered that men ſhould go without cloaks, gowns, wide caſſocks, or ſuch like; which was univerſally obeyed, not only of the common ſort, but the nobility, all churchmen and religious orders, the two cardinals, Filomarino and Trivultio, the apoſtolical nuncio and all the biſhops in that city. He commanded that all women, of what degree or quality ſoever, ſhould go without their farthingales; and that when they went abroad they ſhould tuck their petticoats ſomewhat high, that no arms might be carried by them. This order was alſo obeyed. He commanded that all cavaliers ſhould deliver their arms, as alſo all noble perſons, to the hands of ſuch officers as he ſhould ſend with commiſſion to receive them. It was done. He had at his back an hundred and fifty thouſand men; and in the preſence of the viceroy of Naples, he made them cry out, "Let God live, let the holy virgin of Carmine live, let the king of Spain live! live Filomarino and the duke of Arcos, with the moſt faithful people of Naples!" The people followed him in every clauſe; and at laſt he ended with, "Let the ill government die:" which they alſo echoed. This was his firſt proof. He made a ſecond upon the people; putting his finger to his mouth, there was a profound univerſal ſilence, and ſcarce a man was known to breathe. For a laſt proof of his authority, and the people's obedience, he commanded with a loud voice (out of a balcony wherein he was,) that every ſoul there preſent, under pain of rebellion and death, ſhould retire from the place where they then ſtood; which was punctually and preſently obeyed, not one remaining behind; ſo that the viceroy was amazed at ſuch a ready and marvellous obedience. If he ſaid, "Bring me the head of ſuch a one," or, "Let ſuch a palace be burnt, and the houſe of ſuch a one be plundered," or any other the leaſt thing commanded; at the very inſtant, without any doubts or replies, it was put in execution. All this was at Naples in the year of our Lord 1647, in the month of July.

4. Thienkius the emperor of China had advanced an Eunuch, called Gueio, to ſuch height and power, that he ſtiled him by the name of Father, and paſſed the abſolute and ſovereign command into his hands; ſo that perſons of the greateſt eminency were put to death by his orders for trivial matters; it was enough if they could not bow themſelves to flatter and fawn upon him. Zunchinius ſucceeded in the empire, his brother being dead without iſſue, and he having reſolved the deſtruction of his over-potent eunuch, ſent him an order to go viſit the tombs of his anceſtors, to conſider if any of thoſe ancient monuments wanted reparation. He had not gone far upon his journey, but there was preſented to him, by order from the emperor, a ſilver box, with a halter of

ſilk folded up in it; by which he underſtood he was commanded to hang himſelf, which he accordingly did.

5. Amongſt the Perſians before the palace there perpetually ſtands a ſeat of iron with three feet; if it ſo fall out, that the King is more than ordinarily diſpleaſed with any Perſian, he may not fly to any temple or any ſanguinary; but ſtanding at this Tripos of the king's, he is there to expect his ſentence; and oftentimes, at the diſtance of ſome days, the king ſends one to put an end to his fearful expectation, by taking away his life.

6. In that part of Syria which the Perſians once held, there is a people called Aſſaſſines, or as Niceras calls them Chaſians: theſe are wont ſo to reverence and obſerve the commands of their prince, that they perform them with all readineſs and alacrity, how dangerous or difficult ſoever the execution of them be. At the firſt ſign or intimation by geſture of their king, they will immediately caſt themſelves headlong from rocks and towers, leap into the waves, throw themſelves into the fire, or being ſent by him to kill any ſuch prince whoſe death he deſires, they ſet themſelves about it, deſpiſing all the tortures they muſt endure after they have performed the murder, or diſcovery of their intention. When Henry earl of Campania paſſed from Antioch towards Tyrus, having obtained a ſafe conduct, the prince of this people, called Vetus, gave him a ſtrange aſſurance of his people's obedience; for he ſhewed him ſeveral perſons ſtanding upon the top of a high tower: one of theſe he called out by name, who no ſooner underſtood his command, but without any delay he caſt himſelf down from thence in their ſight, and, broken in pieces with the fall, he immediately died. The king would have called others out to trial, and was with difficulty diverted from his deſigns, by the earneſt intreaties of the earl, who was aſtoniſhed with wonder and horror at the experiment. The Salſidas of Sequimar of Arabia the Happy, perform the ſame at their prince's command.

7. When Hannibal made war againſt the Romans in Italy, he at that time had under his ſtandard Carthagenians, Numidians, Moors, Spaniards, Baleares, Gauls, Ligurians, and a number of Italian people, and yet the general was of that authority amongſt them, that though his army conſiſted of ſo many and different nations, and that the war was drawn out into ſo long a continuance, and that there was ſuch a variety of events therein, yet in all that time there never was known that there was any ſtir, tumult, or ſedition amongſt them.

8. Inſtead of crowns and ſceptres, the ornaments of the kings of Peru, whereby they ſhew their majeſty, are theſe: they wear certain taſſels of red wool, bound about their heads, hanging down upon their ſhoulders, almoſt covering their eyes, whereat they hang other threads, which they uſe when they would have any thing done or executed. They give that thread unto one of the Lords that attend upon them; by this token they command

in all their provinces, and the king hath done whatſoever he doth deſire. At the ſight of this thread his pleaſure is by his ſubjects with ſo great a diligence and dutiful obedience fulfilled, that the like is not known in any place of the world: for if (by this way) he chance to command that a whole province ſhall be deſtroyed, and utterly left deſolate, both of men and all living creatures whatſoever, it is done. If he ſend but one of his ſervants to execute the ſevereſt of his commands, although he ſend no other power or aid of men, nor other commiſſion, than one of the threads of his quiſpel, it is ſufficient; and they willingly yield themſelves to all dangers, even to death and deſtruction.

9. Xerxes flying out of Greece, the ſhip or boat was ſo overpreſſed with the numbers of ſuch as were got within her, that a tempeſt ariſing, they were all brought to the hazard of their lives. Here it was that Xerxes ſpoke to them in this manner: "Since upon you O Perſians! depends the ſafety of your king, let me now underſtand how far you take yourſelves to be concerned therein." He had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words, but that having firſt adored him, moſt of them leaped into the ſea, and by their death freed their king of his preſent danger.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS WIFE.

PHILO the Philoſopher was one day invited, with his wife, to dine at the houſe of a lady remarkable for two things, which are ſaid to gratify the firſt and ſtrongeſt of the human paſſions. She had, at her command, all the power which is conferred either by beauty or by riches.—Philo was ſitting at her table, when a ſervant appeared loaded with a ſack of a conſiderable ſize. It was thrown careleſsly upon the floor, and there left to remain, as it were a load of feathers: the ſolid ſound hit our Philoſopher and his Wife on the nerves, and made them ſtart. "Heavens! (ſaid Philo) that muſt be money—What a bouncing ſum! yet our hoſteſs is ſo accuſtomed to receive ſacks of this ſort that it makes no impreſſion upon her. What a ſlap has it given me, who am only a ſpectator!" Odds bobs! (cried the Philoſopher's Wife, caſting one eye on the ſack, and one upon her huſband) a third of that bag would make a rich woman of me forever!"—"That ſum! (replied the lady, with inconceivable ſang-froid)—Alas! —A very nothing—ſcarce worth telling—follow me." The Philoſopher and his Wife, in ſilent wonder, followed the lady, who opened a large portable drawer, and diſcovered it full of guineas. —"Hem!" ſaid the Philoſopher.—Mercy! (cried his Wife, catching up an handful, as much as to ſay) oh! that ye were mine." The lady ſhut the drawer with the calm hand ſhe had opened it, and returned in the utmoſt eaſe to her ſeat. "'Tis all a cuſtom (ſaid ſhe, in a tone of voice perfectly ſenſible;) I am ſo uſed to receive large ſums, and to have thoſe drawers filled with

guineas, that the cuſtom paſſes now amongſt the ordinary occurrences of life, and ſeldom excites an emotion either of pleaſure or of pain; but 'tis thus, my friends. with every *other* poſſeſſion."—"God bleſs my ſoul! (cried the Philoſopher's Wife) Drink a glaſs of that lady's Burgundy, my dear"—quoth Philo, "and pray, give me another."—"God bleſs my ſoul!" repeated his wife, pouring out the wine. The Philoſopher drank three bumpers, one after another, as faſt as he could pour them down; and after every bumper, his ſenſations, with regard to money, became more philoſophic; at the third glaſs, he bowed to the lady of the houſe, and retired to aſcend the lofty flight of ſtairs that led into his own apartments. As he was aſcending, the liquor operated, and the ſpirit mounted his brain as he mounted the ſtaircaſe. "Adorable juice of the grape! (cried he) what a power haſt thou to heal the wounds of an empty purſe! I ſwear to Bacchus (added he, ſnapping his fingers,) I do not care *this* for all the money that is now in mine hoſteſs's ſtrong box." As Philo entered his lodgings, a dog who had been long of his houſehold, was found ſnoring in profundity of ſleep on the threſhold.—"Happy being! (ſaid Philo, ſtepping over him cautiouſly) thou haſt no money, and art yet happier even than Philo." He entered the firſt chamber, and looking to the farther end of it, beheld the bed that had ſo often received a poor, but affectionate couple. "Good again! (ſaid our Philoſopher with a diſordered voice) I am ſure of a large ſtock in love, though I may be ſometimes ſhort of money." He next entered his ſtudy, the ſcene of his contemplation, and looking into one of the drawers, the firſt thing that ſtruck him was a file of receipts.—"Better and better (ſaid he,) I have theſe to ſhew for a good heart, were all other points to fail me.—Theſe teſtimonials of my honeſty, are ſo many letters of credit, and vouch that my character is much better than my circumſtances."—The ſecond drawer which he opened, contained the flights of his fancy, written when the fit of compoſition was upon him. "Hah, hah! (cried he, at the diſcovery of a treaſure) have I found my omnium, my ſummum bonum, at laſt! Here are evidences of pleaſure enjoyed and of value received, which even money itſelf cannot purchaſe, with all its ſovereignty.—Oh, Imagination! Imagination! how haſt thou ſoothed, how haſt thou charmed me! When, but for thee, Reaſon would have diſtracted, and matter of fact driven me to deſpair—how haſt thou ſparkled in my cup, and timely infuſed into it the balms of Hope!" He opened a third box; and taking thence a little purſe, with his finger and thumb he held it inverted, and produced the ſum of his preſent ſubſtance.—Eight crowns, hoarded againſt the day of trouble, ſhone on his table.—"Hoity, toity! (exclaimed he) Why I am a very Cræſus—eight crowns!—Clodius has but four—Mercutius three—Marcius two—Sporus only one.—Catullus none.—Vertumnus hath perhaps been running half over this plentiful city for a dinner; and hapleſs Curiatius knowns not

where he ſhall obtain this night a bed.—There is miſery! but for Philo—there is no praying for him!—I have a good bed, a good wife, much health, more philoſophy, a large file of receipts to look back upon, and eight crowns to look forward with: in ſuch a flow of proſperity, let me not be proud; let me learn to humiliate—let me be grateful—let me bow to the ſupreme beſtower." A violent burſt of laughter here interrupted our Philoſopher's rhapſody. It proceeded from a viſitor, in a rich ſuit of clothes, who overheard his effuſions. "Paltry fellow! (cried Philo,) thy fortune is on thy back, while mine is in my heart."—After this diſagreeable intruder was gone, our Philoſopher ſat himſelf down in a corner of his ſtudy to meditate. He firſt repreſented the lady with whom he dined, in the act of paſſing her fair fingers over heaps of gold, which he regarded not: and then he opened a little box, in which he had put ſeveral gold trinkets, &c. "'Tis juſt thus (ſaid he:) theſe gold trinkets have been in this drawer a long time—I have loſt through frequency the very power of admiring them—I ſcarce ſee them:—but thee, oh my PEN!—my plumed aſſociate—ſource of life, and weapon of defence:—my friend—my patron! *Thou* art forever agreeable!—With thee I can tranſcribe my ſenſations.—When my purſe is empty, with thy aid I can ideally repleniſh it.—When my creditors call, I can draw my bill upon Imagination at ſight.—When the ſun does not chuſe to ſhine in the Heavens, I can cauſe his beams to play through my aſſiſtance upon paper!—Eight crowns only are, it is true, now actually in my poſſeſſion; but it is in thy power to increaſe it, oh delightful inſtrument, to eighty thouſand! Does miſery drop a tear? Thou ſhalt procure the penny which, well-timed, ſhall ſometimes dry it up more effectually than a pound. Am I myſelf at any time in want? *A la bonne heure*, I ſhall give thoſe who are in better circumſtances, and have as good a heart, an opportunity to relieve me; but with regard to fortune, I am now reſolved to try an experiment.—Oh Spirit of Fancy attend!" Here Philo roſe haſtily; and opening his bureau with great formality, took a ſheet of paper, and cutting it into ſmall round pieces, put them into a drawer, and ſhut it with the utmoſt caution. "In that drawer (ſaid he to himſelf) ſuppoſe me now to have depoſited a thouſand guineas; 'tis an object that muſt be guarded well. It behoves me to take great care of ſo immenſe a treaſure—I tremble while I poſſeſs it:—well, what is to be done firſt? It is a new thing with me to have ſo large a ſum in my houſe, and I muſt take extraordinary meaſures to ſecure it."—From this moment commenced the real miſery of our Philoſopher. In ſhutting the drawer, he found, for the firſt time in his life, a defect in the catch of the lock.—"Oh, ho! (ſaid he) this muſt be rectified.—'Twas a very good protector for eight crowns, but will by no means do to guarantee a thouſand guineas."

Juſt at this criſis, in came the Philoſopher's Wife, who was no ſooner informed of the treaſure, than ſhe laid out eight hundred

and eighteen pounds in decorations. Imaginary wants grow out of imaginary riches—when Philo went to bed, he never found either his pillow or his ſenſations ſo uneaſy.

"Lord bleſs me, Polly, (ſaid he in a fearful tone) take care that the fire is ſafe, for if any ſpark ſhould get into my bureau, we are ruined for ever."—The Philoſopher's Wife, who was at this time dreaming ſhe had jewels in her ears, cried out to ſome viſionary ſpectator, "have they not a fine water, Madam? Are they not ſparklers, Sir?"

The next morning, Philo read an account of a robbery committed at two hundred miles diſtance, and his heart throbbed with apprehenſion at the intelligence. His Wife ſaid gapeingly, "I declare, Philo, I have not cloſed my eyes ſince you had that thouſand pounds."—"And my head aches miſerably," replied Philo.—"For my part, I think (ſaid ſhe) to *wiſh* is better than to *poſſeſs*."—"By my faith (anſwered Philo) unleſs we could make the receipt of ſuch ſums a matter of practice and indifference to us, like the handſome lady with whom we yeſterday dinned, I believe ſo too."—"Since that is the caſe, huſband, (rejoined the Wife) let us get rid of this thouſand pounds as faſt as we can, and after it is ſpent, let us live as uſual; half our time in the management of our little, and the other half in labouring for a freſh ſupply."—"You are perfectly right, my dear (ſaid the Philoſopher, taking his Wife by the hand, and leading her to the bureau which contained the imaginary thouſand pounds,) our money is all in paper, child (ſaid he;) I tried an experiment. I wiſhed to flatter myſelf with being the owner of a thouſand pounds—the very idea has coſt us loſs of ſleep, great fear, great folly, and great care. I am very happy to have the pleaſure of telling you, that we are juſt as we were."—"Have we not eight crowns ſtill (ſaid the Philoſopher's Wife?) And don't we look for more by the poſt?"—"And is there not my Eſſay on Fortune—my Poem on the Danger of Wealth, and my Treatiſe on Œconomy," ſaid the Philoſopher.—"True, (anſwered his Wife;) ſo let us warm the broth which was left at dinner, and go comfortably to bed; for, honeſt Poverty is a friend to repoſe."—The lock of the bureau had that night the key in it; for there was nothing to fear, and they ſlept off the fumes of their late fancies without any interruption; for they were no longer put out of their way, by an idea of poſſeſſions to which they were unaccuſtomed, and which deranged their little ſyſtem. On their awaking, the Philoſopher's Wife declared ſhe was perfectly refreſhed.

"Ay, (ſaid her huſband, gently taking hold of her hand) eight crowns and a good feather-bed are abſolutely neceſſary, and what we are uſed to; but the weight of a thouſand pounds in the drawer, is too mighty to be borne in the brain of honeſt, little folks, without making the head ache."

Such were the ſenſations of a Philoſopher and his Wife at the ſight of a ſum of money

ADVENTURES OF A PEN.

SOME evenings ago, as I was meditating on the ſurprizing events which variegate human exiſtence, I ſunk gradually into a ſoft and benignant repoſe, which produced at length a kind of allegoric viſion that preſented the following circumſtances :— Methought the Pen with which I had been writing, lifted itſelf erect on its ſtandiſh, and aſſuming the power of writing, without being, as heretofore, governed by the human hand, thus marked its own eventful hiſtory on the paper which I had left upon the table in my library.

"As to that part of me which relates to my original body in its ſtate of gooſehood, it was eaten on the birth-day of my miſtreſs, and the very wing on which I grew, afforded her fair ſiſter— afterwards a Ducheſs, a Michaelmas dinner. I was flung into the common kitchen, and underwent the moſt ſervile offices of culinary drudgery ; the ſcullion-wench uſing me for a time to ſweep the duſt from the chimney-piece, till the foot-boy, in a fit of frolic, toſſed me on the back of the fire, where I had been infallibly burnt, had not the coachman, a grave prudent perſonage, happening that moment to want a quill, ſnatched me from the flames ; he withdrew with me to his ſtable (after I had undergone an immerſion from the pump ; and was at length brought to my natural tranſparency.) From this advance in fortune, I firſt became a *Pen*, though "ſent into this breathing world but half made up," as King Richard ſays. My firſt employ, after this migration, was to write the dictates of my ſimple protector's heart, to a young woman on whom he had caſt the eye of affection ; but I ſcorn to tell the ſecrets of any man whoſe acquaintance I have enjoyed, being a pen of ſtricter honour ; yet I cannot help noticing, that though the ſtile of the coachman was without refinement, and the ſentiment without elegance, yet it was full of a much better thing, ſincerity. Having ſuper-ſubſcribed his epiſtle to his beloved, I was placed in a ſtout machine of horn, where I had not ſtood long before the butler, coming into the ſtable, and having a memorandum to put down, made me write in the leaf of a ſmall pocket, as follows : Mem :— The five dozen of burgundy for my private friends, to be charged to the account of election-riots, January 17—&c. and the large ſilver cup and ſalver, which I preſented to dear Jenny Catchim, to be laid to black Jack that was hanged for a highway robbery. N. B. Dead men tell no tales. Methought I felt my very feathers ſtand erect upon my back with indignation, at the villany of this unfaithful ſteward, and heartily wiſhed for the unaſſiſted power of writing, to detect him. Having taken theſe minutes of his knavery, he replaced me in the inkhorn ; from whence I was again ſuddenly drawn forth by the eldeſt ſon of the family, a wild young gentleman, who being ſuſpected of certain practices by his parents, retired into this privacy, to pen a few lines to a poor

young creature who had ſurrendered up to him, firſt her affections, and laſtly her virtue. But mum: a pen of integrity ſhould never blab. There are ſecrets in all families. The youth, with my aſſiſtance, made another appointment, which the deluded fair one no doubt obſerved. Here a ſecond time I began to feel my rage ſwell at the thought, that I was in any meaſure forced into the ſervice of vice, and become, literally, an inſtrument to ſo heinous a ſeduction: at that moment my deteſtation of the act ſo wholly poſſeſſed me, that I twirled myſelf round in his hand, and dropt a large blot on thoſe contents which ought to remain blotted forever; but, alas! this effort of virtue, ſo far from availing any thing, had nearly proved my deſtruction; for the raſh young man compelled me to do the hateful work over again; and ſtill expreſſing my diſlike, by a refuſal to make the vile ſentiment legible, he damned me for a good-for-nothing ſon of a gooſe, and deepened the ſlit of my tongue; and not even then anſwering his vile purpoſes, he daſhed me with his full force againſt the cornbinn, which ſerved him for a table; and then ſeeing me gaping in the jaws of ruin, ſwore, I was a ſad ſcoundrel, and left me gaſping on the ground. I had not lain long in this lacerated ſituation, before my good friend the coachman, obſerving my diſtreſs, took me up, and beſtowed an hearty curſe upon my oppreſſor; but ſeeing my ſad plight, and that I was now no longer likely to do him ſervice, (copying the friendſhips of this world) he forſook me in my adverſity, and let me drop again without the leaſt emotion. From this condition, I was removed to a much worſe; being taken up and pitched upon a dunghill amongſt the litter of the ſtable, where I remained in diſgraceful inaction till I was carried to manure the field. From whence I was picked up by a ſportſman, whoſe piece flaſhing in the pan, made him ſuppoſe a ſtoppage in the touch-hole. I luckily anſwered the gunner's purpoſe, for which he rewarded me with a place in his pocket, where I lay ſnug betwixt a ſmall brandy-bottle and a powder-horn. After the ſport, upon my arrival at the houſe of my benefactor, I was hung over a ſcreen with his clothes, at the kitchen-fire. This was a lucky accident; it reſtored my ſtrength, invigorated my frame, and about two hours after, the ſportſman feeling in his pocket, found me hard, round, and in ſhort, a pen of capability. This my new protector, was clerk to a country attorney, who had taken advantage of his maſter's abſence, to borrow not only his gun but his time: however, I was conſidered a fit aſſociate, and was received into the ſervice of a lawyer. To the buſineſs of the law, I went then immediately, inaſmuch that the young man doubling his diligence to eſcape detection, and appearing honeſt, that he might the better carry on roguery, engroſſed that night three ſkins of parchment; and the day after I drew the copy of an old woman's will, who had reſolved to diſinherit her only child, becauſe he had flung himſelf away upon a young girl, in poſſeſſion of no other qualities to render the marriage ſtate hap-

py, than thoſe of virtue, beauty, innocence, and love. In the morning, I was tucked into my maſter's hair, between his ear and curling papers, and ſometimes had the honour to "pen a ſtanza" of moſt lamentable poetry, "when I ſhould engroſs." But ſoon after fell into the hands of the lawyer himſelf, and was in this promotion *exalted* into the deepeſt diſgrace, being, I ſhiver to ſay, inſtrumental in many concerns, cauſes and caſes, that under the veil of equity, robbed the orphan of property, the heir of birthright, the matron of pittance, and the widow of her jointure. While I remained a drudge in this ſcandalous ſtation, I was one day taken by the wretch, my maſter, to go into a ſmall black leathern caſe, which he uſually carried with him, filled with ſeveral of my brethren, to a poor man, labouring with a large, unfed, and naked family, whoſe goods he was going to diſtrain, as it is called; and that, through the mere avaricious malice of the landlord, who was offended with his tenant, not only for being behind hand with his rent, but for meeting him with a lamb under his arm that had died of the rot, and which he ſwore he had killed. I felt myſelf ſhake, as I inſerted in his barbarous inventory, the bedding of theſe unhappy people; and the ink abſolutely ran crimſon to my nib, and then ſallied back in a ſable ſtream, as refuſing to flow for ſome time, ere I could be perſuaded to include in the wretch's cruel catalogue, the very cradle-liner of an infant, who was at the time ſleeping between thread-worn blankets. By ſome forgetfulneſs, I was left in the unfurnitured houſe of this diſaſtrous family; and as ſoon as I was perceived, a ſweet roſe-lipped boy, which ſeemed to bloſſom in miſery, and to ſmile upon misfortune, carried me as a prize to his father; ſaying he would write a letter of comfort with me to his poor dear papa. The father, from his child's recommendation, though overwhelmed in ſorrow, took ſuch notice of me, as to ſtick me carefully in the caſement between two ſmall ſcraps of paper, that I ſuppoſe were receipts. I cannot deſcribe the exceſs of anguiſh this family underwent; and indeed, I am only to beg your patience to hear my own ſtory without my comments. The firſt uſe to which the good man put me, was to write the moſt ſuppliant and imploring letter to his ſavage landlord; every word dictated by a miſery poignant beyond my deſcription, and only to be felt. This appeal, however, was returned by a ſaucy minion in a laced livery, the trimming of which, would have made rich the afflicted family, incloſing an anſwer fraught with all the impudence of command, and the haughtineſs of ſecond-hand authority. The application failing, I was next employed in a ſhort circular letter to his neighbours, for a little ſubſcriptive aſſiſtance; and was, by all but an old day-labourer, who had lately been robbed of a month's hire as he was going from work, refuſed with ruſtic inſolence, as if the wretches had learned the language of denial, and had hardened their hearts by a long and hypocritical commerce with their betters. It was not long, before the goods thus item'd, were appraiſed

and ſold on the premiſes, and the poor creatures drawn out of their little dwelling and thruſt into the ſtreets. An old fellow having purchaſed a ſmall lot, took me down to inſert a memorandum of the articles, after which liking my appearance, which was even yet tolerable, he wrapt me up in a piece of paper, and carried me home in his pocket, from whence I was the next day removed to adjuſt an agreement between him and a young officer, who, to ſupply the extravagance of a proſtitute, was privately contracting to ſell his commiſſion. My new maſter was a money-broker; and ſcarce was the buſineſs of the commiſſion over, ere I was made ſubſervient to other purpoſes, the moſt horrid in nature. What a change of ſervitude! from a lawyer to a money-broker. "Severer for ſevere!" And now ſcarcely a day paſſed, wherein I did not enter into ſome covenant whereby profuſion was clandeſtinely promoted, Vice ſecretly ſupplied, and Virtue artfully deluded. I particularly remember, that one day I was put into the hand of a young fellow, who had juſt whirled away his laſt guinea of a large fortune; and had perſuaded his poor lady to ſell a little annuity, her only refuge from his extravagance. I was obliged to ſign and to atteſt the accurſed contract.—From hence I was conveyed by one who came on buſineſs, but my maſter diſliking the ſecurity, the perſon was almoſt driven to madneſs: he had no other reſource in the world, and was, beſides, deeply involved in debt; finding, therefore, his laſt hopes fruſtrated, he rolled his eyes ſome time about the room, till the ſcorpions of reflection working him to frenzy, he caught hold of me in a ſort of delirium, and biting me in a diſtracted manner between his teeth almoſt in two, at the ſame time hitting his forehead, he walked away, and had almoſt champed me to pieces as he deſcended into a cellar, after having winded through all the allies of St. Giles's. Here he had no ſooner arrived than he flung himſelf into a chair. At length, as if by having found his ſituation irremediably deſperate, he grew ſo diſordered, that, inclining his head till he ſaw it would hit an iron hook which ſtuck in the middle of a mantle-piece, he was preparing to daſh himſelf againſt it; when, ſpringing from the poſture, as poſſeſſed with a new hope, I could ſee his eyes brighten when he beheld ME, mangled as I was. Catching me then from the ground where I had fallen, and having more than once read a letter which he took from his boſom, almoſt mad with agony, he ſat down to write—what, in truth, we were both too diſtreſſed to perform well—a letter to his wife, whom I found he had brought to extreme poverty by his extravagance. After having branded himſelf, therefore, with every ignominious epithet, he concluded with obſerving, that he felt himſelf ſo vile, that he never ſhould dare to return to her again, unleſs he returned with aſſiſtance.—That very night—dreadful neceſſity! (for as I had adminiſtered ſo opportunely to his occaſions, he had put me into his waiſtcoat pocket) I was in ſome meaſure aiding and abetting him in ſeveral robberies; and at length we mutually

compoted a capital forgery, which ſucceeded: But, alas! he had no natural flintineſs of boſom; for as he preſented the piſtol, his hand ſhook, and his teeth gnaſhed; his voice alſo broke as he ſtopt the paſſengers; one of whom being a ſturdy ſeaman, who had juſt received his pay, was coming up to town to ſpend it like a ſailor, and reſolved to fight for it like a ſailor, in caſe he ſhould be attacked. Wrenching, therefore, the piſtol from my maſter's hand, he ſtruck him on the temples with a bludgeon, which threw him at the feet of the conqueror. It was a public machine, and all the paſſengers, within and without, gathered about him, prognoſticating a holiday; that is, an execution, which is always the feſtival of a mob. Conſidering him as lawful prize, they began to plunder, and the ſailor finding me in company with a comb and ſnuff-box, flung me into the coach, ſwearing that we were not worth ſtowage; however, I was not yet deſtitute, being eagerly caught at by a thin meagre ſpectre of a man, who appeared to have been conſidering ever ſince the fall of the thief, how he could reconcile to philoſophical principles, and the rule of rectitude, the killing a man for accommodating his neceſſities. He took me up, declaring that I would do well enough to give the finiſhing touches to his Eſſay on the Natural Rights of Men to the Fruits of the Earth wherever and however they might be attained, and alſo to his Treatiſe upon the Virtues of Nettle-water. I now found myſelf, after all my changes, the property of an author, and never was I in more deplorable circumſtances, the ſlave of the preſs, the drudge of letters. My keeper happened to be what is called a party-writer; and to do him juſtice, with equal zeal did he eſpouſe both ſides of the queſtion, anſwering to day the charges he had alledged yeſterday, and ſometimes contradicting himſelf to ſo violent a degree, that this *ambo dexter* hero quarrelled and waged war with himſelf in papers, ſquibs, and hand-bills under fifty different ſignatures.—Never did man at the ſame time ſo much deſerve abuſe of others, or ſo much abuſe himſelf; till at length I, for another's fault, was thought to be the moſt lying, ſcandalous Pen that was ever dipped in a ſtandiſh. Sometimes however, I was the companion of his relaxation, and even of his poetical amuſement; and many productions in the newſpapers and magazines, under the titles of Philalethes, Damon, Daphne, Cato, Dramaticus, Silvia, Corydon, and Phyllis, were the joint efforts of me and my incomparable patron. A beau came one day into the garret; and after having ſworn it was eaſier to mount the Monument, than to penetrate Old Spatter's lucubratory, threw down a half-crown upon the table, and deſired the poet to write an extempore acroſtic to a damn'd fine girl. After having ſaid this, he clapped the bard on the ſhoulder, and uttered out, "You underſtand me, old Grecian." The poet ſat for ſome time, ſwelling as if he were caſting nativities; and having ſcribbled a few lines, delivered it to the fop, ſaying it was *terſely tender*, and would do his buſineſs. He read it, and ſwore it was damn'd ſtuff; then ſnatching me out of his hand,

declared he could write a better himſelf ; and declared as he departed, the bard ought to loſe his *pen* for ever. On this he haſtened down ſtairs, (forgetting, probably, I was within his gripe ;) but on feeling for his handkerchief, he by ſome accident put me up with it ; in which good company I immediately, for the firſt time, had the honour of mounting a ſplendid carraige, and was driven with expedition to a Weſt-ſtreet ; where alighting, my ſpark knocked at the door, and ſoon entered a genteel apartment, in which he was received with uncommon vivacity by a young lady of very lovely appearance, whom I ſoon found, by their converſation to be his miſtreſs. A beau is nothing without a white handkerchief. It was preſently wanted. I was found in its folds, but had unluckily, rubbed my ſides ſo much againſt it as to clean *myſelf*—as is often the caſe of thoſe who keep bad company—at the expence of my aſſociate. I was inſtantly ſeized and thrown at the fire ; but happily hitting the tip of the grate's back, fell behind it, and was, after dinner, removed in the fire-ſhovel with ſome cinders ; when my miſtreſs not being able to find her etwee, and exceedingly wanting one of its little inſtruments, at that moment caſting her bright eyes upon me, reſcued me once more from my impending ruin, by cutting me into a toothpick. I ſoon underwent many freſh changes, till I was in the end, like all mortal things, fairly *worn out*. At length, after paſſing through a ſhort and active exiſtence; I was found wholly unfit for ſervice, and by way of recompence, was left to "moulder and to rot in cold oblivion," once more upon a dunghill : *Sic tranſit gloria mundi !*

Here I awoke, and could not help ſmiling at the whimſical ſportings of Fancy while Queen Mab had been with me. And yet is not the life of Man ſubject to revolutions equally rapid and extraordinary ? And will not the Reader confeſs, the above Hiſtory was written by a Pen who had SEEN THE WORLD ?

THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

IT is near three months ſince I was at Venice. After having viſited whatever was worthy of curioſity in that great city, I was preparing to quit it, when an unforeſeen and extraordinary incident prolonged my ſtay. One morning, as I was exploring the ſpacious rooms of the library of St. Mark, my eyes were by chance attracted towards a large folio volume, with this title on the back of it—*A Deſcription of the Cavern of Strozzi.* Expecting, by the peruſal of the work, to find ſomething that might be applicable to one I was compoſing, upon the ſingular productions of Nature in the mineral reign, I went and requeſted the librarian to give me the book : as ſoon as I had it in my hands I retired to one of the window-ſeats, to peruſe it the more at my eaſe.

I had already read a few of the firſt pages, without receiving

any very great ſatisfaction: at the ninth page I was going to throw down the book; when, on turning the leaf, I thought I perceived tranſparent characters in the paper, as the light reflected upon it. Curious of aſcertaining what they expreſſed, I raiſed the book to the window and placed the leaf that had intereſted my curioſity before it, and between the firſt thirteen lines, which commenced the hiſtory of the petrifactions of the Cavern of Strozzi, I diſtinctly read theſe words, although Gothic characters had been employed in order to trace them:

"*The wonders which nature has collected together in the Cavern of Strozzi are leſs ſurprizing than the delirium of thoſe paſſions which are there exhibited in all their horror.*"

There was ſomething ſo enigmatical in theſe lines, and the manner in which I had diſcovered them was ſo myſterious that I could not reſtrain the emotions they produced, I confeſs my aſtoniſhment was increaſed when upon carefully examining the reſt of the leaves, I found the ſame inſcription repeated on every thirteenth. I am not in the leaſt ſuperſtitious yet this number, to which human weakneſs attaches a kind of fatal influence, did not ſeem to me to have been the effect of chance; therefore the prejudice which actuated the writer in uſing it, rendered the inſcription ſtill more ſurpriſing. I copied it with a pencil upon a card: I did not forget to note down the title of the work, the name of the bookſeller who had publiſhed it, the place and year it had been printed, and the numbers of the fatal pages on which the inſcription had been interlined; I alſo remarked the ſhelf of the library on which the volume was placed; and then, returning it to the librarian, I aſked him, affecting as much indifference as I poſſeſſed curioſity whether he could inform me of the name of the author of the work. The good Friar (for they are of the order of Dominicans who have the charge of the library of St. Mark) anſwered in the negative; but he preſumed it was ſome one who had attentively examined the rare productions of the Cavern of Strozzi. To me, who had not read much of the contents of the book, this anſwer might have conveyed a double meaning; but I perceived by the reſt of the diſcourſe, that he was leſs informed on the ſubject than myſelf; therefore taking leave of him, I went to indulge in thoſe reflections this event had ſuggeſted.

Having retired to one of the ſolitary walks in the garden belonging to the library of St. Mark, I read the myſterious lines again and again; but the more I meditated, the leſs could I diſcover their meaning: and though they were written in Gothic characters, yet as the book was of a recent date, theſe lines muſt evidently be ſo too. Then I ſaid to myſelf, "Of what paſſions can a dark and inſolated Cavern be the theatre?—Even ſuppoſing murders to have been meditated or committed there, how can it now exhibit a repreſentation of horrors that are paſt?—Beſides, the author of the inſcription has not pointed out the period to which he refers.——it was poſſible ſome hermit, wearied

of the follies of youth, and the victim of his own paſſions, had inhabited the cavern.—But did he ſtill reſide there ?—Who was he ?—He muſt have been heard of at Venice." Such were the queſtions I had to reſolve—ſuch the doubts to clear up.

Night ſurpriſed me in the midſt of my meditations, which were the more painful as I had no clue to direct them ; but in whatever way I conſidered the ſubject, my mind was ſtill embarraſſed ; and at a loſs to form any reaſonable conjecture.

Neither the dead ſilence of the night, nor the depth of my reflections, afforded me any aſſiſtance in my reſearches. When day appeared, I went to every bookſeller in Venice, to enquire for the Deſcription of the Cavern of Strozzi; but among thirty I only found three who had ever heard of the book, and only one who could procure it for me. I bought this ſingle copy; and ſhut myſelf up in my ſtudy, to diſcover the ſenſe of the oracle which appeared ſo myſterious. My hopes were deceived ; it was in vain I turned to every thirteenth leaf; I found none of the tranſparent characters, and was obliged to refer again to my card.

All theſe obſtacles, inſtead of ſtifling my curioſity, rendered it more active. I have often traverſed miles to gather remarkable plants, or diſcover the rare productions of nature ; but I would travel to the remoteſt parts of the globe, if by ſo doing I could diſcover a new region in the heart of man, or develope a ſecret fold in which ſome new paſſion was concealed.

The leaves of the hieroglyphic volume, which I compared to thoſe of the Sybil, promiſed me this ſatisfaction ; and I was anxious not to neglect an opportunity which might never again preſent itſelf.

I informed myſelf reſpecting the Cavern of Strozzi ; I learned that it was ſituated in a ſmall iſland of the ſame name in the Adriatic Gulph, to the north of Venice, about the diſtance of five miles ; had it been an hundred I ſhould have gone. The next day I bargained with a gondolier, and having provided myſelf with arms and ſome proviſions, I embarked at ſunſet.

The nature of this recital does not allow me to interrupt it, to deſcribe the magnificent effect of that beautiful planet which was ſlowly ſinking into the tranquil wave gilded by its rays ; nor is my haſty pen worthy ſo grand a picture ; but I cannot avoid recommending to thoſe who are deſirous of enjoying ſuch a ſcene, to figure to themſelves the infinite number of barks and gondolas which at that moment covered the ſea, and whoſe floating ſtreamers ſeemed to reflect, by the pleaſing variety of their colours, the glowing tints which are painted in the heavens.

After a paſſage of an hour and a quarter we anchored in a little creek of the iſland ; when the gondolier, after having put me on ſhore, and received my orders to return at the ſame hour next day, wiſhed me a good night, and rowed off.

I had landed on the ſide neareſt the Cavern, and had not proceeded two hundred paces, when, from the difference of the ſoil

on which I ſtood, and the dampneſs of the air, I conjectured I was near it. To the rich and luxuriant fields I had quitted, ſucceeded barren heaths and arid ſands. My ſight, which had at firſt been gratified by the appearance of poplars and palm trees, whoſe foilage, lightly waving, preſented a moving ſhadow, now ſaddened at the mournful aſpect of the yew and weeping willow. I ſoon found myſelf ſenſibly deſcending, and in a few minutes was at the mouth of the Cavern. Rugged and ſteep rocks obſtructed the entrance, and between their cavities were planted gloomy cypreſſes. A ſort of browniſh moſs grew about the rocks; whoſe white ſummits formed a ſtrong contraſt with the dull aſpect of ſurrounding nature, and rendered the proſpect ſtill more diſmal. The expiring rays of the ſun, which reflected on them, coloured their extremeſt points; but the faint tint they beſtowed, inſtead of enlivening the ſcene, added to its horror. Never was my ſoul ſo harrowed as when contemplating this dreadful picture. It was in vain I looked round me; the ſun had diſappeared, and I ſeemed as though plunged into an immenſe tunnel, the ſides of which, thick ſown with pointed flints, and trees of mournful hue, announced nought but deſpair and death.

"Alas!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as if tranſported by one of thoſe rapid emotions which a ſoul violently agitated cannot command—"Alas! how, in ſuch a deſert, can man be a ſlave of paſſions?—Is it here they reign with full ſway?—What! where nature ſeems extinct, can the paſſions ſtill exiſt?—Where is the ſoul intrepid enough not to be intimidated at this ſcene?—What flame, however devouring, but this place muſt extinguiſh?—Oh paſſions! wild ungovernable paſſions! if ye diſturb theſe rocks, what lonely cottage can ye leave in peace?"

The day, or rather evening, glided inſenſibly away, and was replaced by the pale and trembling light of the moon. This circumſtance ſtill added to the horror of the ſituation; the gigantic forms of the rocks became more hideous, and the immenſe ſhadows they projected froze my ſoul with terror. On a ſudden I figured to my imagination that this dreadful Cavern had been ſtained with the blood of ſome ſad victims; and from the midſt of a large and dark opening, which ſeemed like the jaws of Death threatening me, I thought I beheld pale phantoms flitting along: doubtleſs it was nothing more than an illuſion. Reaſon calmed the ſallies of my diſturbed imagination, and I proceeded in ſearch of ſome place of ſecurity where I might paſs the night.

I explored the Cavern a conſiderable time, during which I almoſt repented having attempted ſo hazardous an adventure. At length, having found a ſpot ſhaded by a willow, I ſeated myſelf, examined my piſtols, which I found in good order, took a little refreſhment, drew my ſword, and wrapping myſelf in my cloak, I lay down, in the hope of enjoying the ſweets of ſleep.

I had been in this poſition about half an hour, and had began to doze, when an hollow and diſtant murmur drew my attention. I puſhed back the hood of my cloak, with which I had covered my head, placed myſelf on my ſeat, and liſtened with the moſt ſilent attention. The noiſe, which at firſt ſeemed as if approaching me, ſuddenly ceaſed, and for ſome minutes I heard no more; but it ſoon became more diſtinct. By the ſound, I thought it was produced by chains dragged along under the vaults of the Cavern; and their horrid clanking appeared to advance nearer and nearer; preſently a part of the rock, which formed an entrance to a more ſecret part of the Cavern, was removed, with a noiſe that made the whole place reſound, and I ſaw a tall figure, clad in white, and chained, led out by another, who appeared ſomewhat ſhorter. After ſeveral windings, during which the two ſpectres preſerved a profound ſilence, they changed their direction, and were proceeding towards the ſpot where I was; I had juſt time to riſe, ſeize my arms, and retreat behind the willow, whoſe aged trunk was ſufficiently large to have concealed three perſons. I was in the ſhade, and conſequently my motions were not diſcovered. The figure in white, and the one who held it enchained, arrived at the ſpot I had juſt quitted; and the former having ſeated himſelf, the other faſtened the chain of his companion, or rather his priſoner, to a ring placed in the rock, which I had not perceived; he then withdrew to a ſhort diſtance, pulled out a ſteel, ſtruck it, lighted a pipe, muttered a few oaths, and began to ſmoke.

After a mournful ſilence of ten or twelve minutes, which was only interrupted by the ſighs of the perſonage who was ſeated, the latter addreſſed the one who appeared to be his keeper:—

"Ricardo," ſaid he, "what's the hour?"

"Paſt midnight," replied the other ſurlily.

"Midnight!" exclaimed the priſoner, uttering a heavy ſigh—"Alas! all hours are to me equal, for they are all equally attended with grief;—muſt I be condemned to die daily, and am I prevented ridding myſelf of a loathſome life?"

"S'death!" ſaid Ricardo—"it depends only on yourſelf to render your life agreeable; your obſtinacy cauſes all your miſeries; you might be happy if you were complying."

"Great God!" replied the priſoner, "if I can purchaſe liberty only at the price of honour, I prefer dying with her I love to living with her I deteſt."

"Senſible determination," replied the goaler; "to deteſt a charming woman, and doat upon a loathſome carcaſe."

"Ricardo," ſaid the other, in an accent mingled with grief and indignation, "you are placed here to guard me, not to give me advice.—Is it not enough you tyrannize over my perſon, but muſt you alſo be maſter of my thoughts!"

Ricardo vented an oath, and was ſilent. The priſoner ſighed, and leaning his head upon his hands ſeemed to weep.

For myſelf ſtruck as I was with the ſcene I beheld, and the myſterious words I had heard I thought the whole a dream.

Ricardo who had finiſhed ſmoking his pipe, amuſed himſelf by climbing to a part of the rock of ſteep aſcent; and when he was at a ſufficient diſtance not to hear me, I thought I would venture to utter a few conſoling words that might afford a ray of hope to the wretched priſoner; but that I might not ſtartle him, I ſung a few plaintive notes in a very low voice. The unexpected ſounds excited his attention; ſurpriſe and fear forced an involuntary exclamation from him, which however the gaoler did not hear. Conceiving his firſt alarm had ſubſided, I ſoftly ſung the firſt couplet of the following ſtanza, which perfectly accorded with his ſituation.

Oh thou, the victim of ſad care and grief!
Who liv'ſt immur'd in cavern here forlorn,
The hand is near that means to bring relief,
And heal thoſe mis'ries thou ſo long haſt born.

Thy ſorrows ceaſe, no more thy lot bewail;
Of happineſs man ne'er can be bereft,
Howe'er adverſity with woes aſſail,
While hope, that ſoother of the ſoul is left.

Reflect how many by a tyrant's power,
Like thee, deplore the dungeon's gloomy night,
Till gracious Heav'n, at the appointed hour,
The tyrant ſtrikes, and brings his crimes to light.

Oft days of pleaſure follow nights of pain,
And thou may'ſt wake to happineſs and joy;
Then let ſweet hope thy ſinking ſoul ſuſtain,
For guilt alone can ſoothing hope deſtroy.

The priſoner was upon the point of anſwering—he was preparing his voice—when Ricardo, wearied of his amuſement, deſcended from the crag of the rock, and approaching him, ſaid, in the moſt brutal manner, "Come, let us return."

"To-morrow then," cried the priſoner, as he was leaving the willow which concealed me.

"To-morrow," replied I.

"The devil!" ſaid Ricardo, "did I not hear ſome one ſpeak?"

"It was the echo," anſwered the priſoner, "which repeated my words—To-morrow."

Ricardo contented himſelf with ſaying—He had not before obſerved the echo; and having untied the chain of his victim, they returned into the Cavern.

Left alone, and abandoned to my reflections, I recalled every circumſtance of the ſcene I had beheld; I compared them together in the order in which they had appeared with the words I had extracted from the book at the library. I preſumed that the unhappy wretch who was confined in the Cavern of Strozzi was

the victim of the paſſion of ſome powerful lady, to whoſe deſires he refuſed to yield. "But why ſhould he have ſaid that he preferred dying with her he loved to living with her he deteſted? —Perhaps his miſtreſs was a priſoner as well as himſelf, and the wretched pair were both immured in this dreadful Cavern.—Why talk of dying with her?—Was it intended to ſacrifice them?"—Again, "What could Ricardo mean by the words "Cheriſh a loathſome carcaſe?"

All theſe thoughts, and a crowd of others floated on my brain. As ſoon as I had ſolved one queſtion, ſome objection, which I had not foreſeen, plunged me in doubt. The night and part of the day paſſed in this manner; a thouſand ſchemes entered my imagination:—ſometimes yielding to a cowardly fear, I thought of flying for ever from this ſcene of horror and danger: ſometimes animated by a more noble ſentiment, I determined to inform the holy inquiſitors of what I had ſeen. Evening had arrived, and I had adopted no fixed reſolution. I ran towards the ſhore:—my gondola appeared; but I deſired the gondolier to return again next day, pretending (what indeed was but too true) that the ſingularities and wonders of the Cavern required more than a day to examine them thoroughly.

The day had quite departed; night had veiled the earth, and the moon ſhed her faint and glimmering rays over a ſea of clouds; a ſoutherly wind, which blew from Venice, made me diſtinctly hear the hours ſtrike. Still concealed behind the old willow, I counted eleven without having perceived any thing. At length a few minutes before midnight, the entrance to the inmoſt Cavern was unlooſed, and the priſoner came forward, followed by the brutal Ricardo. Both placed themſelves on the rock near the willow. Ricardo chained his victim as before, lighted his pipe, and walked to a ſhort diſtance. I repeated, in a low voice, the ſtanza I ſung yeſterday, which the priſoner liſtened to with attention; then cautiouſly extending part of my body towards him, keeping the other concealed behind the tree, I ſaid to him, "Are you acquainted with a certain book in the library of St. Mark?"

He ſtarted—"I ſee," ſaid he, "you have read the thirteenth pages; but I am too much obſerved to ſpeak: If you can feel for my misfortunes, act as this letter directs you; and when you ſhall have read it, purſue the dictates of your own heart.

I was about to reply, but the return of Ricardo only gave me time to put forth my hand, and take the letter the priſoner preſented. I then again concealed myſelf. Ricardo repeated the ſame circumſtances I have deſcribed to have taken place yeſterday; and the priſoner, as he was going away, turned his head towards the place where I was, and ſung theſe words in a melancholy tone of voice:

" Who aids the cauſe of innocence oppreſs'd
" Is by the act alone ſupremely bleſs'd ;
" No greater rapture man on earth can know,
" Than that of feeling and relieving woe,"

The moon was not ſufficiently clear to enable me to read the letter he had given me, and it would been imprudent to have ſtruck a light ; I therefore left the Cavern, and waited on the ſea ſhore the return of the day. But as I had paſſed the preceeding night without ſleep, was wearied by the ideas this extraordinary adventure had excited, and was lulled by the monotonous ſound of the billows beneath me, I yielded to theſe various impulſes, and fell into a profound ſleep.

It was broad day-light when I awoke. The fatigue I had undergone, the ſleep I had enjoyed, added to the ſharp and nitrous air from the ſea, had excited the cravings of hunger in an extreme degree ; but I had but little proviſion left ; therefore I could only aſſuage without ſatisfying it.

I ſaw, with ſome uneaſineſs, that in order to enable myſelf to explore the end of this adventure, it was neceſſary I ſhould return to Venice ; and my regret was increaſed when I read the priſoner's letter.—It was to this effect :

" What you have already ſeen of my misfortunes, dreadful as " they may have appeared to you, can give you no idea of thoſe " of which you are ſtill ignorant. If you are deſirous of be- " coming acquainted with them, and of reſcuing the moſt miſ- " erable of men, repair to-morrow about midnight to the ſea ſhore, " near the bay which is oppoſite to Venice ; a bark will land " there ; follow thoſe whom you ſee leave it, without, if poſſilbe, " being perceived by them ; obſerve them, and act as honour and " pity dictate."

It is eaſy to imagine what my impatience was during the reſt of the day—an impatience which was encreaſed by the calls of hunger. I traverſed the iſland, but it only preſented ſingular petrifactions, and ſpars of every form and colour—things which at any other time I ſhould have felt a lively intereſt in, but which then only augmented my hunger, my impatience, and my fatigue.

This tedious day at length cloſed.—The ſun quitted the horizon, and my faithful gondolier did not fail to make his appearance. We ſoon croſſed the ſtrait that ſeperated us from Venice. —When I had arrived at that city, I only delayed the neceſſary time to obtain a freſh ſupply of proviſions, and in half an hour after returned to the iſland of Strozzi.

In order the better to follow the inſtructions contained in the priſoner's letter, I concealed myſelf behind a riſing ground near the bay, where, by raiſing my head, I could diſcover the ſea. I remained a full hour in this poſition. Towards midnight, as I judged by the moon, which had juſt riſen, (for the wind having

changed, I could not hear the ſound of the clocks at Venice) the noiſe of oars, which agitated the calm billows, announced the arrival of the bark. It ſoon touched ground, and five perſons came ſilently from it: one of them faſtened it to the ſhore, a ſecond uncovered a dark lantern, with which he appeared to examine the place round him, and all of them proceeded towards the Cavern.

Leaving the retreat in which I had concealed myſelf, I followed them; neither of them ſpoke, but walked with ſlow and ſolemn ſteps. The noiſe of their footſteps echoed round them, and the Cavern, which they were now near, repeated the ſounds.—What a ſcene!—what a ſituation!—A gloomy night ſcarce rendered viſible, by the faint light of the moon, a parched and barren ſoil, covered with briers; a dreadful maſs of rocks piled one upon another, and rearing their Coloſſal forms above the horizon; a wide, dark, and horrid Cavern; weeping willows; mournful cypreſſes; and, to add to theſe horrors, a dread ſilence which rendered the diſtant daſhing of the billows and the blood-ſtained ſteps of the five murderers ſtill more frightful.

They arrived at the Cavern. One of them ſtruck a projection of the rock with the hilt of his poniard; an inſtant after a hoarſe voice from the inſide of the Cavern cried, "*Treaſon.*" The five perſons replied, "*Vengeance*:" and the entrance was opened after the three firſt had repeated the words "*Vengeance!—vengeance!—vengeance!*"

In the meantime, favoured by the darkneſs and the confuſion which agitated the conſpirators, I glided, unperceived, among them. The light of the lantern hardly extended two ſteps beyond him who held it, and we were in ſuch a winding and intricate path that we could only walk one abreaſt. It was conſequently difficult, nay almoſt impoſſible, to have perceived me; but if I had been diſcovered, and they had offered me any violence, I was provided with arms in good condition, and would have dearly ſold my life. But the idea of being ſerviceable to an unhappy being, and a ſhort and fervent prayer I addreſſed to Heaven, baniſhed fear from my ſoul: I only thought of juſtifying that confidence the oppreſſed had repoſed in me.

Whilſt I was actuated by this reflection, I felt a hand leaning on me, which from its ſmallneſs and ſoftneſs, I judged to be a woman's. This hand, apparently heated by a burning fever, graſped mine with a convulſive motion, and preſſing it to her heart, which beat with violent and unequal palpitations. I continued ſilent, when I heard a voice in ſoft accents, but evidently agitated, ſay to me, "Do you not feel how it beats?—it is rage—it is love."*

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* The inconſiſtency of the Lady's conduct can only be accounted for from the diſordered and agitated ſtate of her paſſions at the moment.

As we advanced, the Cavern ſeemed to enlarge itſelf. The glimmerings of light which at intervals ſhot from the lantern, reflected upon the roof and ſides of the rock, whoſe cryſtalline productions ſparkled with a thouſand colours. We ſoon breathed a damp air, infected with peſtilential vapours. I felt myſelf unwell, and remarked that three of thoſe I accompanied were in a ſimilar ſituation. The three others, I mean the gaoler, who had opened the entrance of the Cavern, he who carried the lantern, and ſhe who had taken me by the hand, were in no ways affected.

At a little diſtance we deſcended ſome ſteps, rudely cut out in the rock; at the bottom of the laſt of them was a ſmall door, which, upon being ſtruck by him who went firſt, was immediately opened.—We entered:—the darkneſs did not permit me to diſtinguiſh the objects; however, by the faint light that preceded us, I obſerved in one of the corners a figure dreſſed in white; it was the only object I could diſtinctly perceive; for the man who held the lantern having taken it to light a torch by, a guſt of wind extinguiſhed it, and we were left in utter darkneſs. I confeſs whatever firmneſs I poſſeſſed I could not at that inſtant reſiſt the impulſe of terror.

The dread ſcene that ſurrounded me, the fearful ſilence preſerved by my criminal companions, the horrid darkneſs, the damp dews of the Cavern—all theſe circumſtances united convinced me I was among a ſet of murderers, whoſe dark deeds perhaps I was on the point of witneſſing. I however recalled my troubled ſpirits, and reſolved notwithſtanding the numbers againſt me, to exert the courage of juſtice, which is ever an even match for guilt.

(To be continued.)

Ladies Literature, No. I.

FEMALE DEBATES.

From a Foreign Publication.

TO THE EDITORS,

GENTLEMEN,

The novelty and whimſicality of the following curious Debates upon ſeveral abſurd and ridiculous queſtions, by a ſociety of ladies, who met once a weak for their own amuſement, will, I flatter myſelf, afford ſome entertainment to your numerous readers, and make a few additions among your wonders. I aſſure you I have hazarded my character much by running the riſque of getting them, having been neceſſitated to uſe the powerful means of bribery to procure a place of concealment, wherein by the means of pencil and paper, and the happy art

of ſhort hand, I have made a *verbatim* copy of thoſe very ingenious arguments; previous to the publication of which I think it my duty to prefix

An Apology to the Female Society.

LADIES,

I AM ſenſible of the very great accuſations which may be urged againſt me by your very praiſe-worthy and honourable ſociety, and am, therefore, willing to ſay a few words, not by way of defence, but palliation. The charges which I expect to be laid againſt me are theſe—

Firſt. That I have dared to practiſe clandeſtine means of concealing myſelf during the evenings of your debate.

Secondly. That I have availed myſelf of this opportunity, and by the happy knack of ſhort hand, made an exact copy of thoſe debates.

Thirdly. That I have preſumed to offer them without the ſociety's permiſſion to the public.

To theſe three charges I plead—Guilty; but flatter myſelf I ſhall be able to advance ſuch powerful reaſons as will at leaſt moderate, if not entirely abate any ſentence your court of equity may think proper to paſs upon the poor culprit.

In juſtification of my being guilty of the firſt charge, in having concealed myſelf during the evenings of your debate, I am happy in being able to refer to one of thoſe very debates, which has declared curioſity in men or women not only excuſable, but commendable when it is *pro bono publico*. On account of this remark, I not only confeſs, but exult in the commiſſion of this charge, for I will be bold to declare, that theſe debates will be productive of more good and entertainment than many publications of a greater ſize; in therefore confeſſing my curioſity I accordingly acknowledge the ſecond accuſation, and think after having gone ſo far in procuring the means of overhearing, if I had not committed what I heard to paper, my crime would ſtill have been the ſame, without being of any advantage to myſelf; but can it be deemed a fault to ſeek inſtruction and convey it to others? If, ladies, you are determined to bring this matter to trial, believe me, that in my turn I ſhall arraign you for the ſelfiſh intention of retaining to yourſelves ſo much ſound argument and entertainment. 'Tis true, the greateſt charge againſt me is the laſt—For daring to publiſh theſe debates without permiſſion. But as I knew it impracticable to obtain this permiſſion, any application for the ſame would be of courſe not only needleſs, but perhaps have defeated my deſign. However, diſhonourable as this act may be, I preſume that I have diſplayed ſome *honor* in the publication; for I have not dared to divulge *when* or *where* theſe debates were held, nor even the ladies names at full who ſupported them, for as the reader may eaſily perceive, they are either fic-

titious or merely the initials; therefore, ladies, notwithſtanding the diſcovery of your plan, and the publication of your ſpeeches, there is not the leaſt revelation or even intimation of your characters or motives for the ſame. Though great as my offence is then, ſeeing it might have been *greater*, I hope it will be excuſed. Ought I to keep ſo much learning to myſelf, and not communicate it to the public ?—It may be urged againſt me, that I ſhould have waited till after your deaths. Ah ladies—my life is as precarious as your's, and there can be but little dependance placed upon our ſucceſſors. I was unwilling to run any hazard of delaying this publication, for fear theſe debates, which certainly reflect great honor and credit on the fair ſpeakers, ſhould either be miſlaid or abuſed; now they are reſcued from oblivion, while the orators are ſtill concealed. Further apology would undoubtedly be needleſs, I have ſaid all that propriety can dictate to palliate my offences; were I to attempt an entire vindication, I am conſcious it would be an aggravation of my faults, I ſhall therefore beg leave to ſubmit the following pages to the candid reader, by whoſe deciſion I am willing to abide, whether or no my crime is pardonable or not. I am convinced that that curioſity, which, ladies, you acknowledge yourſelves to be poſſeſſed of, will render you deſirous of knowing by whoſe aſſiſtance I obtained admiſſion behind the curtain—but pardon me here—though I confeſſed myſelf guilty of all the charges which (to my knowledge) can be urged againſt me, yet I have no right to criminate others. Suffice it to ſay, that my concealment was originally deſigned for the public utility; and when you, ladies, are pleaſed to declare yourſelves, and will permit me to prefix your real titles to your ſeveral arguments, pro and con, I will then venture to announce my aſſiſtants, and ſubcribe myſelf at full, your obliged ſervant, though at preſent INCOG.

Rules of the Female Society.

1. THAT no queſtion ſhould be adjourned, but on the contrary (the time for debate being unlimited) the ſpeakers ſhould ſit, be it ever ſo late, till it was decided.

2. that no additional members ſhould be admitted.

3. That the ladies (the ſociety conſiſting of thirteen) ſhould each be preſident in rotation, and that the preſident of one night ſhould be at liberty to deliver her queſtion (to be decided) for the ſucceeding, and that ſuch preſident ſhould appoint five members, with herſelf to ſupport that queſtion, and ſix others to oppoſe it; it remaining with the preſident of the evening (being the thirteenth) to decide the queſtion, by making the majority according to her partial opinion of the arguments which were urged for and againſt it.

4. That each member may be at liberty to introduce a couple of female auditors.

5. That no gentleman ſhall upon any account be admitted as an auditor.

6. That tea or wine ſhall be handed about at proper intervals.

7. That if one of the members be under the *neceſſity* of leaving the room, her preſence ſhall be waited for.

8. That all forfeits in caſe of non-attendance, untimely interruptions, &c. &c. ſhall be appropriated for the purpoſe of furniſhing a library.

Whimſical Debates on curious Queſtions, by a Society of Ladies, never before publiſhed.

QUESTION I. *(Miſs L. in the Chair.)*

"Whether is faſhion productive of greater Good or Evil?"

Mrs. G. whoſe queſtion this was, roſe and opened the debate as follows:

MRS. PRESIDENT,

Though faſhion may be held in the greateſt contempt by thoſe reverend gentry, who being paſt the age of gaiety, are conſequently enemies to all manner of dreſs and elegance, yet I confeſs myſelf a ſtrong advocate in its favour; for faſhion, inſignificant as it may be deemed, is productive of the greateſt utility; upon my honour I cannot ſee what evil ariſes from faſhion, on the contrary we reap the greateſt advantage from it. Faſhion (in the firſt place) is a great encourager of trade. What would taylors do if there were not continually a change? What would milliners do if our caps and ſmall *etceteras* continued in the ſame form? Faſhion alſo promotes induſtry in ourſelves; for if a lady's circumſtances cannot afford to encourage the tradeſman, ſhe muſt condeſcend to apply herſelf to the needle, and make the neceſſary alterations in her bonnet or cap, which faſhion may command. Faſhion alſo encourages merit, for were it not faſhionable there would be no dedications, no favour granted to literature. Faſhion alſo advances charity, for were it not for faſhion few charity ſermons would avail the poor. In ſhort, faſhion is one of the greateſt bleſſings we have, and were it not for faſhion, I will be bold to ſay, we ſhould be all negligent, ſlovenly, diſagreeable, and uncharitable.

Lady Mergravine. I have liſtened, with profound attention, to my worthy friend, and am ſurpriſed to hear ſuch weak arguments eſcape ſo ſtrong an underſtanding. I differ entirely from all that has been urged in favour of faſhion, for in my humble opinion faſhion is productive of the greateſt evil. What encouragement does faſhion give to trade? Clothes we muſt have in ſpite of faſhion, and if it does encourage the taylor in ſome inſtances, how many others are thereby ruined. When ſeveral puppy-ſons of mechanics aſpiring to the ſtile and apeing the follies of the *ton*, too frequently plunge their fathers in debt for the gratification

of their faſhionable deſires. I have known ſome young gentlemen who, being awhile in London, have returned to the country ſuch complete monkeys by the means of faſhion, that they were totally unfit for employment. How can faſhion be ſaid to promote trade, when to my knowledge BUCKLES were a long time *out of faſhion*, and ladies frequently appear uncovered? How does it promote induſtry?—for while miſs is employing herſelf in *altering* a cap or bonnet, ſhe ſhould perhaps be *making* ſomething more material, or *mending* her ſtockings. As to merit, that has been ſo long out of faſhion, it muſt of courſe be unfaſhionable to encourage it. It is more the faſhion by going to Italian operas (which few underſtand) to reward *foreign* performers in preference to our own *actors*. I never knew nor heard it before hinted that any charity was derived from faſhion. My worthy friend miſtakes what charity is, if our alms are for faſhion ſake; I ſay it is oſtentation then which prompts us to give, and I am apprehenſive that thoſe *faſhionable* donors will find Heaven hereafter a very *unfaſhionable* place. I muſt therefore inſiſt that faſhion is productive of every evil by corrupting our dreſs and manners, by making monkeys of men, and ſhuttlecocks of women.

Mrs. C. Notwithſtanding the vehemence of the laſt ſpeaker, I muſt agree with the lady that opened this debate. What is it which conſtitutes any diſtinction between maſter and men, miſtreſs and maid—but faſhion? If faſhion did not ordain proper modes and uniformity, we ſhould all be a motley crew, dreſt according to our own fancy, without any regulation or order. As it muſt be obvious then to every common underſtanding, it requires very little argument to ſupport the queſtion. London has long been deemed a place of elegance, becauſe of its faſhions; and ladies in the country are very happy in having an opportunity of ſeeing London to acquire taſte, which is the greateſt addition to beauty.

Mrs. T. Notwithſtanding the great partiality which Engliſh ladies may have for faſhion, I muſt think their beauty requires an *addition* of ſomething when it cannot give ſatisfaction by itſelf; but real beauty requires no faſhions to adorn it—real beauty ſhews *more*, the *leſs* there is ſhewn upon it. How did the ancients? There were no faſhions (as I can read of) in their times, and yet they have not been repreſented to us as a motley crew.

Mrs. F. The lady is miſtaken. If we do not read of faſhions among the ancients, we read of *cuſtoms*, which was the *old-faſhioned* word, and of the ſame ſignification.

Lady D. I. O. Mrs. Preſident, I have forbore ſpeaking this ſome time, but as I found it was not the faſhion for ladies to be ſilent, for FASHION SAKE I riſe. I muſt confeſs that I think faſhion, in many inſtances, extremely rude and uncivil; ſhe makes us dreſs, talk, walk, and act, juſt as ſhe likes—and who is ſhe?—a lady of quality!—for it muſt be ſuch to make faſhions for us,

while a gentleman of diſtinction ſets them up for the other ſex. Is it not beneath us to ſay that we muſt dreſs according to *their* taſte?—they conſtitute faſhions for their *own* advantage, and *we* muſt follow them let them be ever ſo inconvenient to us. What in the name of wonder could induce any lady of quality to ſet up the odd, whimſical faſhion of *Pads?* Where was the occaſion of raiſing a ſtrange projection *before*, and moving the ſaſh out of its due place; of making us all bodies and no waiſt, except that *that* lady was in a *certain ſituation*, which required a diſguiſe, and we of courſe muſt appear in *that* ſituation to keep her in countenance? I don't know what name faſhion might have had with the ancients, but really ſhe has ſo many new titles now, I muſt deme her no better than a ſwindler, and an impoſtor, for ſhe is faſhion, *alias* the TON, *alias* the TIPPY, *alias* the STILE, *alias* the THING, *alias* the SORT, *alias* the ETIQUETTE, *alias* the TASTE, &c. &c. I underſtand, however, that there is a diſtinction between theſe names in the city and St. James's; in the latter place you may find faſhion in the characters of the *ton*, the *taſte*, the *etiquette*, &c. in the city they are all the *tippy*, the *thing*, the *ſort*, &c. and pretty *things* they are, Heaven knowns!—with a *ſort* of a cane, which being twelve inches long, one blow of an Iriſhman's ſhillalagh would drive *twelve yards* away. In Queen Elizabeth's days it was the faſhion to eat a clumſy beef-ſtake for breakfaſt, but the faſhionable gentry of the preſent day would turn up their noſes at ſuch diet. Where then is that conſiſtency, that uniformity which was mentioned in faſhion? It was Henry the Eighth, I ſuppoſe, who brought divorces into faſhion, to anſwer *his* purpoſe; this I believe is the only faſhion of any duration, and indeed it is become ſo faſhionable now, that a man may have a plurality of wives, and a woman a plurality of huſbands, without ever offending the laws. Faſhion *could* be productive of good if the faſhion-makers were well diſpoſed—for inſtance—if integrity was the faſhion, it would not be ſo much the faſhion to break promiſes as it is; if benevolence were recommended, faſhion would be of ſome ſervice then, but where is there any good or honeſty in it at preſent? The *faſhionable* lover is void of all truth, conſtancy, and honor; the *faſhionable* man, or the *man of the world*, may be of uſe to brothels and taverns, but very little to the community; the *faſhionable* lady, or the *lady of bon ton* or *high life*, ſpends her mornings in bed, and her nights at the card-table; theſe are *faſhionable levities*, as a learned counſeller calls them. Theſe are the *follies of faſhion*, as I myſelf have endeavoured to repreſent them in a dramatic attempt.

Miſs Charlotte S. There are faults as well as good qualities among us all, and ſuch, I take it, is the caſe with faſhion; but though there are many faſhionable vices, ſtill the good which reſults from faſhion, in my humble opinion, predominates. As to the multitude of names which belong to faſhion, I cannot ſee why that ſhould leſſen it in our eſtimation. My worthy friend

might as well call the chaſte Diana, and the bright god of the Sun, impoſtors and ſwindlers, as well as faſhion, for the variety of their titles.

Lady Margravine. I don't know one good quality belonging to faſhion, except that of reconciliation; for I know not how but it renders all its votaries content with its rules, let them be ever ſo oppoſite to its former ones. A buck of ninety could not bear broad backs, they were deemed a *Monmouth* cut; but he is now perfectly reconciled to them, and admires them vaſtly. The ladies idolized the high-crowned hats laſt year becauſe they added ſo much to their height, but now they can't bear them, it abſolutely made them grenadiers out of all proportion. The bucks ſome years ago praiſed the large buckles, becauſe they contributed ſo much towards the beauty of the ſhoe; then (when faſhion ordered the change) they ſoon diſcovered that they were dangerous to the ankles, and of courſe ſmall ones were preferable; at laſt buckles became quite diſagreeable, there were nothing like ſtrings to keep the ſhoes tight: thus notwithſtanding a multiplicity of changes, faſhion has ſtill the means of reconciling her votaries to them all. I remember a Scotch gentleman who made it a rule always to dreſs in oppoſition to the faſhions; this, no doubt was ſoon taken notice of. You are an oddity, ſays a friend, why are you not in the faſhion?—Becauſe I have a ſon that is a faſhionable gentleman, and I have often heard my wife ſwear there never ſhould be more than one *monkey* in a houſe with her.

Mrs. F. I acknowledge the evils ariſing from faſhion, but inſiſt upon it there is one good it is productive of which makes more than ample amends. I allude to that honor which faſhion has erected, and which undoubtedly binds even the great.

Lady D. I. O. And what is faſhionable honor?—Does the lady allude to that honor which has rendered duelling a cuſtom among gentlemen, or to that honor which makes the ladies pay their debts of extravagance in preference to the tradeſman's bills. (*Here was great applauſe.*) If this be the faſhion alluded to, and I know none other that originates from faſhion, I muſt think it, and I will alſo declare it to be productive of more evil than good. In the courſe of theſe debates it has been mentioned that faſhion makes a proper diſtinction between the maſter and man, the miſtreſs and maid; this I deny, the lower claſs continually ape their ſuperiors in what perhaps they cannot afford, and are thereby driven to want and diſtreſs. But ſuppoſe the maſter in the pink of the faſhion, and his ſervant a plain man, is this a proper diſtinction?—No—for a rational being would at firſt ſight take the ſervant for the gentleman, and the maſter for a French valet. That faſhion is the "Road to Ruin," has been too evidently proved. Neither titles nor eſtate can ſupport for any length of time the unmeaning extravagancies of faſhionable theatricals, and

the conſeqaence in general is, we live unregarded, and die unregretted. (*Applauſe repeated.*)

[The Preſident's opinion being now deſired,]

Miſs L. roſe—I am indeed ſo much delighted with the arguments on both ſides, that I find it rather difficult to make the deciſion. The arguments for faſhion have been very ingenious, but thoſe againſt it certainly more powerful. I do not heſitate then to declare that it is now my firm opinion, that faſhion is productive of more evil than good.

QUESTION II. (*Mrs. C. in the Chair.*)

"Is it a juſt inſinuation that Curioſity is to be found more among Ladies than Gentlemen?"

Miſs L. I am anxious for the honour of our ſex, that this queſtion ſhould have an early diſcuſſion—Why women ſhould be ſuppoſed to have more curioſity than men, I confeſs I am weary of conjecture—I am not experienced ſufficiently, nor do I ſuppoſe any of us are, in the grounds of philoſophy to give logical reaſons for this ſuppoſition; I flatter myſelf there is no occaſion for ſuch ſuperficial learning to examine impartially this queſtion—I repeat impartially, for though our aſſembly conſiſts of females only, ſtill I hope no lady will be backward in delivering her real and candid opinion.—Let us firſt of all ſee if the gentlemen are not equally prone to curioſity as women. It is ſaid, that it chiefly belongs to our ſex in having originated with the firſt woman Eve. Now it has always ſtruck me that Adam was in every degree as curious as his rib. It was Adam, not Eve, that received the divine prohibition; the diſobedience of Adam was therefore greater than that of Eve, conſequently *his* curioſity is more to be blamed than *her's*—for the honor of our ſex I won't allow that Adam had a greater ſhare of ſenſe than Eve, though it would certainly aſſiſt my opinion, for I ſuppoſe the gentlemen pride themſelves that being poſſeſſed of more ſenſe, they have conſequently leſs curioſity. If Adam had indeed more ſenſe, the greater was his ſin. Now it ſtrikes me that Eve was induced to eat the apple by the dint of perſuaſion, and not through the force of curioſity; on the contrary, Adam being told of the ſuperior ſweetneſs of this fruit was curious to make the trial. I cannot therefore agree, that Eve's curioſity was greater than Adam's, or that curioſity originated with her. But what examples have we of the prevalence of curioſity in the female ſex—do we read of any extraordinary inſtances?—I can recollect none;—for my part, I think that authors, though they very induſtriouſly attribute curioſity to us, give in general ſtronger proofs of the contrary—for I have remarked in all the plays I have ſeen and read, that for one lady who retires behind the ſcreen or into the cloſet, for the purpoſe of liſtening, twenty gentlemen do the ſame. It is curioſity (for no other reaſon in the world can be given) that

induces Major Dennis O'Flaherty to go behind the ſcreen when he overhears the lawyer. It is not curioſity which conceals lady Teazle, but undoubtedly it is curioſity which prompts her huſband to go into the cloſet.—Some wives, I underſtand, are induced by curioſity to peep into their huſband's letters; this is exemplified by the comedy of the *Jealous Wife*. There are huſbands however, (as the *Suſpicious Huſband* ſhews) who are equally given to jealouſy, and will make no ſcruple of opening their wives letters. It is ſaid that our ſex has declared a great deal of curioſity in reſpect to the Freemaſon's Society—I confeſs myſelf anxious to know them, and is it to be ſuppoſed that if the men had not the means of knowing, they would not be as curious too? I cannot therefore ſuppoſe the inſinuation juſt that our ſex is the more curious.

Mrs. F. Mrs. Preſident—With ſhame for my ſex, I muſt confeſs, that it is my opinion, curioſity belongs to us; let any perſon come into a mixed room with a declaration of having great news, and I will venture my life that a woman is the firſt who will inquire what it is. What is the reaſon that novels are the chief ſtudy of women? Only becauſe we are curious to know how my lady This and my lord That ſettle their affairs—if the hero dies, if the father relents, if the huſband returns, if the couple are married, and all that—were it not for the curioſity of women, novel writers would have little encouragement—is not female curioſity alſo awakened by riddles? I have known many young girls ſit up whole nights, vex and teaze themſelves about the ſolutions of a few trifling problems—it is therefore palpable that the curioſity of a female is greater than that of a man.

Lady Margravine. I muſt confeſs that I think the arguments of the laſt ſpeaker very weak and futile indeed. Literature is intended to awaken curioſity, and we find men equally curious in reſpect to this. What fills the coffee houſes ſo full, but the curioſity of politicians? What conſtitutes ſo many antiquarians but curioſity? It is therefore my humble opinion that men are more curious than women.

Lady D. I. O. I deny it—Women are more curious than men. I myſelf have been ſo curious to hear the parliamentary debates, that I have been preſumptuous enough to wear the breeches, and keep my ſeat in ſpite of the lookers-on. Though it has been ſaid that there is no inſtance given in hiſtory of the curioſity of women, I beg leave to remind the company here of a moſt excellent text in ſcripture, "Remember Lot's wife." Her curioſity turned her into a pillar of ſalt; and I am very ſure if female curioſity was always puniſhed thus, ſalt would become ſo cheap that it might be had for the bare carriage. Momus, when he wanted to create miſchief, began it by arouſing the three goddeſſes—Curioſity with the golden pippin. I think the lady is miſtaken who has declared that for one inſtance of a woman's curioſity in a play, there are twenty of that of a man's. For my

part I think, whenever there is a plot to be diſcovered (for example in Venice Preſerved) a woman is always repreſented as the principal performer. There is a difference between the curioſity of a man and that of a woman; when the former is curious it is on account of ſome intimations, or for ſome deſign in view; but a woman is frequently curious (I am ſorry to remark it) without any reaſon; there is a ſort of itching in our nature, which puts us always on the fidgets, whenever there is the leaſt appearance of ſomething in embryo. I ſpeak, Mrs. P. according to my own ſenſations. If I hear the imperfect ſounds of a whiſper, believe me, I can't ſit eaſy on my chair till I know what it is about; if I ſee a ſtrange act, I am all on fire till I know the intention; in ſhort, if I were excluded from this ſociety, I am ſure I ſhould endeavour by ſome means or other to ſecrete myſelf behind the curtain, or cock my ear at the key-hole. Why is curioſity deſcribed by the painters as a female?—Becauſe it belongs chiefly to our ſex—For that reaſon curioſity is of the femanine gender. It is alſo a remark that the male monkeys are more antic and full of tricks, but the female ones are more curious. Women think of marriage at an earlier age than men, and I have ſome reaſon to ſuſpect the thought proceeds from a little curioſity. I ſhall conclude, Mrs. P. with a ſhort anecdote of a married lady, who was always very deſirous to know what toaſt it was her huſband gave as ſoon as the ladies retired from the table. She had often liſtened but to no purpoſe, and indeed I don't wonder at this deſire, for I aſſure you I feel juſt the ſame. Such was the curioſity of this lady, the toaſt which ſhe knew (from the anxiety of the gentleman to drink always in a bumper and in private) to be the ſame, was continually given in different forms, ſuch as *Here ſhe goes*, or perhaps a better. Madam, however, took an opportunity when her huſband was intoxicated to coax him into an explanation. The huſband at laſt aſſured her that it was the *Church*, which really appeared the truth, as ſhe had frequently heard him give the initial. One day, however, when there was great company, and there had been previouſly no altercation between her and her good man, the ladies having retired according to cuſtom after dinner, ſhe pleaded ſome excuſe, and reſolved to expoſe her huſband, waited till the uſual toaſt of *the Church* was given, upon which ſhe opened the door, and addreſſed the gentlemen thus:—"I aſſure you, ſirs, notwithſtanding my huſband drinks *it*, he never goes there." A loud laugh enſued, which gratified the wife exceedingly.

Miſs Charlotte S. I muſt differ in *toto* from the worthy lady I have the honor of ſucceeding, though I cannot forber ſaying her remarks have been very ſagacious and ingenious; but I think notwithſtanding the men are more curious than the women. When the famous bottle-conjuror promiſed to perform, I am told that three parts of the audience, who waited for the completion of his promiſe, were men. So when the impoſtor advertized the horſe, with his head and tail miſ-placed—I have heard that numbers of

men were duped, but the account does not mention a woman. We have, however, ocular demonſtrations now—look at every ballad-ſinger, and you may perceive the circle conſiſts chiefly of men, who with bundles in their hands, or baſkets on their backs, evidently ſhew us they are neglecting their buſineſs through curioſity. When the gentleman who had acquired ſo *great a Name*, near Long-Acre, firſt put it over his ſhop, the number of gazers chiefly conſiſted of men; and afterwards when he had reverſed his grand name, the remark was ſtill the ſame. As to curioſity being of the feminine gender, we might as well lay claim to wiſdom, virtue, and fortune, whom painters have repreſented as females too. I dare ſay that if any gentleman knew of our aſſembly here, there would be ſome of them as eager to liſten at the door, or go behind the curtain as a lady, and perhaps aſſume petticoats as ſhe aſſumed breeches. I have heard of ſome young gentlemen, who have wantonly concealed themſelves under a marriage-bed; and I was told of a lad, who overhearing an appointment between two women, for one to come when its was dark with a baſket to take ſomething (unknown) away, as it was the wiſh of Miſs that her father ſhould not know any thing about *it*.—Curious to know what it was, particularly as he heard the epithets of *ſweet* and *fine*, and all that, abſolutely perſonated the woman, and when he examined the baſket found a child for his pains. It is therefore my opinion that the men are more curious than the women.

Mrs. C. And in my opinion the women are more curious.—Aſk the fortune-tellers—Aſk Mrs. Williams—I believe were it not for our cuſtom, they would all be obliged to decline buſineſs; aſk the editors of the Wonderful Magazine—were it not for us, their wonders would certainly ceaſe.

Mrs. T. And in my opinion men and women are *equally* curious, nor is curioſity by any means a failing; it is our duty to be curious for our own ſakes, and the good of the public. Where would be our deſire for improvement, induſtry, and wiſdom, were it not for curioſity. I confeſs (and nature has ſo wiſely ordained it) the curioſity of men or women may differ in ſome reſpects, but ſtill they are equally curious, and curioſity is commendable; there would elſe be no true friendſhip, no encouragement for merit, no inventions, nor no attention to domeſtic affairs. We would all be inanimate and dull without it. Our family affairs would be neglected were it not for curioſity; ſervants would impoſe upon us were it not for curioſity; however, I muſt condemn that curioſity which induces us to neglect our buſineſs; and without any fulſome compliments to either ſex, I verily believe it may be found occaſionally in both.

[The Preſident's opinion being now demanded, Mrs. G. roſe.]

I own I was for ſome time divided in my opinion, but the candid and impartial manner of the laſt ſpeaker confirms me in a belief that curioſity is equal in both men and women.

[*To be continued.*]

Ladies Literature, No. II.

JULIA TO CAROLINE.

IN vain, dear Caroline, you urge me to *think* I profeſs only to *feel.*

"*Reflect upon my own feelings?* analyſe my notions of happineſs! explain to you my ſyſtem!"—My ſyſtem! But I have no ſyſtem: *that* is the very difference between us. My notions of happineſs cannot be reſolved into ſimple, fixed, principles. Nor dare I even attempt to analyſe them; the ſubtle eſſence would eſcape in the proceſs; juſt puniſhment to the alchemiſt in morality!

You, Caroline, are of a more ſedate, contemplative character. Philoſophy becomes the rigid miſtreſs of your life, enchanting enthuſiaſm the companion of mine. Suppoſe ſhe lead me now and then in purſuit of a meteor; am not I happy in the chace? When one illuſion vaniſhes, another ſhall appear, and ſtill leading me forward towards an horizon that retreats as I advance, the happy proſpect of futurity ſhall vaniſh only with my exiſtence.

"Reflect upon my feelings!"—Dear Caroline, is it not enough that I do feel?—all that I dread is that *apathy* which philoſophers call tranquility. You tell me that by continually *indulging* I ſhall weaken my natural ſenſibility;—are not all the faculties of the ſoul improved, refined by exerciſe, and why ſhall *this* be excepted from the general law?

But I muſt not, you tell me, indulge my taſte for romance and poetry, leſt I waſte that ſympathy on *fiction* which *reality* ſo much better deſerves. My dear friend, let us cheriſh the precious propenſity to pity! no matter what the object; ſympathy with fiction or reality, ariſes from the ſame diſpoſition.

When the ſigh of compaſſion riſes in my boſom, when the ſpontaneous tear ſtarts from my eye, what frigid moraliſt ſhall "ſtop the genial current of the ſoul;" ſhall ſay to the tide of paſſion, *ſo far ſhalt thou go and no farther?*—Shall man preſume to circumſcribe that which Providence has left unbounded?

But, Oh Caroline! if our feelings as well as our days are numbered; if by the immutable law of nature, apathy be the ſleep of paſſion, and languor the neceſſary conſequence of exertion; if indeed the pleaſures of life are ſo ill-proportioned to its duration, oh may that duration be ſhortened to me!—Kind heaven, let not my ſoul die before my body!

Yes, if at this inſtant my guardian genius were to appear before me, and offering me the choice of my future deſtiny; on the one hand, the even temper, the poiſed judgment, the ſtoical ſerenity of philoſophy; on the other, the eager genius, the exquiſite ſenſibility of enthuſiaſm:—If the genius ſaid to me "chuſe."—The lot of the one is great pleaſure, and great pain—great virtues,

and great defects—ardent hope, and ſevere diſappointment—extacy and deſpair. The lot of the other is calm happineſs unmixt with violent grief, virtue without heroiſm—reſpect without admiration, and a length of life, in which to every moment is allotted its proper portion of felicity—Gracious genius, I ſhould exclaim, if half my exiſtence muſt be the ſacrifice, take it ; *enthuſiaſm is my choice.*

Such, my dear friend, would be my choice were I a man ; as a woman, how much more readily ſhould I determine !

What has woman to do with philoſophy ? The graces flouriſh not under her empire ; a woman's part in life is to pleaſe, and Providence has aſſigned to her *ſucceſs* all the pride and pleaſure of her being.

Then leave us our weakneſs, leave us our follies ; they are our beſt arms.

" Leave us to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
" Whom folly pleaſes and whoſe follies pleaſe."

The moment grave ſenſe, and ſolid merit appear, adieu the bewitching caprice, the " *lively nonſenſe,*" the exquiſite, yet childiſh ſuſceptibility which charms, intereſts, captivates.—Believe me, our *amiable defects* win more than our nobleſt virtues. Love requires ſympathy, and ſympathy is ſeldom connected with a ſenſe of ſuperiority. I envy none their " *painful pre-eminence.*" Alas ! whether it be deformity or excellence which makes us ſay with Richard the Third,

" I am myſelf alone."——

it comes to much the ſame thing. Then let us, Caroline, content ourſelves to gain in love what we loſe in eſteem.

Man is to be held only by the *ſlighteſt* chains ; with the idea that he can break them at pleaſure, he ſubmits to them in ſport ; but his pride revolts againſt the power to which his *reaſon* tells him he ought to ſubmit. What then can woman gain by reaſon ! Can ſhe prove by argument that ſhe is amiable ? or demonſtrate that ſhe is an angel ?

Vain was the induſtry of the artiſt, who, to produce the image of perfect beauty, ſelected from the faireſt faces their moſt faultleſs features. Equally vain muſt be the efforts of the philoſopher, who would excite the idea of mental perfection, by combining an aſſemblage of party-coloured virtues.

Such, I had almoſt ſaid, is my *ſyſtem*, but I mean my *ſentiments*, I am not accurate enough to compoſe a *ſyſtem*. After all, how vain are ſyſtems ! and theories and reaſonings !

We may *declaim*, but what do we really know ? All is uncertainty—Human prudence does nothing—Fortune every thing ; I leave every thing therefore to fortune ; *you* leave nothing. Such is the difference between us,—and which ſhall be the happieſt, time alone can decide.

Farewell, dear Caroline, I love you better than I thought I could love a philoſopher.

Your ever affectionate

JULIA.

CAROLINE's ANSWER TO JULIA.

AT the hazard of ceaſing to be "*charming*," "*intereſting*," "*captivating*," I muſt, dear Julia, venture to reaſon with you, to examine your favourite doctrine of "*amiable defects*," and if poſſible to diſſipate that unjuſt dread of perfection which you ſeem to have continually before your eyes.

It is the ſole object of a woman's life, you ſay, to *pleaſe*. Her amiable defects *pleaſe* more than her nobleſt virtues, her follies more than her wiſdom, her caprice more than her temper, and *ſomething*, a nameleſs ſomething, which no art can imitate and no ſcience can teach, more than all.

Art, you ſay, ſpoils the graces and corrupts the heart of woman; and at beſt can produce only a cold model of perfection; which, though perhaps ſtrictly conformable to *rule*, can never touch the ſoul, or pleaſe the unprejudiced taſte, like one ſimple ſtroke of genuine nature.

I have often obſerved, dear Julia, that an inaccurate uſe of words produces ſuch a ſtrange confuſion in all reaſoning, that in the heat of debate, the combatants, unable to diſtinguiſh their friends from their foes, fall promiſcuouſly on both. A ſkilful diſputant knows well how to take advantage of this confuſion, and ſometimes endeavours to create it. I don't know whether I am to ſuſpect you of ſuch a deſign; but I muſt guard againſt it.

You have with great addreſs availed yourſelf of the *two* ideas connected with the word *art;* firſt as oppoſed to ſimplicity it implies artifice, and next as oppoſed to ignorance, it comprehends all the improvements of ſcience, which, leading us to ſearch for general cauſes, rewards us with a dominion over their dependant effects. That which inſtructs how to purſue the objects which we may have in view, with the greateſt probability of ſucceſs. All men who act from general principles are ſo far philoſophers. Their objects may be, when attained, inſufficient to their happineſs, or they may not previouſly have known all the neceſſary means to obtain them. But they muſt not therefore complain, if they do not meet with ſucceſs, which they have no reaſon to expect.

Parrhaſius, in collecting the moſt admired excellencies from various models, to produce perfection, concluded from general principles that mankind would be pleaſed again with what had once excited their admiration.—So far he was a philoſopher.—But he was diſappointed of ſucceſs—Yes, for he was ignorant of the cauſe neceſſary to produce it. The ſeparate features might

be perfect, but they were unſuited to each other, and in their forced union he could not give to the whole countenance, ſymmetry, and an appropriate expreſſion.

There was, as you ſay, a *ſomething* wanting, which his ſcience had not taught him. He ſhould then have ſet himſelf to examine what that *ſomething* was, and how it was to be obtained. His want of ſucceſs aroſe from the *inſufficiency*, not the *fallacy* of theory. Your object, dear Julia, we will ſuppoſe is "to pleaſe." If general obſervation and experience have taught you that ſlight accompliſhments, and a trivial character, ſucceed more certainly in obtaining this end, than higher worth, and ſenſe, you act from principle in rejecting the one and aiming at the other. You have diſcovered, or think you have diſcovered, the ſecret cauſes which produce the deſired effect, and you employ them. Do not call this *inſtinct* or *nature;* this alſo, though you ſcorn it, is *philoſophy*.

But when you come ſoberly to reflect, you have a feeling in your mind that reaſon and cool judgment diſapprove of the part you are acting.

Let us, however, diſtinguiſh between diſapprobation of the *object* and the means.

Averſe as enthuſiaſm is to the retrograde motion of analyſis, let me, my dear friend, lead you one ſtep backward.

Why do you wiſh to pleaſe? I except at preſent from the queſtion, the deſire to pleaſe, ariſing from a paſſion which requires a reciprocal return. Confined as *this* wiſh muſt be in a woman's heart to one object alone, when you ſay, Julia, *that the admiration of others* will be abſolutely neceſſary to your happineſs, I muſt ſuppoſe you mean to expreſs only a *general* deſire to pleaſe?

Then under this limitation—let me aſk you again, why do you wiſh to pleaſe?

Do not let a word ſtop you. The word *vanity* conveys to us a diſagreeable idea. There ſeems ſomething *ſelfiſh* in the ſentiment—That all the pleaſure we feel in pleaſing others, ariſes from the gratification it affords to our own *vanity*.

We refine and explain, and never can bring ourſelves fairly to make a confeſſion, which we are ſenſible muſt lower us in the opinion of others, and conſequently mortify the very *vanity* we would conceal. So ſtrangely then do we deceive ourſelves as to deny the exiſtence of a motive, which at the inſtant prompts the denial. But let us, dear Julia, exchange the word *vanity* for a leſs odious word, ſelf-complacency; let us acknowledge that we wiſh to pleaſe, becauſe the ſucceſs raiſes our ſelf-complacency. If you aſk why raiſing our ſelf-approbation gives us pleaſure, I muſt anſwer, that I do not know. Yet I ſee and feel that it does; I obſerve that the voice of numbers is capable of raiſing the higheſt tranſport or the moſt fatal deſpair. The eye of man ſeems to poſſeſs a faſcinating power over his fellow-creatures, to raiſe the bluſh of ſhame, or the glow of pride.

I look around me and I ſee riches, titles, dignities purſued with ſuch eagerneſs by thouſands, only as the ſigns of diſtinction. Nay, are not all theſe things ſacrificed the moment they ceaſe to be diſtinctions. The moment the prize of glory is to be won by other means, do not millions ſacrifice their fortunes, their peace, their health, their lives, for *fame*. Then amongſt the higheſt pleaſures of human beings, I muſt place ſelf-approbation. With this belief, let us endeavour to ſecure it in the greateſt extent, and to the longeſt duration.

Then Julia, the wiſh to pleaſe becomes only a ſecondary motive ſubordinate to the deſire I have to ſecure my own ſelf-complacency. We will examine how far they are connected.

In reflecting upon my own mind, I obſerve that I am flattered by the opinion of others, in proportion to the opinion I have previouſly formed of their judgment; or, I perceive that the opinion of numbers merely as numbers has power to give me great pleaſure or great pain. I would unite both theſe pleaſures if I could, but in general I cannot—they are incompatible. The opinion of the vulgar crowd and the enlightened individual, the applauſe of the higheſt and the loweſt of mankind, cannot be obtained by the ſame means.

Another queſtion then ariſes, whom ſhall we wiſh to pleaſe?—We muſt chooſe, and be decided in the choice.

You ſay that you are proud; I am prouder.—You will be content with indiſcriminate admiration—nothing will content me but what is *ſelect*. As long as I have the uſe of my reaſon—as long as my heart can feel the delightful ſenſe of a "well-earned praiſe," I will fix my eye on the higheſt pitch of excellence, and ſteadily endeavour to attain it.

Conſcious of her worth, and daring to aſſert it, I would have a woman, early in life, know that ſhe is capable of filling the heart of a man of ſenſe and merit—that ſhe is worthy to be his companion and friend. With all the energy of her ſoul, with all the powers of her underſtanding, I would have a woman endeavour to pleaſe thoſe whom ſhe eſteems and loves.

She runs a riſk, you will ſay, of never meeting her equal.—Hearts and underſtandings of a ſuperior order are ſeldom met with in the world; or when met with, it may not be her particular good fortune to win them.—True; but if ever ſhe *wins*, ſhe will *keep* them; and the prize appears to me well worth the pains and difficulty of attaining.

I, Julia, admire and feel enthuſiaſm; but I would have philoſophy directed to the higheſt objects. I dread apathy, as much as you can, and I would endeavour to prevent it, not by ſacrificing half my exiſtence, but by enjoying the whole with moderation.

You aſk why exerciſe does not increaſe ſenſibility, and why ſympathy with imaginary diſtreſs will not alſo increaſe the diſpoſition to ſympathiſe with what is real?—Becauſe pity ſhould, I

think, always be aſſociated with the active deſire to relieve. If it be ſuffered to become a *paſſive ſenſation*, it is a *uſeleſs weakneſs*, not a virtue. The ſpecies of reading you ſpeak of muſt be hurtful, even in this reſpect, to the mind, as it indulges all the luxury of woe in ſympathy with fictitious diſtreſs, without requiring the exertion which reality demands: Beſides, univerſal experience proves to us that habit, ſo far from increaſing ſenſibility, abſolutely deſtroys it, by familiariſing it with objects of compaſſion.

Let me, my dear friend, appeal even to your own experience in the very inſtances you mention. Is there any pathetic writer in the world, who could move you as much at the "twentieth reading,*" as at the firſt. Speak naturally, and at the third or fourth reading, you would probably ſay, It is very pathetic, but I have read it before—I liked it better the firſt time; that is to ſay, it *did* touch me once—I know it *ought* to touch me now, but it *does not*:—beware of this!—Do not let life become *as tedious as a twice-told tale.*

Farewel, dear Julia; this is the anſwer of fact againſt eloquence, philoſophy againſt enthuſiaſm. You appeal from my underſtanding to my heart—I appeal from the heart to the underſtanding of my judge; and ten years hence the deciſion perhaps will be in my favour.

Yours, ſincerely, CAROLINE.

MISCELLANEA.

A TREATISE ON MISCELLANIES.

Written by D'Israeli.

I GIVE ſome obſervations on Miſcellanies, which, like their ſubject, may perhaps require an apology for their unconnected ſtate. The Miſcellaniſts ſatiriſe the Pedants; and the Pedants abuſe the Miſcellaniſts; but little has been hitherto gained by this inglorious conteſt; ſince Pedants will always be read by Pedants, and the Miſcellaniſts by the taſteful, the volatile, and the amiable.

Literary eſſays are claſſed under philological ſtudies; but philology formerly conſiſted rather of the labours of arid grammarians, and conjectural critics, than of that more elegant philoſophy which has been lately introduced into literature, and which by its graces and inveſtigation, can augment the beauties of original genius, by beauties of its own. This delightful ſcience has been termed in Germany the ÆSTHETIC, from a Greek term, ſignifying *feeling*. It is ſomething more than the perfect theoretical knowledge of polite literature, and the fine arts, for while it embraces not only their common principles, and the particular precepts of every kind of literature, and of every art, it decides on the beautiful by TASTE, and not by *Logic;* by the acuteneſs of

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* Hume ſaid, that Parnel's poems were as freſh at the twentieth reading as at the firſt.

the ſenſes it inſtantly FEELS what pleaſes or diſpleaſes. Longinus and Addiſon were æſthetic critics. Ariſtotle and Boſſu depend on accuracy of judgment, and logical definitions, and *know*, though they may not *feel* what ought to pleaſe. Imagination, ſenſibility, and congeniality of mind are required in an æſthetic critic, who however has often been contemptuouſly appreciated by the critics of the adverſe ſchool. Warburton has called Addiſon an empty ſuperficial writer; nor let it be forgotten how the *logical* critic has been little ſenſible to the character of genius: and that without ſympathy, taſte, and imagination, it is poſſible to form very elaborate criticiſms. But one muſt *feel*, to *decide* in the ſchool of Longinus and Addiſon.

It has been obſerved that philological purſuits inflate the mind with vanity, and have carried ſome men of learning to a curious and ridiculous extravagance. Perhaps this literary orgaſm may ariſe from two cauſes. Philologiſts are apt to form too exalted an opinion of the nature of their ſtudies, while they often make their peculiar taſte, a ſtandard by which they judge of the ſentiments of others. It is not thus with the ſcientific and the moral writer; Science is modeſt and cautious, Morality is humble and exhortative, while Philology alone is arrogant and poſitive. *An experiment* in ſcience is found with infinite labour, and may be overturned by a new diſcovery; and an *action* in morality may be ſo mingled with human paſſions, that we heſitate to pronounce it perfect, and analyſe it with tranquility. But it is not difficult with ſome to perſuade themſelves that Virgil is an immaculate author, and that they are men of exquiſite taſte. The Pedants of the laſt age exerciſed a vanity and ferocity revived by thoſe critics, who have been called Warburtonians. They employed ſimilar language in their deciſions to that of Du Moulin, a great lawyer of thoſe days, who always prefixed to his conſultations this defiance, "I who yield to no perſon, and whom no perſon can teach any thing."

By one of theſe was Montaigne, the venerable father of modern Miſcellanies, called "a bold ignorant fellow." To thinking readers, this critical ſummary will appear myſterious; for Montaigne had imbibed the ſpirit of all modern writers of antiquity; and although he has made a capricious complaint of a defective memory, we cannot but wiſh the complaint had been more real; for we diſcover in his works nearly as much compilement, as reflection, and he is one of thoſe authors who ſhould quote rarely, but who deſerves to be often quoted. Montaigne was cenſured by Scaliger. as Addiſon was cenſured by Warbuton; becauſe both, like Socrates, ſmiled at that mere erudition, which conſiſts of knowing the thoughts of others, and having no thoughts of our own. To weigh ſyllables, and to arrange dates, to adjuſt texts, and to heap annotations, has generally proved the abſence of the higher faculties. When a more adventurous ſpirit, of this heard, attempted ſome novel diſcovery, often men of taſte beheld, with indignation, the perverſions of

their underſtanding; and a Bentley in his Milton, or a Warburton on a Virgil, had either a ſingular imbecility concealed under the arrogance of the Scholar, or they did not believe what they told the Public; the one in his extraordinary invention of an interpolating editor, and the other in his more extraordinary explanation of the Eleuſinian myſteries. But what was ſtill worſe, the froth of the head became venom, when it reached the heart.

Montaigne has alſo been cenſured for an apparent vanity, in making himſelf the idol of his lucubrations. If he had not done this, he had not performed the promiſe he makes at the commencement of his preface. An engaging tenderneſs prevails in theſe *naive* expreſſions which ſhall not be injured by a verſion. "Je l'ay voué à la commodité particuliere de mes Parens et Amis; à ceque m'ayans perdu (ce qu'ils ont à faire bientot) ils y puiſſent retrouver quelques traicts de mes humeurs, et que par ce moyen ils nourriſſent plus entiere et plus vifue la conoiſſance qu'ils ont en de moi."

Thoſe authors who appear ſometimes to forget they are writers, and remember they are men, will be our favourites. He who writes from the heart, will write to the heart; every one is enabled to decide on his merits, and they will not be referred to learned heads, or a diſtant day. We are I think little intereſted if an author diſplays ſublimity; but we ſhould be much concerned to know whether he has ſincerity.

Should not this author aſſume a fantaſtic air of novelty, I will ſtill truſt to every ſentiment. I will aſſimilate his ſenſations with my own, and I will look into his works, as into my own heart. Why, ſays Boileau, are my verſes read by all? it is only becauſe they ſpeak truths, and that I am convinced of the truths I write. Why have ſome of our fine writers intereſted more than others, who have not diſplayed inferior talents? becauſe they have raiſed no artificial emotions, but poured forth the vigorous expreſſions of a heart, which ſeemed relieved from an oppreſſion of ſenſibility, as it's ardent ſentiments animated every period. Montaigne therefore preferred thoſe of the ancients, who appear to write under a conviction of what they ſaid; the eloquent Cicero declaims but coldly on liberty, while in the impetuous Brutus may be perceived a man, who is reſolved to purchaſe it with his life. We know little of Plutarch; yet a ſpirit of honeſty and perſuaſion in his works, expreſſes a philoſophical character, capable of imitating as well as admiring the virtues he records. Why is Addiſon ſtill the firſt of our eſſayiſts? he has ſometimes been excelled in criticiſms more philoſophical, in topics more intereſting, and in diction more coloured. But there is a perſonal charm in the character he has aſſumed, in his periodical Miſcellanies, which is felt with ſuch a gentle force, that we ſcarce advert to it. He has painted forth his little humours, his individual feelings, and eterniſed himſelf to his readers. Johnſon and Hawkeſworth we receive with reſpect, and we diſmiſs with awe; we come from their

writings as from public lectures, and from Addiſon's as from private converſations.

Sterne perhaps derives a portion of his celebrity from the ſame influence; he intereſts us in his minuteſt motions, for he tells us all he feels.—Richardſon was ſenſible of the power with which theſe minute ſtrokes of deſcription enter the heart, and which are ſo many faſtenings to which the imagination clings. He ſays "If I give ſpeeches and converſations I ought to give them juſtly; for the humours and characters of perſons cannot be known, unleſs I repeat *what* they ſay, and their *manner* of ſaying." I confeſs I am infinitely pleaſed when Sir William Temple acquaints us with the ſize of his orange trees, and with the flavour of his peaches and grapes, confeſſed by Frenchmen to equal thoſe of France; with his having had the honour to naturalize in this country four kinds of grapes, with his liberal diſtribution of them becauſe "he ever thought all things of this kind the commoner they are the better." In a word with his paſſionate attachment to his garden, of his deſire to eſcape from great employments, and having paſt five years without going to town, where, by the way, "he had a large houſe always ready to receive him." Dryden has interſperſed many of theſe little particulars in his proſaic compoſitions, and I think that his character and diſpoſitions, may be more correctly acquired by uniting theſe ſcattered notions, than by any biographical account which can now be given of this man of genius.

But we muſt now reject this pleaſing egotiſm, that often relates to us all; this vanity, that has often ſo much ſimplicity; this ſelf-flattery, that has often ſo much modeſty. As refinement prevails, we ſeek to conceal ourſelves from too familiar an inſpection; ſimplicity of manners paſſes away with ſimplicity of ſtyle. When we write with ſparkling antitheſis, and ſolemn cadences, with elaborate elegancies and ſtudied graces, an author is little deſirous of painting himſelf in domeſtic negligence. Our writings reſemble our faſhions, various in their manner, but never ſimple, and our authors, like their fellow-citizens, are vying with each other in pomp and dignity. Hence, the perſonal acquaintance of a modern author, is always to his diſadvantage; he has publiſhed himſelf a ſuperior being; we approach and diſcover the impoſture. The readers of Montaigne, had they met with him, would have felt differently; they would have found a friend complaining like themſelves of his infirmities, and ſmiling with them, at the folly of his complaints.

From this agreeable mode of compoſition, a ſpecies of Miſcellanies may be diſcriminated, which, above all others, becomes precious in the collections of a reader of taſte. To the compoſition of theſe little works, which are often diſcovered in a fugitive ſtate, their authors are prompted by the fine impulſes of genius, derived from the peculiarity of their ſituation, or the enthuſiaſm of their prevailing paſſion. Dictated by the heart, or poliſhed

with the fondneſs of delight, theſe productions are impreſſed by the ſeductive eloquence of genius, or attach us by the ſenſibility of taſte. The object thus ſelected, is no taſk, impoſed on the mind of the writer, for the mere ambition of literature; but is generally a voluntary effuſion, warm with all the ſenſations of a pathetic writer. In a word, they are the compoſitions of genius, on a ſubject in which it is moſt deeply intereſted; which it revolves on all its ſides, which it paints in all its tints, and which it finiſhes with the ſame ardour it began. Among ſuch works may be placed the exiled Bolingbroke's "Reflections upon Exile." The retired Petrarch and Zimmerman's Eſſays on "Solitude." The impriſoned Boethius's "Conſolations of Philoſophy." The oppreſſed Pierius Valerianus's Catalogue of "Literary Calamities." The deformed Hay's Eſſay on "Deformity." The projecting De Foe's "Eſſays on Projects." The liberal Shenſtone's Poem on "Economy."

We may reſpect the profound genius of voluminous writers; they are a kind of painters who occupy great room, and fill up, as a ſatiriſt expreſſes it, "an acre of canvaſs." But we muſt prefer thoſe delicate pieces which the Graces lay on the altar of taſte. A groupe of Cupids; a Venus emerging from the waves; a Pſyche or an Aglaia, embelliſh the cabinet of the man of taſte, who connects theſe little pieces by wreaths of roſes. Pliny mentions an artiſt who took great delight in painting ſmall pictures, but was ridiculed at Rome for the confined ſpace he employed; it is not however clear whether the defect aroſe from the futility of his pencil, or the affected gravity of the Romans. A Miſcellaniſt ſhould imitate two painters; the modern Albano, celebrated for painting the ſmalleſt and the moſt beautiful figures; and the ancient Parrhaſius, who was ever in ſuch good humour with himſelf as to ſing at his labours, which happy circumſtance, it is ſuppoſed, imparted ſo much gaiety to his compoſitions.

Theſe little productions are not deſigned to be finiſhed pieces; and in ſome reſpects reſemble the modeſt idea that the ancient paintters had of their own works. They marked them by imperfect inſcriptions, and half deſignations; as thus—Appelles was *doing* this picture; Polycletus was *ſculpturing* this image, as if they were but begun, and never could be finiſhed by their hands. They rarely ſaid FECIT, but only FACIEBAT.

But however exquiſitely theſe little pieces may be formed, there is a race of ſtudents who fail not to contemn elegance as frivolity, and inſtructive knowledge as ſuperficial erudition. The ponderous ſcholars have facetiouſly expreſſed their contempt by calling the agreeable writers "empty bottles." Uſbek, the Perſian of Monteſquieu, is one of the profoundeſt philoſophers; his letters are however but conciſe pages. Rochefoucault and La Bruyere are not ſuperficial obſervers of human nature, although they have only written ſentences. Of Tacitus it has been finely remarked by Monteſquieu, that "he abridged every thing becauſe he ſaw

every thing," and I have ever admired the character of Timanthes, the painter, of whom it is recorded, that he expreſſed more than he painted by an inſtructive and comprehenſive reſervedneſs.

It ſhould, indeed, be the characteriſtic of good Miſcellanies, to be multifarious and conciſe. Montaigne approves of Plutarch and Seneca, becauſe their looſe papers were ſuited to his diſpoſitions, and where knowledge is acquired without a tedious ſtudy. It is, ſays he, no great attempt to take one in hand, and I give over at pleaſure, for they have no ſequel or connection. La Fontaine agreeably applauds ſhort compoſitions:

Les longs ouvrages me font peur ;
Loin d'epuiſer une matiere
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur ;

and old Francis Oſborne has a coarſe and ludicrous image in favour of ſuch opuſcula; he ſays, "Huge volumes, like the oxe roaſted whole at Bartholomew fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford leſs of what is delicate, ſavory, and well concocted, than *ſmaller pieces.*" To quote ſo light a genius as the enchanting La Fontaine, and ſo ſolid a mind as the ſenſible Oſborne, is taking in all the climates of the human mind; it is touching at the equator, and puſhing on to the pele.

There are writers, as well as readers, who only conſult books for their amuſement; and they alike are ſenſible, that four things are written and read with greater pleaſure than one, though that one ſhould be ſhorter than the four. If literature is only with ſome a mere amuſement, I think it will not diminiſh it's importance in the affairs of human life; and Dryden confeſſes, though he is pleaſed to add to his ſhame, that he never read any thing but for his pleaſure.

Montaigne's works have been called by a Cardinal "the Breviary of Idlers." It is therefore the book of man; for all men are idlers; we have hours which we paſs with lamentation, and which we know are always returning. At thoſe moments miſcellaniſts are conformable to all our humours. We dart along their airy and conciſe page, and their lively anecdote, or their profound obſervation are ſo many interſtitial pleaſures in our liſtleſs hours.

We find, in theſe literary miniatures, qualities incompatible with more voluminous performances. Sometimes a bolder, and ſometimes a firmer touch; for they are allowed but a few ſtrokes; and ſhould not always trace an elegant phraſe, but grave a forcible ſentiment. They are permitted every kind of ornament, for how can the diminutive pleaſe, unleſs it charms by its finiſhed decorations, its elaborate niceties, and its exquiſite poliſh? A conciſe work preſerves a common ſubject from inſipidity, and an uncommon one from error. An eſſayiſt expreſſes himſelf with a more real enthuſiaſm, than the writer of a volume; for I have obſerved that the moſt fervid genius is apt to cool in a quarto,

Race-horſes appear only to diſplay their agile rapidity in the courſe, while on the road they ſoon become ſpiritleſs and tame.

The ancients were great admirers of Miſcellanies; and this with ſome profound ſtudents, who affect to contemn theſe light and beautiful compoſitions, might be a ſolid argument to evince their bad taſte. Aulus Gellius has preſerved a copious liſt of titles of ſuch works. Theſe titles are ſo numerous, and include ſuch gay and pleaſing deſcriptions, that we may infer by their number that they were greatly admired by the public, and by their titles that they prove the great delight their authors experienced in their compoſition. Among the titles are a baſket of flowers; an embroidered mantle; and a variegated meadow. Such a miſcellaniſt as was the admirable Eraſmus, deſerves the happy deſcription which Plutarch with an elegant enthuſiaſm beſtows on Menander; he calls him the delight of philoſophers fatigued with ſtudy; that they have recourſe to his works as to a meadow enamelled with flowers, where the ſenſe is delighted by a purer air; and very elegantly adds, that Menander has a ſalt peculiar to himſelf, drawn from the ſame waters that gave birth to Venus.

The Troubadours, Conteurs, and Jongleurs, practiſed what is yet called in the ſouthern parts of France, *Le guay Saber*, or the gay ſcience. I conſider theſe as the Miſcellaniſts of their day; they had their grave moralities, their tragical hiſtories, and their ſportive tales; their verſe and their proſe. The village was in motion at their approach; the caſtle was opened to the ambulatory poets, and the feudal hypochondriac liſtened to their ſolemn inſtruction and their airy fancy. I would call miſcellaneous compoſition LE GUAY SABER, and I would have every miſcellaneous writer as ſolemn and as gay, as various and as pleaſing, as theſe lively artiſts of verſatility.

Nature herſelf is moſt delighful in her miſcellaneous ſcenes. When I hold a volume of Miſcellanies, and run over with avidity the titles of its contents, my mind is enchanted, as if it were placed among the landſcapes of Valais, which Rouſſeau has deſcribed with ſuch pictureſque beauty. I fancy myſelf ſeated in a cottage amid thoſe mountains, thoſe valleys, thoſe rocks, encircled by the enchantments of optical illuſion. I look, and behold at once the united ſeaſons. "All climates in one place, all ſeaſons in one inſtant." I gaze at once on a hundred rainbows, and trace the romantic figures of the ſhifting clouds. I ſeem to be in a temple dedicated to the ſervice of the Goddeſs VARIETY.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

DUELS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

THE frequent Duels which have lately occurred in this Country, render the ſubject of this mode of combat intereſting. Not doubting that your readers will be amuſed by the following hiſtorical anecdotes relative thereto, I have taken the liberty to incloſe them to you for publication. The "Curioſities of Literature" afford them. Yours, &c. KALAT.

DUELS were ſo common, no later than in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIII. (about 1610) that Houſſaie, in his Memoires Hiſtoriques, Vol. II. p. 259, informs us, that the firſt news enquired after every morning, when the people met in the ſtreets or public places, were, ordinarily, Who has fought yeſterday? and in the afternoon, Do you know who has fought this morning?

At this time there was one Bouteville, whom it was not neceſſary to provoke, to fight; for no man enjoyed with keener pleaſure the claſhing of ſwords. If he heard any one ſay by chance, and in the moſt friendly converſation, that ſuch an one was courageous, he immediately addreſſed himſelf to that perſon, in theſe words; "Sir, I am told you are a brave fellow; we muſt fight together." There remained no alternative but to conclude with a duel, or continually to ſuffer his mad inſults.

Every morning the duelliſts met at Bouteville's houſe in a great hall, where were always found bread and wine on a table ready prepared, with foils to fence. This hall was the ſchool of duelliſts, or rather the place where the councils of war of theſe men were held. De Valencay, an officer of eminence, who was at the head of this ſociety, had ſuch an itch for fighting, that one day, he wanted to call out Bouteville, his moſt intimate friend, becauſe this duelliſt had not choſen him for a ſecond in a duel which he had had within a few days. Nor would this quarrel have been compromiſed, but for another that Bouteville, in the gaiety of his heart, had at that moment with the Marquis de Portes; at which meeting De Valencay amuſed himſelf with the Marquis's ſecond, one Cavois, and wounded him dangerouſly.

Reſpecting this duel an anecdote is recorded, which will ſerve to characteriſe the duelliſts. When the Marquis de Portes introduced Cavois to De Valencay, he obſerved, that he brought one of the beſt ſcholars of Du Perche, (then the moſt ſkilful fencing-maſter in Paris) and therefore he ſaid to De Valencay, you will meet a Rowland for your Oliver. When De Valencay pierced Cavois, he cried out, "My dear friend, this ſtroke does not come from Du Perche; but you will acknowledge it to be as good." Cavois fortunately recovered, and they were on the beſt terms im-

aginable, of which De Valencay gave a diſtinguiſhed proof. When Cardinal Richelieu deſired him to ſelect a brave man to command a company of life-guard men, which he was then raiſing, he warmly recommended Cavois; and anſwered on his honour that his eminence could not find a braver. Cavois thus recommended was accepted without heſitation; and it was through this ſingular duel that the fortunes of this poor gentleman began to flouriſh.

Bouteville became the peſt of Paris; and at length was puniſhed with death. Such was the attractive generoſity of his character, that he did not go to the place of execution unaccompanied by the lamentations of many perſons. An ingenious appeal to his Majeſty was drawn up, and which is remarkable for being a curious defence of duelling. Richelieu was deſirous of ſaving his life, but his death was neceſſary.

The learned Selden has written a treatiſe on the DUELLO, or ſingle Combat; it abounds with curious antiquarian information. He only conſiders this ſpecies of Combat in a legal view; and has collected, with great learning and induſtry, the ceremonies, inſtitutions, and occaſions in which it has been lawfully allowed. On judicial duels, it is not now neceſſary to dwell. The refinement of modern times has aboliſhed ſuch barbarous public deciſions; and we ſhould alſo aboliſh the reſenting private injuries by an inſtant appeal to the ſword or piſtol, were we not deluded by a falſe ſpirit of honour; an idol to which we offer up human ſacrifices every day.

I have now lying before me a collection of the Edicts, Declarations, Records, and other pieces concerning duels and rencounters, which were made at various periods by the Court of France, with a view of ſuppreſſing duels. From theſe materials a ſketch of the hiſtory of modern duelling may be formed.

The firſt decree againſt duels is dated the 12th June, 1599. It declares, that by reaſon of the murders and homicides, continually committed in duels, to obviate their frequency, (and which duels are generally practiſed by perſons who conſider themſelves injured and incapable, but by this mode of reparation, to fill thoſe public occupations for which they are otherwiſe qualified) it is therefore decreed that thoſe who revenge themſelves of inſults, by any other mode than the ordinary courſe of law, ſhall be deemed guilty of high treaſon, and their eſtates confiſcated to the king.

The next edict is made by Henry IV. and is dated April 1602. This great monarch tells us, that ſo prevalent was the cuſtom of fighting duels, and ſuch was the daily effuſion of blood of many brave men, that he ſhould not conſider himſelf as worthy of holding the ſceptre if he deferred repreſſing this enormous crime by the ſevereſt laws. He, therefore, in the pathetic expreſſions of this edict, not being able of ſuffering any longer the juſt complaints of many fathers and others, who fear that the temerity of youth may precipitate their children to thoſe dreadful

combats, fought by ſome through an ambition that is deſtructive of their friends and feelings, and accepted by others, who conſider they cannot avoid the combat unleſs they would appear inferior in courage to their enemy; he declares, in conformity to the former decree of parliament, all who have fought duels, whether they be dead or alive, guilty of treaſon, and enforces the ſeizure of their eſtates, and employing every other means of preventing the effuſion of blood.

However great the ſeverity of theſe edicts may appear, they availed little againſt this falſe honour with which the French were ſo dreadfully infected. In the next edict, publiſhed only ſeven years afterwards, June 1609, we obſerve Henry lamenting, that notwithſtanding the rigour of the laws, it ſeemed rather to provoke than baniſh this inhuman cuſtom. He, therefore, beſides the penalties before impoſed, ordains puniſhments for all perſons who are concerned, in any way whatever, of duelling; not only for principals, and ſeconds, and bearers of challenges, but alſo for ſpectators, who ſhall come to the field and not prevent the ſhedding blood. However, that he might in ſome manner not exaſparate the prevailing diſpoſition of the nation, he permits thoſe who imagine themſelves injured beyond the redreſs of law to make their application to himſelf, or to the marſhals, governors, &c. and, according to the nature of the affront, he promiſes to allow them the duel, if no other ſatisfaction be deemed ſufficient.

This ſevere edict was of great benefit during the latter part of the reign of Henry the Great. But in the commencement of the reign of Louis XIII. to elude its force, a novel mode of duel was invented; the parties gave no challenge, but met as if it had been by accident. On this Louis XIII. publiſhed a declaration, dated 3d July, 1611. He there confirms the preceding decrees in all their force, and extends them to all rencounters, whenever they could be proved not to have been occaſioned by accident. On the 18th January, 1613, he was compelled to publiſh another, in which he declares, with a view that all hopes of pardon might be deſtroyed, that whoever ſhall dare to make application to his mother, the queen regent, to intercede for pardon of ſuch offences ſhall incur his indignation, and alſo that whoever ſhall conceal the criminals ſhall be reputed an acceſſary to their crimes. In the next year we meet with an edict publiſhed by the parliament, at the motion of the king's attorney general, in conſequence of the frequent duels which occurred in the ſtreets of Paris.

We will paſs over ſeveral edicts, in which always ſome new puniſhment was added to the former ones. In April, 1624, we find a remarkable one concerning our duelliſt, Bouteville. He and three others are there condemned for having fought a duel on Eaſter-day. They are ſentenced to be degraded from all privileges and titles of honour, are declared infamous, to be hung on

a gibbet in Paris, and, if not apprehended, to be hung in effigy; their houſes to be raſed to the ground, never to be rebuilt; the trees growing about them to be cut off by the middle, that they may remain as a perpetual monument of their crimes; a pillar of free ſtone, with an inſcription on a copper plate, to be erected there, containing an account of this demolition, and the eſtates and property of the culprits to be confiſcated.

It merits obſervation, and clearly proves how univerſal muſt have been the practice of duelling (and in fact perſons of the firſt diſtinction had rendered themſelves obnoxious to the laws by it) that when the ſiſter of the king of France was married to Charles I. that monarch being deſirous of granting to his ſubjects ſome public act of grace as a mark of his joy on the occaſion, none could be thought of more acceptable to them than a general pardon for duels.

In 1627, Bouteville and his accomplices were apprehened, and ſuffered condign puniſhment. In May, 1634, the rage of duelling was ſtill alive; for by a declaration then publiſhed the parliament revives all former edicts, and ſolemnly ſwears to grant no pardons; and, in 1635, it declared the will of a perſon of diſtinction who had fought a duel to be null.

When Louis XIV. came to the crown, an elaborate edict was publiſhed, dated June, 1643. This monarch was more ſucceſsful in his attempts to aboliſh this pernicious practice than his ſucceſſors; and it is not to be accounted amongſt the leaſt of his great enterpriſes. He effected this by having formed into a body a variety of uſeful regulations, which have been called the laws of honour. They originated from the following circumſtance, worthy of being imitated by ourſelves.

Several gentlemen of diſtinction in France, lamenting the deplorable progreſs of duelling, ſubſcribed to a public declaration, in which they ſolemnly proteſted to refuſe all kinds of challenges, and never to fight duels. This declaration they preſented to the marſhals of France, prelates and doctors of the Sorbonne, all of whom alledged their reaſons for the abolition of this fatal and prevailing vice. The marſhals were then enjoined, by an expreſs order from his majeſty, to meet together, and form a ſhort code of laws concerning ſatisfactions and reparations of honour. This they have performed in nineteen regulations, afterwards confirmed and enlarged, ſigned by the great marſhals of France, and dated Auguſt, 1653.

It muſt not be conſidered that this article relates merely to a curious incident in the hiſtory of other times. Duelling appears to be making no ſlow progreſs at the preſent moment; and if ſome great and good minds, who are always independent of the prejudices of their age, would now imitate the example of thoſe perſons whoſe declaration we have noticed, the public tranquility would be leſs frequently diſturbed, and our domeſtic felicities would preſerve a ſtability, which, while this fatal practice is prevalent, they never can know.

For the NEW-ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MESS. EDITORS.

There is amuſement in the following

GLANCE INTO THE FRENCH ACADEMY,

be pleaſed to give it a place among your miſcellanies. It was written previous to the Revolution. Yours, &c. RICARDO.

IN the Republic of Letters the eſtabliſhment of an Academy has always been a favourite project. It is perhaps one of the Utopian ſchemes of literature. Various Academies have been eſtabliſhed, and the public have been aſtoniſhed to ſee the united efforts of ſo many men of letters produce ſuch inconſiderable fruit. Amongſt theſe eſtabliſhments the French Academy makes a ſplendid appearance. When this ſociety however publiſhed their dictionary, that of Furetiere's became a formidable rival, and Johnſon did as much as the forty themſelves. Where it poſſible to obſerve the *junto* at their meetings, one might be enabled to form ſome opinion of the manner in which they employed their time. This I am fortunately enabled to do. The Queen of Sweden, when at Paris, took a ſudden fancy to viſit the Academy. Patru in one of his letters minutely deſcribes what paſſed at that viſit. I ſhall collect the circumſtances from his lifeleſs detail; which will prove that they met to little purpoſe. From ſuch an aſſembly nothing eminent could be reaſonably expected.

The Queen of Sweden having reſolved to viſit the French Academy, ſhe gave them ſo ſhort a notice of her deſign, that it was impoſſible to inform the majority of the members of her intention. About four o'clock fifteen or ſixteen Academicians were aſſembled. Mr. Gombaut one of the members, who did not know of the intended royal viſit, and who was enraged againſt the Queen, becauſe ſhe did not reliſh his verſes, thought proper to ſhew his reſentment by quitting the aſſembly.

She was received in a ſpacious hall. In the middle was a table, covered with rich blue velvet, ornamented with a broad border of gold and ſilver. At its head was placed an arm-chair of black velvet embroidered with gold, and round the table chairs were placed with tapeſtry backs. The chancellor had forgotten to hang in the hall the portrait of the Queen, which ſhe had preſented to the academy, and which was conſidered by ſome as a great omiſſion. About five, a footman belonging to the Queen, enquired if the company were aſſembled. Soon after, a ſervant of the King informed the chancellor that the Queen was at the end of the ſtreet; and immediately her carriage was ſeen to draw up in the court-yard. The chancellor, followed by the reſt of

the members, went to receive her as ſhe ſtepped out of her chariot; but the crowd was ſo great, that few of them could reach her majeſty: accompanied by the chancellor, ſhe paſſed through the firſt hall, followed by one of her ladies, the captain of her guards, and one or two more of her ſuite.

When ſhe entered the Academy ſhe approached the fire, and ſpoke in a low voice to the chancellor: ſhe then aſked why Mr. Menage was not there? and when ſhe was told that he did not belong to the Academy, ſhe aſked why he did not? She was anſwered, that however he might merit the honour, he had rendered himſelf unworthy of it by ſeveral diſputes he had had with its members. She then enquired of the chancellor, (as was known afterwards) whether the Academicians were to ſit, or ſtand before her? On this, the chancellor conſulted with a member, who obſerved, that in the time of Ronſard, there was held an aſſembly of men of letters before Charles IX. ſeveral times, and that they were always ſeated. The Queen converſed with M. Bourdelot; and, ſuddenly turning to Madame De Bregis, told her that ſhe believed ſhe muſt not be preſent at the aſſembly. But it was agreed that this lady deſerved the honour. As the Queen was talking with a member, ſhe ſuddenly quitted him, as was her cuſtom, and in her quick way ſat down in the arm-chair; and at the ſame time the members ſeated themſelves. The Queen obſerving that they did not, out of reſpect to her, approach the table, deſired them to come near; and they accordingly approached it.

During theſe ceremonious preperations, ſeveral officers of ſtate had entered the hall, and ſtood behind the Academicians. The chancellor ſat at the Queen's left hand, by the fire-ſide; and at the right was placed M. De la Chambre, the director, then Boiſrobert, Patru, Peliſſon, Cotin, the Abbe Tallemant, and others. M. De Mezeray ſat at the bottom of the table facing the Queen, with an inkſtand, paper, and the portfolio of the company laying before him; he occupied the place of ſecretary. When they were all ſeated, the director roſe, and the Academicians followed him, all but the chancellor, who remained in his ſeat. The director made his complimentary addreſs in a low voice, his body was quite bent, and no perſon but the Queen and the chancellor could hear him. She received his addreſs with great ſatisfaction.

Theſe compliments concluded, they regained their ſeats. The director then told the Queen, that he had compoſed a treatiſe on pain, to add to his character of the paſſions, and, if it was agreeable to her majeſty, he would read the firſt chapter. Very willingly, ſhe anſwered. Having read it, he ſaid to her Majeſty, that he would read no more leſt he ſhould fatigue her. Not at all, ſhe replied, for I ſuppoſe what follows reſembles what I have heard.

Afterwards Mr. Mezeray mentioned, that Mr. Cotin had ſome verſes, which her majeſty would doubtleſs find beautiful, and if it was agreeable they ſhould be read. Mr. Cotin read them;

they were verſions of two paſſages from Lucretius; the one in which he attacks a Providence, and the other, where he gives the origin of the world according to the Epicurian ſyſtem; to theſe he added twenty lines of his own, in which he maintained the exiſtence of a Providence. This done, an Abbé (whoſe name does not appear) roſe, and without being deſired, or ordered, read two ſonnets, which by courteſy were allowed to be tolerable. It is remarkable, that both theſe *poets* read their verſes ſtanding, while the reſt read their compoſitions ſeated.

After theſe readings, the director informed the Queen, that the ordinary exerciſe of the company, was to work on the dictionary, and that if her majeſty ſhould not find it diſagreeable, they would read a *cahier* or paper book. Very willingly, ſhe anſwered. Mr. De Mezeray then read what related to the word *Jeu; Game.* Amongſt other proverbial expreſſions was this; *Game of princes which only pleaſe the players;* to expreſs a malicious violence committed by one in power. At this the Queen laughed heartily; and they continued reading all that was fairly written. This laſted about an hour, when the Queen obſerved that nothing more remained, aroſe, made a bow to the company, and returned in the manner ſhe had come.

Furetiere, who was himſelf an Academician, has deſcribed the miſerable manner in which time was conſumed at their aſſemblies. I confeſs he was a ſatiriſt, and had quarreled with the Academy; there muſt have been, notwithſtanding, ſufficient reſemblance for the following picture, however it may be overcharged. He has been blamed for thus expoſing the Eleuſinian myſteries of literature to the uninitiated.

"He who bawls the loudeſt, is he whom they ſuppoſe has moſt reaſon. They all have the art of making long orations upon a trifle. The ſecond repeats, like an echo, what the firſt has ſaid; but generally three or four ſpeak together. When there is a bench of five or ſix members, one reads, another decides, two converſe, one ſleeps, and another amuſes himſelf with reading ſome dictionary which happens to lie before him. When a ſecond member is to deliver his opinion, they are obliged to read again the article, which at the firſt peruſal he had been too much engaged to hear. This is a happy manner of finiſhing their work. They can hardly get over two lines without long digreſſions; without ſome one telling a pleaſant ſtory, or the news of the day; or talking of affairs of ſtate and reforming the government."

If the aſſemblies of Academicians are thus triflingly paſſed, we need not regret that no Academy for polite literature is eſtabliſhed in our country.

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

SHENSTONIANA, No. I.

MESS. EDITORS,

IN this country the good ſenſe and pertinent remarks of Shenſtone are little known. His talents were certainly great, and his knowledge of mankind extenſive. With your leave I will introduce him to your readers, and endeavour to tranſmit to them that information, which I have derived from a peruſal of his proſaic writings. He ſeems to have been a contemplative man, and to have penned on almoſt every occaſion his moſt important thoughts. His obſervations therefore may well be ranked among the *anas* of the day. Your giving them inſertion will oblige

your humble ſervant,
TIMON.

SHENSTONIANA.

I actually dreamt that ſomebody told me I muſt not print my pieces ſeparate: that certain ſtars, would, if ſingle, be hardly conſpicuous, which, united in a narrow compaſs, form a very ſplendid conſtellation.

I think I have obſerved univerſally that the quarrels of friends in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. "Malè ſarta gratia necquicquam coit, & reſcinditur." A wound in the friendſhip of young perſons, as in the bark of young trees, may be ſo grown over, as to leave no ſcar. The caſe is very different in regard to old perſons and old timber. The reaſon of this may be accountable from the decline of the ſocial paſſions, and the prevalence of ſpleen, ſuſpicion, and rancour, toward the latter part of life.

Tully ever ſeemed to me an inſtance, how far a man devoid of courage, may be a ſpirited writer.

It is obvious to diſcover that imperfections of one kind have a viſible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily diſadvantages muſt incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foreſaw that he muſt have languiſhed in obſcurity. The advantages of perſon are a good deal eſſential to popularity in the grave world as well as in the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but alſo of the ladies.

Poetry and conſumptions are the moſt flattering of diſeaſes.

A Poet, till he arrives at thirty, can ſee no other good than a poetical reputation. About that era, he begins to diſcover ſome other.

A Poet, that fails in writing, becomes often a moroſe critic. The weak and inſipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

The moſt obſequious muſes, like the fondeſt and moſt willing courtezans, ſeldom leave us any reaſon, to boaſt much of their favors.

Critics muſt excuſe me, if I compare them to certain animals called aſſes: who, by knawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

The ſame qualities, joined with virtue, often furniſh out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furniſh out an highwayman; I mean courage and ſtrong paſſions. And they may both join in the ſame expreſſion, tho' with a meaning ſomewhat varied.

" Tentand a via eſt, qua me quoque poſſum
" Tollere humo."

i. e. " Be promoted or be hanged."

An editor, or tranſlator, collects the merits of different writers: and, forming all into a wreath, beſtows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demoſthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the ſublimity of Homer, the majeſty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal, (with every name of note he can poſſibly recal to his mind) are given to ſome ancient ſcribbler, in whom affectation and the love of novelty diſpoſes him to find out beauties.

I think, I never knew an inſtance of great quickneſs of parts being joined with great ſolidity. The moſt rapid rivers are ſeldom or never deep.

I believe, that, generally ſpeaking, perſons eminent in one branch of taſte, have the principles of the reſt; and to try this, I have often ſolicited a ſtranger to hum a tune, and have ſeldom failed of ſucceſs. This however does not extend to talents beyond the ſphere of taſte; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himſelf born to command a troop of horſe.

I have thought that genius and judgment may, in ſome reſpects, be repreſented by a liquid and a ſolid. The former is, generally ſpeaking, remarkable for its ſenſibility, but then loſes its impreſſion ſoon: the latter is leſs ſuſceptible of impreſſion but retains it longer.

Dividing the world into an hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjuſted:

Pedants - - - - -	15
Perſons of common ſenſe - - -	40
Wits - - - - -	15
Fools - - - - -	15
Perſons of wild uncultivated taſte - -	10
Perſons of original taſte, improved by art -	5
	100

Every ſingle obſervation that is publiſhed by a man of of genius, be it ever ſo trivial, ſhould be eſteemed of importance, becauſe he ſpeaks from his own impreſſions; whereas common men publiſh common things, which they perhaps gleaned from frivolous writers. (*to be continued.*)

ON "THE ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC," AND "THE AGE OF REASON."

RICHARDSON makes a pleaſing compariſon of national virtues, which, ſays he, are firſt like the ſeed, which produces the blade, then the green ear, and laſtly the ripe corn. A progreſſive ſtate is obſervable in the moral, like that in the natural world, and may alſo be traced in the character of an individual, as well as in that of a people.

But it is not with the human head, as with the human heart. The perfection of any virtue is obtainable, but perhaps never that, of knowledge; the actions of a hero are perfect, but the works of a ſcholar may in time be found erroneous; Alexander is ſtill our hero, but Ariſtotle has ceaſed to be our preceptor. Virtue is ſimilar and permanent, for an action of benevolence, or heroiſm, can never change its nature; but a ſyſtem of philoſophy, or a ſchool of taſte, muſt be annihilated by new philoſophies and new taſtes.

Some ſpeculative moderns have formed extravagant notions of that almoſt unimaginable perfection, to which human knowledge is rapidly conducting us. Hartley, in one of his ſublime and incomprehenſible reveries, leaves it to the knowledge of the next age to trace and comprehend. Some living philoſophers, who are only adding the Engliſh denſity of thinking to the French ſubtilty of fancy, conjecture that we may ſo improve our organiſation, as to extend our duration; that the mind may attain an infinite perfectibility; and that the intellectual faculties are tranſmiſſible from the parent to the ſon, as ſometimes are the features and the habits. Philoſophical conjecture rolling with this oſcillatory motion, is merely an inebriation of poetry.

We are, however, inceſſantly reminded of the *enlightened* ſtate of the public; but the teſtimony of authors becomes ſuſpicious, for in perſuading us that we are thus illuminated, they infer by implication that they are ſingularly ſo, ſince they give us very uſeful inſtruction. The expreſſion was, I think, firſt the happy coinage of Voltaire, made current by his numerous diſciples; Voltaire adored the public and himſelf; and this artful expreſſion is at once imprinted with adulation and egotiſm.

It is certain that in former periods the human mind ſhot from a radical vigour, and flouriſhed in the richeſt luxuriance. Among the ancients, the fine and mechanical arts have been conſidered to have exceeded our happieſt efforts; and as for the intellectual powers and the moral duties, though moſt of the com-

poſitions of theſe ancients have been loſt, yet enough have remained to ſerve as models for our greateſt poets; to inſtruct our orators in the arts of eloquence; our hiſtorians in the compoſition of hiſtory, and to leave nothing for our moraliſts, but an amplification of the obſervations of Seneca and Epictetus.

Had one of our modern philoſophers lived in thoſe ages, would he not, in the enthuſiaſm of his meditations, have expreſſed the flattering ſentiment now ſo prevalent; and throwing his glance into remote futurity, have prognoſticated a ſaturnian age, when every citizen ſhould be a philoſopher, and the univerſe one entire Rome? But it is the error of men, who, preſuming to deſcribe at ſo vaſt an interval, imagine circumſtances and connexions which have no exiſtence; as it is often found that lands, which appeared united when obſerved remotely, are in reality eternally ſeparated by the ocean.

Among the moſt ſanguine, and the moſt ſingular of modern philoſophers, is the worthy Abbè de Saint Pierre, The honeſty of his heart exceeded the rectitude of his underſtanding. His project of "An Univerſal Peace," by the infelicity of his ſtyle, could find no readers; a philanthropiſt as ſingular, but more eloquent, the celebrated Rouſſeau, embelliſhed the neglected labour, enabled us to read the performance, and perceive it's humane imbecility. It was no dull conception of a Dutch trader, who having inſcribed on his ſign the words "Perpetual Peace." had painted under it, a church-yard. Our good Abbè had a notion that an age was not diſtant, when ſuch would be the progreſs of that maſs of light, which was daily gathering, that it would influence every ſpecies of knowledge, and penetrate to the loweſt orders of ſociety. This fnture generation is to be remarkable for the force of it's reaſon, and the ſeverity of it's truth. It is therefore only to permit works of utility; to contemn the ornaments of eloquence, and the charms of poetry; but it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that our prophet was neither an orator nor a poet. He was once preſent at the recitation of one of thoſe works which are only valued for the graces of their compoſition, and the felicity of their manner. A perfoimance of ſuch taſte would not therefore be read by the more reaſonable beings of his metaphyſical age. He appeared frigid and unmoved, while the audience was enraptured. His opinion was aſked; he ſmiled, and ſaid—"It is a thing which is YET thought to be fine!"

Another of theſe chimerical, yet grand ſpeculators, appears to me to have been the celebrated Leibnitz, who conceived the extravagant notion of forming one nation of all Europe; for he propoſed to reduce Europe under one temporal power, in the Emperor, and under one ſpiritual, in the Pope; and to conſtruct an univerſal philoſophical language. This great ſcholar is an example of the fatal attachment which a ſuperior mind may experience for a ſyſtem of which it is blindly enamoured, and to which it ſacrifices it's own ſenſations, and it's own convictions.

Leibnitz was a genuine philoſopher, and a friend to humanity; his project of an univerſal language evinces this; but having once fixed on a ſyſtem, he yielded up that deareſt intereſt to a philoſopher, the proſperity of the human mind; for what tyrant could have forged more permanent chains for intellectual freedom, than placing man under two ſuch powers? If this project had been poſſible to effect, the other of the philoſophical language had been uſeleſs; philoſophy then would not have been allowed a language.

He who thinks, will perceive in every enlightened nation, three kinds of people; an inconſiderable number inſtructed by reaſon, and glowing with humanity; a countleſs multitude, barbarous and ignorant, intolerant and inhoſpitable; and a vacillating people with ſome reaſon and humanity, but with great prejudices, at once the half-echoes of philoſophy, and the adherents of popular opinion. Can the *public* be denominated *enlightened?* Take an extenſive view among the various orders of ſociety, and obſerve how folly ſtill wantons in the vigour of youth, and prejudice ſtill ſtalks in the ſtubbornneſs of age.

To trace the human mind as it exiſts in a people, would be the only method to detect this fallacious expreſſion. The unenlightened numbers, who are totally uninfluenced by the few, live in a foul world of their own creation. The moral arithmetician, as he looks for the ſum total of the unenlightened, muſt reſemble the algebraiſt, who riots in incalculable quantities, and who ſmiles at the ſimple ſavage, whoſe arithmetic extends not further than the number of three.

In a metropolis, we contemplate the human mind in all it's inflections. If we were to judge of men by the condition of their *minds*, (which perhaps is the moſt impartial manner of judging) we ſhould not conſult the year of their birth, to date their ages; and an intellectual regiſter might be drawn up, on a totally different plan from our parochial ones. A perſon may, according to the vulgar era, be in the maturity of life, when by our philoſophical epocha he is born in the tenth century. That degree of mind which regulated the bigotry of a monk in the middle ages, may be diſcovered in a modern rector. An adventurous ſpirit in a red coat, who is almoſt as deſirous (to uſe the wit of South) to receive a kiſs from the mouth of a cannon, as from that of his miſtreſs, belongs to the age of chivalry, and if he ſhould compoſe verſes, and be magnificently prodigal, he is a gay and noble troubadour. A ſarcaſtic philoſopher, who inſtructs his fellow citizens, and retires from their ſociety, is a contemporary with Diogenes; and he who reforming the world, graces inſtruction with amenity, may be placed in the days of Plato. Our vulgar politicians muſt be arranged among the Roundheads and Olivers, and Tom Paine himſelf is ſo very ancient as to be a contemporary of Shimei. The reſult of our calculations would be, that the enlightened public form an inconſiderable number.

It muſt however be confeſſed, that what knowledge has been accumulated by modern philoſophy, cannot eaſily periſh; the art of printing has imparted ſtability to our intellectual ſtructures, in what depends on the mechanical preſervation. A ſingular ſpectacle has, therefore, been exhibited; and it is ſometimes urged by thoſe who contemplate, with pleaſing aſtoniſhment, the actual progreſs of the human mind, as a proof of the immutability of truth, that in the preſent day, every enlightened individual, whether he reſides at Paris, at Madrid, or at London, now thinks alike; no variation of climate, no remoteneſs of place, not even national prejudices, more variable and more remote than either, deſtroy that unanimity of opinion, which they feel on certain topics eſſential to human welfare.

This appears to be a ſpecious argument in favour of the enlightened public. But we ſhould recollect, that this unanimity of opinion, which ſo frequently excites ſurpriſe, procceds from their deriving their ideas from the ſame ſources; at Paris, at Madrid, and at London, the ſame authors are read, and, therefore, the ſame opinions are formed.

Thus we account for this unanimity of opinion; and we may now reaſonably enquire whether *unanimity of opinion*, always indicates *permanent truth?* It is certain that very extravagant opinions were once univerſally received; does any one deny that ſome of our modern opinions are marvellouſly extravagant? May we not ſay to the greateſt genius, look at what your equals have done, and obſerve how frequently they have erred. Reflect, that whenever an Ariſtotle, a Deſcartes, and a Newton appeared, they formed a new epocha in the annals of human knowledge, it is not unreaſonable to add one, among your thouſand conjectures, and ſay, that their future rivals may trace new counections, and collect new facts, which may tend to annihilate the ſyſtems of their predeceſſors. Is not opinion often local, and ever diſguiſed by cuſtom? is not what we call truth often error? and are not the paſſions and ideas of men of ſo very temporary a nature, that they ſcarcely endure with their century? This enlightened public may diſcover that their notions become obſolete, and that with new ſyſtems of knowledge, and new modes of exiſtence, their books may be cloſed for their ſucceſſors, and only conſulted by the curious of a future generation, as we now examine Ariſtotle and Deſcartes, Ariſtophanes and Chaucer. Our learning may no more be their learning, than our faſhions will be their faſhions. Every thing in this world is faſhion.

It may alſo be conjectured, that amidſt the multitude of future diſcoveries, the original authors of our own age, the Newtons and the Lockes, may have their conceptions become ſo long familiariſed, as to be incorporated with the novel diſcoveries, as truths ſo inconteſtible, that very few ſhall even be acquainted with their firſt diſcoverers. It would therefore appear, that the

juſtneſs, as well as the extravagance of our authors, are alike inimical to their future celebrity.

But this inſtability never attends the noble exertions of virtue. Whoever immortaliſes his name, by an action of patriotiſm, or of philanthropy, will meet the certain admiration of poſterity. To render a ſervice to another is in the power of the meaneſt individual; but to aggrandiſe the gentle affections into ſublime paſſions, to riſe from the ſocial circle to the public weal, to extend our ordinary life through years of glory, is performing that which once raiſed men into demi-gods.

ON CARDS—*A Fragment.*

—— WE had paſſed our evening with ſome certain perſons famous for their taſte, their learning, and refinement: But, as ill-luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the reſt, had contrived to put themſelves upon a level, by introducing a game at cards.

It is a ſign, ſaid he, the world is far gone in abſurdity, or ſurely the faſhion of cards would be accounted no ſmall one. Is it not ſurpriſing that men of ſenſe ſhould ſubmit to join in this idle cuſtom, which appears originally invented to ſupply its deficiency? But ſuch is the fatality! imperfections give riſe to faſhions! and are followed by thoſe who do not labour under the defects that introduced them. Nor is the hoop the only inſtance of a faſhion invented by thoſe who found their account in it; and afterwards countenanced by others to whoſe figure it was prejudicial.

How can men, who value themſelves upon their reflections, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking?

I intimated the old alluſion of the bow, that requires freſh vigour by a temporary relaxation.

He anſwered, this might be applicable, provided I could ſhew, that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it, the profit and the pleaſure.

Cards, if one may gueſs from their firſt appearance, ſeem invented for the uſe of children; and, among the toys peculiar to infancy, the bells, the whiſtle, the rattle, and the hobby-horſe, deſerved their ſhare of commendation. By degrees men, who came neareſt to children in underſtanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the uſe of them as a ſuitable entertainment. Others alſo, pleaſed to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourſe to this amuſement, as what recalled it to their minds. A knot of villains encreaſed the party; who, regardleſs of that entertainment, which the former ſeemed to draw from cards, conſidered them in a more ſerious light, and made uſe of them as a more decent ſubſtitute to robbing on the road, or picking pockets. But men who propoſe to themſelves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of game? For difficult indeed were it to determine, whether it ap-

pear more odious among ſharpers, or more empty and ridiculous among perſons of character.

Perhaps, replied I, your men of wit and fancy may favour this diverſion, as giving occaſion for the crop of jeſt and witticiſm, which naturally enough ariſes from the names and circumſtances of the cards.

He ſaid, he would allow this as a proper motive, in caſe the men of wit and humour would accept the excuſe themſelves.

In ſhort, ſays he, as perſons of ability are capable of furniſhing out a much more agreeable entertainment; when a gentleman offers me cards, I ſhall eſteem it as his private opinion that I have neither ſenſe nor fancy.

I aſked how much he had loſt—His anſwer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have ſquandered them away on cards; and that to the loſs of converſation, for which he would have given twenty.

Grey Caps for Green Heads. No I.

Dialogue between a Father and a Son.

Father. WHAT made you out ſo late laſt night?

Son. Mr. —— invited me to his club at the Noah's ark, where, in a low room, that ſtunk like a drunkard's morning breath, ſeveral ſat round the fire, complaining of gouts, dropſies, conſumptions, pleuriſies, palſies, rheumatiſms, catarrhs, &c. till more company coming in, cry'd, to the table, to the table! where one began his right hand man's good health, over the left thumb, which having gone round the next was begun, and ſo they drank on till each one had pledg'd every man's health in the room.

Father. Many cups many diſeaſes. Too much oil choaks the lamp.

Drinking healths, according to St. Auſtin, was invented by pagans and infidels, who in their ſacrifices conſecrated them to the honour, name, and memory of Beel-ze-bub. But

Suppoſing health-drinking only a well-wiſhing, cuſtom not having made pledging a kind of affront, and wrong, to both toaſter and toaſted; and fear of offending carrying with it the force, though not the form, of a conſtraint. Health-drinking infringes king Ahaſuerus's royal law, tends to exceſs, and is not expedient.

But what followed? for wine immoderately taken makes men think themſelves wondrous wiſe.

Son. Moſt of them became like Solomon's fool, full of words.

Father. What was it they ſaid?

Son. E'en what came uppermoſt; for as wine had laid reaſon aſleep, each gave the reins to his vanity and folly. For inſtance,

ANTIQUARY.

One affecting to be thought a mighty antiquary, declared himſelf an idolater of ages paſt, and told us,

That the Egyptians were fam'd for ſublime thoughts—Chaldeans for ſciences—Greeks for eloquence—and Romans for polite ſtile.

That he almoſt adored Marcilius Ficinus, for collecting out of many mouldy and wormeaten tranſcripts, the ſemi-divine labours of Plato—Copernicus for reſcuing from the jaws of oblivion, the almoſt extinct aſtrology of Samius Ariſtarchus—Lucretius, for retrieving the loſt phyſiology of Empedocles—Magenus, for raiſing the ghoſt of Democritus—Marſenius, for explaining many problems of Archimedes, and Gaſſendus for rebuilding Epicurus, &c. &c.

That he had obſerved, that philoſophy, as well as nature, continually declined; and now the world was arrived at its dotage, the minds of men ſuffered a ſenſible decay of charity; wherefore he ſcorn'd to read any book leſs than an hundred years old.

That he was a great admirer of ancient coins, and manuſcripts, which if effaced, or obliterated by time, in his opinion, were ſtill the more valuable.

By the reſt of his diſcourſe he ſeem'd to eſteem every thing as Dutchmen do cheeſe, the better for being mouldy.

Father. Affectation of any kind is lighting up a candle to our defects, and ſhews want of judgment or ſincerity.

The great actions of the ancients, are apt to beget our veneration; thoſe of the moderns, as the ſchool and reproach us, excite our envy.

Learning and civility were indeed derived down to us from the eaſtern parts of the world; there it was mankind aroſe, and there they firſt diſcovered the ways of living with ſafety, convenience, and delight.

The original of aſtronomy, geometry, government, and many ſorts of manufactures we now enjoy, are juſtly attributed to the Aſſyrians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians.

Orpheus, Linus, Muſeus, and Homer, firſt ſoftened men's natural rudeneſs, and by the charms of their numbers allured them to be inſtructed by the ſeverer doctrines of Solon, Thales, and Pythagoras.

In Greece, the city of Athens was the general ſchool, and ſeat of education.

Socrates began to draw into ſome order the confuſed and obſcure imaginations of thoſe that went before him, and to adapt all parts of philoſophy, to the immediate ſervice of the affairs of men, and uſes of life.

With the Grecian empire their arts alſo were tranſported to Rome, where the doctrines received from the Greeks were eloquently tranſlated into the Latin tongue. Yet

"Antiquitas ſeculi, juventus mundi."

The ancients may have juſtice done them, without worſhipping them, or deſpiſing the moderns.

The heroical Tycho Brache—The ſubtil Kepler—The moſt acute Galileus—The profound Scheinerus—The univerſally learned Kircherius—The moſt perſpicuous Harvey—and the epitome of them all Des Cartes, by aſſerting philoſophical liberty, have ſufficiently vindicated the native privilege of our intellects, from the baſe villainage of preſcription.

When Plato, Ariſtotle, and other wiſe Grecians, travelled into the Eaſt, they collected and brought home many uſeful arts and ſecrets, yet were ſo far from blindly aſſenting to all that was taught them by the prieſts of Iſis and Oſyris, as to ridicule their worſhipping dogs, cats, onions and crocodiles.

Collect out of the Pythagorean, the Stoic, the Platoniſt, the Academic, Peripatetic, the Epicurean, the Pyrrhonian, or Sceptic, and all other ſects, whatever of method, principles, poſitions, maxims, examples, &c. ſeem moſt conſentaneous to verity; but refuſe what will not endure the teſt of either right reaſon, or faithful experiment.

Antiquity can no more privilege an error, than novelty prejudice a truth.

"Wherefore fly no opinion, cauſe 'tis new,
"But ſtrictly ſearch, and after careful view,
"Reject if falſe, embrace if it be true."

Too ſervile a ſubmiſſion to the books and opinions of the ancients, has ſpoiled many an ingenious man, and plagued the world with abundance of pedants and coxcombs. But go on with your ſtory.

BUFFOON.

Son. A Buffoon, ſkilled in making wry mouths, mimical geſtures, and antic poſtures, was ever miſconſtruing and perverting others words to a prepoſterous or filthy meaning, or ſhewing his parts in flat, inſipid quibbles and clinches, jingling of words or ſyllables, in ſcraps of verſes, or ſenſeleſs rhimes, and in all the dregs and refuſe of wit.

His talk was obſcene, his bantering too coarſe, too rude, too bitter, or too pedantic, out of reaſon, or out of meaſure.

His jeſts were malicious, ſaucy, and ill-natured, full of ſlander and gall; ſtriking even at magiſtrates, parents, friends, and caſes that deſerved pity.

After ſpeaking he always laughed firſt, and generally alone; and whilſt he droll'd and ſcoff'd at the falſe ſteps of others, wearied the company with his own.

At length he met with his match, which mortified him extremely: for Buffoon, forſooth, could no more endure to be outfooled, than Nero to be out-fiddled.

Father. Some uſe their wits as Bravoes wear ſtillettoes, not for defence but miſchief; or like Solomon's madman, caſt fire-brands, arrows, and death, and ſay, am not I in ſport.

Few know how and when to throw out a pleaſant word with ſuch regard to modeſty and reſpect, as not to tranſgreſs the bounds of wit, good nature, or good breeding.

"All that's obſcene, doth always give offence,
"And want of decency, is want of ſenſe."

Liberties in converſation that paſs the bounds of good nature, honeſty, and reſpect, degenerate into ſcurrility, ſcandal, and ill manners.

Reſpect and complaiſance forbid rallying the fair ſex; and for theirs to rally ours, is expoſing themſelves to blunt repartees.

Perſons of merit ought not to be rallied, even though ſome defect ſhould be perceived amongſt their virtues, becauſe no mortal is perfect.

Young people ſhould be ſpared, leſt they be diſcouraged from coming into the company of their betters. Want of experience pleads indulgence for our firſt ſlips.

Old age is too venerable for raillery, and ſhould be reverenced.

To laugh at deformed perſons is inhumane, if not impious; we are not our own carvers; what perfection the beſt have, is not the effect of their own care, but of divine goodneſs.

The unfortunate are ſubjects of compaſſion, not of raillery.

Raillery is only proper when it comes with a good grace, in a manner which both pleaſes and inſtructs.

That which ſtirs up our laughter, moſt commonly excites our contempt; to pleaſe, and to make merry, are two very different talents.

Drolls and Buffoons, whilſt they think to make ſport for others, commonly become laughing-ſtocks themſelves, to all but thoſe who pity them.

He who thinks he is by his dignity above a jeſt, and will not take a repartee, ought not to banter others.

Scorn and deriſion unbridle fear, and make the peaſant brave the prince.

Auguſtus ſeeing one like himſelf, aſked him in ſcoff, if his mother was never at Rome; the lad anſwered, no, but my father was.

Utter nothing that may leave any ungrateful impreſſion, or give the leaſt umbrage of a ſpiteful intent.

He whoſe jeſts make others afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memory.

It is more grievous to be ridiculed than beaten. Contempt pierces to the quick, and revenge ſtops at nothing; it hardens men into a brutal deſpiſing of death, ſo that they may ſee their enemies in company.

CRITIC.

Son. A Critic, wiſe enough, in his own conceit, to correct the magnificat, pretending to exquiſite niceneſs, cenſured Cicero for being too verboſe, and Virgil for uſing ruſtic language.

His large ſtock of ill-nature, and the malicious pleaſure he took in fault-finding, made him never look upon any thing but with a deſign of paſſing ſentence upon it.

Plato he told us, in a deciſive tone, was neither fertile nor copious. Ariſtotle neither ſolid nor ſubſtantial—Theophraſtus neither ſmooth nor agreeable.

That Voiture was dull—Corneille a ſtranger to the paſſions—Racine ſtarched and affected—Moliere jejune—Boileau little better than a plagiary.

That Shakeſpeare wanted manners—Ben. Johnſon was a pedant—Congreve a laborious writer—Garth but an indifferent imitator of Boileau.

That Dryden's Abſolom and Achitophel wanted vigour of thought, purity of language, and aptneſs and propriety of expreſſion; nor were many of the eliſions to be allowed, or accents and pauſes duly obſerved.

An inſtance being required, Criticone, who had only dipped into that poem, ſcratched his head, and fell a curſing his memory.

Father. By a Critic was originally underſtood a good judge; but now, with us, it ſignifies no more than an unmerciful fault-finder two ſteps above a fool, and a great many below a wiſeman.

The laws of civility oblige us to commend what, in reaſon, we cannot blame. Men ſhould allow other excellencies, were it but to preſerve a modeſt opinion of their own.

It is the diſtemper of would-be-thought-wits, with an envious curioſity to examine, cenſure, and vilify others works, as if they imagined it gave them an air of diſtinction and authority, to regard them with an air of contempt. But

Diſparaging what is generally applauded, makes men looked upon as ſingular fops, or wretched judges.

The famous Boccalini, in his advertiſements from Parnaſſus, tells us, a critic preſenting Apollo with a very ſevere cenſure upon an excellent poem, was aſk'd for the good things in that work; but the wretch anſwering, he minded only the errors, Apollo ordered a ſack of unwinnowed wheat to be brought, and Critic to pick out, and take all the chaff for his pains.

Flies naturally ſeek for blotches and ſores; but when men concern themſelves about others why not, like Seutonius, of the twelve Cæſars, tell virtues as well as vices. Were our eyes made only for ſpots and blemiſhes?

(To be continued.)

For the New England Quarterly Magazine.

Scraps, Literary, Miscellaneous and Amusing.

No. I.

Dr. GUILLOTIN.

IT is an error which deſerves to be corrected that Dr. Guillotin, the inventor or reviver of that terrible inſtrument which bore his name, was one of the firſt victims of his own contrivance.—The Doctor, who is a man of remarkably mild and pleaſant manners, at this time reſides at No. 116, in the *Reu Neuve Roch*, in Paris, and enjoys very conſiderable practice and reputation as a phyſician.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN the year 1800 the number of Books and Pamphlets publiſhed in Paris was 1172. On Natural Hiſtory and Botany, there were 44; on Medicine and Phyſics, 271; on Morality, 41; on Legiſlation and Politics, 168; in Belles Lettres, 75; in Poetry and the Drama, 303; and of Novels, &c. 125.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

SOME letters in French, lately publiſhed in London, addreſſed to the Abbe Barruel, aſſert that nearly 8000 writers of all deſcriptions, devoted to the cauſe of the Sophiſts and Illuminati, are continually operating upon the public opinion in Germany. The Princes, ſays the author, are lulled into a falſe ſecurity, by ſeeing their literati conſtantly uniting licentiouſneſs in their writings, with ſervility in their conduct. How much we ſhould avoid German literature, engaged in the cauſe of vice and infidelity!

PHYSIOGNOMY.

LAVATER, in his phyſiognomy, ſays that Lord Anſon, from his countenance, muſt have been a very wiſe man. He was one of the moſt ſtupid men I ever knew, ſays Horace Walpole.

HISTORY.

NO man's opinion upon the veracity of hiſtorical narration can be more weighty, than Sir Robert Walpole's; a man, of whom hiſtory during his life time ſpoke much.

"Thinking to amuſe my father once, after his retirement from the miniſtry," ſays Horace Walpole, "I offered to read a book of hiſtory. Any thing but hiſtory, ſaid he, for hiſtory muſt be falſe."

GIBBON.

THE firſt volume of Gibbon's Hiſtory is ſo highly finiſhed, that it reſembles a rich piece of painting in enamel. The ſecond and third volumes are of inferior compoſition. The three laſt ſeem to be in a medium, between the firſt volume and the two next.

BOOK-MAKING.

NEVER was the noble art of book-making, ſaid Horace Walpole, carried to ſuch high perfection, as at preſent. Theſe compilers ſeem to forget that people have libraries. One vamps up a new book of travels, conſiſting merely of diſguiſed extracts from former publications. Another fills his pages with Greek and Latin extracts from Ariſtotle and Quintilian. A third, if poſſible, more inſipid, gives us long quotations from our poets, while a reference was enough, the books being in the hands of every body. Another treats us with old French *ana* in maſqerade; and by a ſingular fate, derives advantage from his very blunders, which make the things look new. Pah! I and an amanuenſis could ſcribble one of theſe books in twenty-four hours.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS.

ROUSSEAU I never could like. Take much affectation, and a little ſpice of frenzy, and you compoſe his perſonal character. I found the French Philoſophers ſo impudent, dogmatic, and intruſive, that I deteſted their converſation. Of all kinds of vice I hate reaſoning vice. Unprincipled thmeſelves, they affected to dictate morality and ſentiment. Every Frenchman ought to be taught logic, ſuch is their reaſoning. Thus far the Walpoliana.

FACE PAINTING.

LADY Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herſelf with painting. She bedaubed herſelf with white ſo as to ſtop the perſpiration.

CHRISTIANITY

ONE of the beſt reaſons, why Chriſtianity has been ſo much abuſed, is afforded by Mr. Gibbon himſelf in his "Eſſay upon the Study of litereture." "The enemies of a religion, ſays he, never arrive at a juſt knowledge of it, becauſe they hate it; and often hate it for that very reaſon, becauſe they are ignorant of it. They eagerly adopt the moſt attrocious calumnies thrown

out againſt it. They impute to their adverſaries even the dogmas they deteſt, and draw conſequences which the accuſed never thought of."

MORAL PHENOMENA.

"THERE are perſons, who love to do every good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are ſervants, who will ſerve every one more cheerfully than their maſters. There are men who will diſtribute money to all, except their creditors. And there are wives, who will love any man better than their huſbands. *Duty* is a familiar word, which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds are in a vaſt majority, we have acts of generoſity, valour, ſelf denial, and bounty, when ſmaller pains would conſtitute greater virtues"—Mrs. Inchbald is correct.

MODERN DEGENERACY.

WE have grown as degenerate in the ſtile of our expreſſion as in our manners. Take an inſtance, or two. "Like the embodied roſy vapor of a half evaporated rainbow, Azemia entered."—"Sir Solomon once could ſmile, but it is not ſo now. Love, unhappy Love, has obſcured all his proſpects, and blighted the bloomy bloſſoms of benevolent beautitude." Nothing is more common than the "ſenſeleſs ſuavity of ſentimental ſimplicity, and the piping plaintiveneſs of parading pathos."

FANCY.

FANCY has a more important operation in life, than we are apt to believe. The enthuſiaſm which conſtitutes the grander paſſions is founded on *illuſion;* ſtripped of the glowing colors in which fancy decks them, what are the objects for which ambition wades through ſeas of blood, for which martyrs, in all cauſes, for all opinions, braving deſtruction, preſs forward to the ſcaffold or the ſtake? The ſtrength of the paſſion, Love, depends principally on the imagination of the perſon upon whom it operates, that ſketching a grand, ideal picture, fondly attaches itſelf to fancied excellence, frequently aſſociated by ſlight accidents to the real qualities of its object.

None are ſo Blind as thoſe unwilling to See.

IT is ſtrange with what obſtinacy people are attached to the principles, they have once adopted. Mary Woolſtoncraft, in a letter to her profligate and unfeeling paramour, Imlay, in the midſt of a deſcription of the ſevere ſufferings ſhe endured in conſequence of following her pernicious, immoral, and irreligious opinions, declares, "Yes: I ſhall be happy—This heart is worthy of the bliſs its feelings anticipate—*And I cannot even perſuade myſelf, wretched as they have made me, that my principles and ſentiments are not founded in nature and truth.*"

BEAUTY.

FEW ladies of the preſent day will ſubſcribe to the defination of Beauty given by a late writer of diſtinguiſhed reputation:—"*Beauty is perhaps founded only on USE.*"

THE AGE OF REASON.

THIS, they ſay, is the *Age of Reaſon; this* is an age, ſays a more correct writer, in which virtue is *praiſed* without being known; *known* without being felt; *felt* without being *practiſed.*

VOLTAIRE.

SOME one had teazed Voltaire a long while by writing letters to him, in hopes of getting an anſwer to them. Voltaire ſent him this ſhort one:

SIR,

I have now been dead a great while. Dead men you know do not anſwer letters.

your humble Servant

VOLTAIRE.

LIFE.

HUMAN life is a game, which depends moſtly upon good play, and partly on good fortune. If a man play well, if he is poſitive he could not play better, tho' fortune be againſt him and he be beaten, his defeat cauſes no mortification: he repoſes upon the ſatisfaction of having done as well as poſſible. If a man knows he has played badly, and might have played better, tho' fortune give him the victory, he does not receive much pleaſure from his ſucceſs. Thus our happineſs is in our own hands. Induſtry and attention will teach us the game, and if we be proficients, fortune cannot deprive us of our enjoyments.

PLEASURE.

THE follies of the world enervate the vigor of mind. Cæſar tore himſelf from the embraces of Cleopatra, and became Maſter of the Empire. Antony took her to his arms and loſt the *World* and his life!

READING.

TOO much reading is injurious. A habit of receiving the ideas of others prevents original thinking. Hobbes ſaid, that if he had read as much as the eruditi, he ſhould have been as ignorant.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

RENAUDOT, a Phyſician, firſt publiſhed at Paris, in 1631, a Gazette, ſo called from Gazetta, a coin of Venice paid for the reading of manuſcript news. In more early times the chief nobility of England had correſpondents abroad on purpoſe to write what were called 'Letters of News.'

RHIME.

I believe, ſays Horace Walpole, rhime was not known in Europe till about the year 800. We ſeem to have had it from the Saracens, who were then poſſeſſed of Spain and Sicily.

(To be continued)

ANECDOTES, &c.

A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other ſhot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the ſurgeon, notwithſtanding the poignancy of his agonies, (being a man of humour) he could not ſuppreſs his joke, ſaying, "*It was high time for him to leave off play, when his laſt pin was bowled down.*"

DOCTOR Johnſon being aſked his opinion of a certain nabob, better known by his riches than learning, "A mere ſheep, ſir, with a *golden fleece*," obſerved the cynic.

A certain gentleman, more celebrated for his jollity than his religion, notwithſtanding his chaplain was at table, introduced a baboon dreſſed up in the garb of a clergyman, in order to ſay grace; which conduct was very properly reſented by the chaplain, who ſaid to the gentleman, *I did not know till now, that you had ſo near a relation in orders.*

A lady being aſked, how ſhe liked a gentleman's ſinging, who had an offenſive breath? *The words are good*, ſaid ſhe, *but the* air *is intolerable.*

COLONEL Bond, who had been one of king Charles the firſt's judges, died a day or two before Cromwell, and it was ſtrongly reported every where, that the protector was dead; "No," ſaid a gentleman, who knew better, "*he has only given Bond to the devil for his future appearance.*"

PHILIPS, the noted harlequin, was taken up in London on ſuſpicion of debt, and dealt with the officer in the following manner: He firſt called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no ſmall joy of the bailiff, who was rejoiced to have a calf that bled ſo well, (as they term it.) Harlequin made the honeſt bailiff believe he had ſix dozen of wine ready packed up, which he would ſend for, to drink while in cuſtody, and likewiſe allow him ſix-pence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulderdab liſtened to the propoſal with pleaſure. The

bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it was to be ſent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter, ſweating under his load; the turn-key called to his maſter, and told him the porter and hamper were come in; very well, ſaid he, then let nothing but the porter and hamper out. The porter performed his part very well: came heavily in with an empty hamper, and ſeemed to go lightly out, with Philips on his back. He was diſhampered at an ale-houſe on the water-ſide, croſſed the Thames, and ſoon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on ſuch an emergency.

THE moſt wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following. Milton, that glory of Britiſh literature, received not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of Paradiſe Loſt; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the treatiſe on the game of whiſt, after having diſpoſed of all the firſt impreſſion, ſold the copy to the bookſellers for *two hundred guineas*.

MILTON was aſked by a friend, whether he would inſtruct his daughter in the different languages? To which he replied, 'no, ſir, *one tongue* is ſufficient for a woman.'

WILLIAM WHISTON dined with lady Jekyll, who, becauſe ſhe was ſiſter to lord Somers, thought ſhe muſt know more than other women. She aſked him 'why God Almighty made woman out of the rib?' Whiſton ſcratched his head and ſaid, 'indeed, madam, I don't know, except that the rib is the moſt crooked part of the body.'

THE late lord Courtney, who was of one of the oldeſt families in Britain, being married to a miſs Clack, who was much inferior in point of birth, a converſation took place (at which the late biſhop of Exeter was preſent) on the diſparity of the match. 'What's your objection?' ſays the biſhop to a lady who took the principal lead in the converſation. 'Want of family, my lord'—'Want of family,' echoed the biſhop, 'why I'll prove her of a better family than his lordſhip.—He perhaps may trace his anceſtors as far back as the conqueſt, but the family of the Clacks are as old as Eve.'

A famous punſter, giving his opinion reſpecting the Stone Chapel, at Boſton, obſerved it was ſuperior to all the churches upon the globe; *they* boaſted of their *cannons*—*this*, in addition had *port holes*—alluding to the ſmallneſs of the windows.

A REPRIMAND.

A rich gentleman of Venice, remarkable for his hoſpitality, being ſent embaſſador to a certain court of Europe, was on his public entry treated with marks of contempt on account of his deformity, by the populace; which obſerving, he told them, by way of reprimand, that they had little cauſe to wonder at what they ſaw; it being the cuſtom of his court to ſend Ambaſſadors ſuitable to the places they went to: mean perſonages to mean and baſe cities; and men of excellent form, to places of reputation and dignity.

Anecdote of His Majeſty and a Chimney-Sweeper.

IT is a common received opinion with the vulgar, that there is ſomething in the perſon of Majeſty that wants not the inſignia to diſtinguiſh it. The fallacy of ſuch a notion will be proved by the following ſtory, which is abſolutely fact:—As the King and the Prince of Wales, undreſſed and unattended, were walking in Richmond gardens, next the river, they ſaw at ſome diſtance a ſwan ſtruggling in the water, as if entangled in ſome weeds; a chimney-ſweeper coming by, the King deſired him to go and ſee what was the matter with the ſwan. "Aye, ſir, that I will," ſays he, (throwing his bruſh and ſoot-bag upon the ground) "but you'll be ſo good as to let little maſter have an eye to my things."

A CRUX.

Stand	You	Take	To	Taking:
I	Heard	And	Throw	Our

To be read thus:—

I underſtand you overheard and undertake to overthrow our undertakings.

An Ænigmatical repreſentation of a Real Entertainment.

FIRST COURSE.

Melancholy Soup with crooked *Sarah*.

Roaſted Furrows. Cutlets undreſs'd.

Pride reverſed in a Fye.

The divine Part of a Man boiled. A Blockhead haſhed.

The Leg of a Corn-cutter boiled, with Diamond Weights.

SECOND COURSE.

Venus's Guides.

A *Dutch* Prince in a Pudding. An unruly Member garniſhed with perpetual Motion.

Move *Jack.*

Part of the Zodiack buttered

The firſt Temptation in a ſmall Blaſt of Wind.

The Grand Seignor's Dominions larded.

DESERT.

The Loſs of a Wife, and the Gain of a Huſband, in Jelly.

Cow's Provender with half Gooſeberries.

Some hundred Thouſands.

Sorrowful Apples with bad Wives round them.

Buſy Bodies.

Couples.

The Reward of a Soldier in Cream.

LIQUORS.

The Joke of a Puppet-Shew made with Torture.

A Bottle of Hill-Top.

A Bottle of Hyp.

A ſoldier's Habitation with a pretty Girl in it.

A Bottle of Bag.

A Side Grace Cup, of lamentable Cloathing.

A Bottle of *Torbay.*

Captain WILLIAM MONTAGUE's *Joke paſſed on the Captain of a Dutch Man of War.*

THE late Captain William Montague was a commander in the navy, and brother to the Earl of S——h. He was remarkable for his humour, and went by the name of mad Montague. Being at Portſmouth, when he commanded one of the King's ſhips, and where a Dutch man of war then lay, an accident happened to the latter by loſing her boat and all her people at Spithead in bad weather. Word therefore being brought to Montague, and that ſeveral of the dead bodies were driven aſhore on the beach, he ſent away his cockſwain and ſeveral of his people, to put the dead mens hands in their pockets. At dinner this misfortune was the ſubject, the Dutch Captain being in company, when Captain Montague obſerved, that "they were drowned Dutchmen-like, with their hands in their pockets." It nettled Mynheer to ſuch a degree that he threatened to call him to an account. Montague laughing at his taking offence, ſwore "he would be damned if it was not ſo," and offered to bet fifty guineas to five, which being accepted by Mynheer, all the company, by agreement, after dinner, poſted away to the ſpot, where finding it to be as Montague had ſaid, the Dutchman was ſo aſhamed, that he went on board his ſhip and did not come on ſhore again, till they had convinced him it was only a piece of Montague's fun.

Theſe may be read two or three ways.

Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
So fair	So ſmooth	So ſharp
Firſt drew	Then mov'd	Then knit
Mine eye	Mine ear	My heart
Mine eye	Mine ear	My heart
Thus drawn	Thus mov'd	Thus knit
Affects	Hangs on	Yields to
Your face	Your tongue	Your wit.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY circumſtance relative to a diſtinguiſhed character ought to be preſerved. That Shakeſpeare was of an amorous conſtitution, has been repeatedly told us; but of his particular connections with the fair, we are almoſt wholly in the dark. The following adventure (ſays our correſpondent) is authentic, and I believe, new to the world.

One evening, when the tragedy of Richard III. was to be acted, the poet obſerved a ſmart damſel trip behind the ſcenes, and ſlyly whiſper to Burbidge (a favourite player, and an intimate of Shakeſpeare) who was to perform the part of Richard, that her maſter had gone out of town in the morning, that her miſtreſs would be glad of his company after the play, and that ſhe begged to know what ſignal he would uſe.

"Three taps on the door, my dear, and, *'Tis I, Richard the Third*," was the anſwer of Burbidge.

The girl decamped; and Shakeſpeare, whoſe curioſity was ſufficiently excited, followed her ſteps till he ſaw her enter a houſe in the city. On enquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the manſion was a wealthy merchant, but ſuperannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife.

At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the poet having given the appointed ſignal, &c. obtained inſtant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the Lady when ſhe found herſelf in the arms of a ſtranger. He flattered and vowed; ſhe frowned and ſtormed. But it was not in woman to reſiſt the ſoft eloquence of a Shakeſpeare. In a word, the bard ſupplanted the player. He had even obtained his utmoſt wiſhes before the repreſentative of Richard appeared. No ſooner had he given the appointed taps than Shakeſpeare, popping out his head from the window, demanded his buſineſs.

"'Tis I, 'tis I, Richard the Third," replied the impatient Burbidge.

"Richard; (rejoined the other) Knave, begone—Know, that *William the Conqueror* reigned before Richard the Third."

POETRY.

A PARTY of young people having met together to celebrate the termination of the old century and the commencement of the new one, the two following Addreſſes were ſpoken in characters dreſſed and ſuited to the occaſion.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

OLD MAN.

OLD as I am, and ready to expire,
Propt on my ſtaff, I come at your deſire;
Some few laſt dying words you wiſh to hear,
Few they *muſt* be—for my laſt hour is near.
Alas! time was that I was young like you,
My days began in peace and plenty too;
But e'en in infancy the ſtorm of war,
Came ruſhing o'er my cradle from afar:
When *Blenheim*'s hero filled the world with awe,
And gallant *Bembow* gave the ocean law,
The cannon's roar, the claſh of hoſtile ſpears,
Were ſounds familiar to my youthful ears;
My eyes affrighted ſaw th' enſanguin'd plain,
Where Death and Horror held united reign.
When thirteen ſummers o'er my head had paſt,
To bleſs the exhauſted world, Peace came at laſt;
And had not fierce Rebellion broke my reſt,
My youth with tranquil pleaſures had been bleſt:
But what a chequer'd ſcene my life has been!
Five dreadful wars theſe eyes fatigued have ſeen;
Five times, when *England* meaſured ſpears with *France*,
I ſaw their hoſtile troops and fleets advance;
And, oh! what joy as often have I ſeen!
Peace, with her olive branch, ſtep in between.
But not with war alone my ears have rung,
Muſic, for me, her ſweeteſt ſtrains has ſung;
How oft with rapture have I liſt'ned long,
When ſweet *Corelli* chain'd th' attentive throng,
When *Handel*'s genius charmed the raviſh'd ear
With hallelujas, ſuch as angels hear!
Nor were the pow'rs of eloquence unknown,
Not mightier ſhook the Macedonian's throne:
Rouz'd by the people's wrongs, lo! *Chatham* roſe,
And hurled his attic thunder on their foes;
Burke ſoar'd aloft on Fancy's daring wing,
Now laſh'd a venal court—and now a king—
Then ſunk; while *Fox*, with Freedom boldly join'd,
And claimed the boon of Heav'n for all mankind.

For me how many a bard has tun'd his lyre,
And caught, like *Pope*, the true poetic fire:
Thomſon, who ſweetly ſung the rolling year,
And *Gray* and *Hammond* to the Muſes dear;
Pride of her ſex, what ſtrains has *Aikin* ſung,
To age a ſolace, tranſport to the young!
Art too, and ſcience, held an equal pace,
The pow'rs of man improving nature's face;
Through rocks deep bor'd, and over thirſty hills,
He leads the ductile flow-collected rills;
From earth's low orb, he bids his car ariſe,
And ſails advent'rous through the trackleſs ſkies;
Divided provinces converſe by ſight,
And fame flies ſwifter than the winged light,
But ah! theſe latter days are filled with woe;
How ſinks my heart, my tears how faſt they flow!
On ev'ry ſide diſtreſs that mocks relief,
And famine fills the meaſure of my grief.
Alas! I faint—the pow'rs of life ſtand ſtill,
I've lived my time, and now to Heav'ns high will
I ſink reſigned—and Oh! when I am gone,
And ſome young upſtart fills my vacant throne,
Forget me not, my friends—Oh! ſpare my fame!
Nor heap foul ſlanders on my hapleſs name:
Let Candour tell the tale:—Who has not ſhar'd
The num'rous feſtive joys which I prepar'd?
Who has not taſted benefits from me,
Or found kind ſolace, e'en in miſery?
I ſink—farewell—my creeping ſands are run—
My ſun is ſet—and Heaven's high will be done!

Enter NINETEENTH CENTURY.

YOUTH.

JUST twelve o'clock!—and now I take my turn;
Zounds! what a merry thing 'tis to be born:
Old Gaffer, who has hobbled juſt an age,
Fell down in fits, they ſay, and left the ſtage:
Upon my life! this is a pretty place,
This motley world, where I muſt run my race.
Bleſs me! what charming creatures have we here!
I'll ſpeak to one—Good morning, pretty dear!
Thanks for that ſmile, it welcomes me to life;
They told me I was born midſt care and ſtrife,
But here I neither woe nor ſtrife can ſee,
At leaſt no ſtrife but who ſhould honour *me*.
I'll take a turn around, and ſee what's doing,

What buſy throngs, retreating and purſuing!
What joſtling buſtling crowds obſtruct the way,
Eager to ſhare the fortunes of the day:
Hark! what was there! is that the cannon's roar?
Go—bid them give this monſtrous folly o'er;
Tell them, that *Gaffer Gray* is dead and gone,
And I am ſtepped into his vacant throne;
Tell them it is *my* will that diſcord ceaſe,
I come, to give the ſuffering nations peace:
Peace they ſhall have, and he who breaks the rule,
I'll chronicle a villain or a fool.
Pray gentles, have we got a prophet here?
One who can peep thro' many a diſtant year;
Can ſtroke his beard, and tell what joy or care,
What ups and downs in life ſhall be our ſhare:
Are *you* the cunning man? or *you?* or *you?*
Come tell *my* fortune firſt, and tell me true:
Say, ſhall I live to ſee mankind grow wiſe,
And know the deareſt gifts of Heav'n to prize?
How long ſhall guilty paſſions poiſon life?
How long ſhall folly urge the ſavage ſtriſe?
How long ſhall man creation's boons ſurvey,
Then madly throw its richeſt pearls away?
How long ſhall modeſt worth be doom'd to mourn,
Spurn'd by the proud, of impudence the ſcorn?
How long ſhall coxcomb pedants claim the prize,
And learning ſtarve, retired from vulgar eyes?
How long ſhall myſtery for religion paſs,
And ſcoundrels cheat the world, as babes of grace?
And white-robed knaves, to ſenſe and reaſon blind,
Impoſe their own dark creed on all mankind?

[*Rings a bell.*]

O yes! O yes! if any one can tell,
Where *Honour*, exil'd long from courts, does dwell;
Where ſtubborn Britiſh honeſty ſtands by,
Watching his country's fate with anxious eye;
Whoe'er can lead a patriot ſtateſman forth,
Replete with wiſdom, fortitude, and worth;
Whoe'er ſhall teach my unſkilled hands to raiſe
A monument, not undeſerv'd, of praiſe,
To him this golden chain and ſcarf I give,
His name engraved with mine ſhall ever live;
His eye the beſt delights of earth ſhall greet,
Perennial flow'rs ſhall ſpring beneath his feet,
And wit and beauty grace his happy ſeat.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

By JOHN ARNOLD.

Qui fit Mæcenas ut nemo. SAT. 1. lib. 1.

" HAPPY the man who from the buſy crowd
" Lives far retir'd—who in ſome fertile vale
" Feeds his own flocks, and tills paternal lands."
Thus ſays the merchant—but the ſhepherd ſays
" Happy the merchant in the buſy throng,
" Who oft with fancying eye ſtretches his view
" To diſtant coaſts, and there beholds his ſhips
" Full fraught with riches juſt returning home.
" How happy handles he the ſhining gold,
" And ſlips it by into a ſecret purſe,
" A ſtock for future generations."
" Happy the ſailor," cries the old matroſs,
War-worn, and ſick of tedious long campaigns ;
" Happy the ſailor—on the foamy deep,
" Who, when the cheerful cann has paſs'd around,
" Steals to his drowſy neſt, and ſleeps profoundly.
" He walks no farther than from ſtem to ſtern ;
" While I (poor ſoul) far o'er the dreary wild,
" The barren mountain, and the burning ſand,
" Travel, ſtill wiſhing for an end of toil.
" He twice perhaps or thrice a year returns,
" And circles in his arms his joyful wife,
" Receives his little offspring to his lap,
" And fondles them, pleas'd with the name of dad.
" But ah ! ſuch comforts are to me denied."
When o'er the boiſterous ſeas the ſtorms ariſe,
And the tempeſtuous north wind roars aloud,
The cordage whiſtles, and the timbers crack,
Now upward to the ſtars the ſhip is borne,
And now ſhe falleth in a dread abyſs.
Now, ſays the ſailor, ſea-ſick and affrighted,
" Happy the ſoldier dwelling on firm grouud ;
" No cares torment him, and no fears invade ;
" He, in his hut ſecure, nor feels the ſtorms,
" Nor minds rude Boreas' blaſts ; ſoundly he ſleeps,
" While we ſtand ſhivering on the ſlipping deck ;
" On every ſide grim death ſtands terrible,
" Shaking his dart, and yawning to devour us.
" O ! happy ſoldier, free from all theſe terrors."
When Jove, the ruler of the univerſe,
Smiling beholds theſe diſcontented men,
He orders each to have his chief deſire.
" Thou merchant, haſten to a country life,
" And live, thou ſhepherd, in the buſy world ;
" Thou ſoldier, go and with the ſailor change,

"And let him travel with the noiſy camp."
Thus orders Jove, and thus the change is made.
But now, alas! murmurs each one the more,
And wiſhes for his former occupation.
Ah! ſilly mortals! ignorant of their good,
In their beſt ſituations ſtill they grieve,
And wiſh for others—blind to happineſs,
To every comfort that this life affords.
Who dares aſſert—the Governor ſupreme
Acts not on principles both juſt and kind,
When he ordains to each his courſe—when he
Diſtributes round to each with lib'ral hand
His bleſſings? There's no one ſo impious.
Then why theſe murmurings and ſad complaints?
True happineſs does not conſiſt in heaps
Of ſhining gold. Whoever is content
In his own ſphere, feels and enjoys himſelf
In perfect happineſs—or rich or poor,
Fooliſh or wiſe, it makes no difference.
Bliſs is the ſame, at fortune's loweſt ebb,
As 'tis in the full ſea of boundleſs wealth.

ODE TO POPULARITY.

By R. Cumberland, Eſquire.

O POPULARITY thou giddy thing!
What grace or profit doſt thou bring?
Thou art not honour, thou art not fame;
I cannot call thee by a worthy name
To ſay I hate thee were not true;
Contempt is properly thy due;
I cannot love thee and deſpiſe thee too.
Thou art no patriot, but the verieſt cheat
That ever traffic'd in deceit;
A ſtate empiric, bellowing loud
Freedom and phrenzy to the mobbing crowd;
And what car'ſt thou, if thou can'ſt raiſe
Illuminations and huzzas
Tho' half the city ſunk in one bright blaze!
A patriot! no; for thou doſt hold in hate
The very peace and welfare of the ſtate;
When anarchy aſſaults the Sovereign's throne,
Then is thy day, the night thy own;
Then is thy triumph when the foe
Levels ſome dark inſidious blow,
Or ſtrong rebellion lays thy country low.
Thou can'ſt affect humility, to hide
Some deep device of monſtrous pride.

Conſcience and Charity pretend,
For compaſſing ſome private end ;
And in a canting conventicle note
Long ſcripture paſſages canſt quote
When perſecution rankles in thy throat.
Thou haſt no ſenſe of nature at thy heart,
No ear for ſcience, and no eye for art,
Yet confidently doſt decide at once
This man a wit, and that a dunce ;
And (ſtrange to tell) how'er unjuſt,
We take thy dictates upon truſt,
For if the world will be deceived, it muſt.
In truth and juſtice thou haſt no delight,
Virtue thou doſt not know by ſight,
But as the chymiſt by his ſkill,
From droſs and dregs a ſpirit can diſtill,
So from the priſons, or the ſtews,
Bullies, blaſphemers, cheats, or jews
Shall turn to heroes, if they ſerve thy views.
Thou doſt but make a ladder of the mob,
Whereby to climb into ſome courtly job :
There ſafe repoſing warm and ſnug,
Thou anſwer'ſt with a patient ſhrug
Miſcreants, begone ; who cares for you
Ye baſe born brawling, clamorous crew ?
You've ſerv'd my turn, and vagabonds, adieu.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A POOR friendleſs wanderer, the wide world before me,
When the harſh din of war forc'd a parent to roam,
With no friend, ſave kind heaven, to protect and watch o'er me
I, a child of affliction, was robb'd of a home ;

And thus with a ſigh, I accoſted each ſtranger—
O look with compaſſion on poor orphan Beſs,
Your mite may relieve her from each threatning danger,
And the ſoft tear of pity can ſooth her diſtreſs.

To the rich, by whom virtue's too often neglected,
I tell my ſad ſtory, and crave their relief,
But wealth ſeldom feels for a wretch unprotected,
'Tis poverty only partakes of her grief ;

Ah ! little they think, that the thouſands they ſquander
On the playthings of folly and fripp'ries of dreſs,
Would relieve the keen wants of the wretched who wander,
While the ſoft tear of pity would ſoothe their diſtreſs.

Tho' bereft of each comfort, poor Beſs will not languiſh,
Since ſhort is life's journey, 'tis vain to lament ;

And he who ſtill marks the deep ſigh of keen anguiſh,
Hath plac'd in this boſom the jewel, content.

Then, ye wealthy to-day, think, ah! think ere to-morrow,
The frowns of misfortune upon you may preſs,
And turn not away from a poor orphan's ſorrow,
When the ſoft tear of pity can ſoothe her diſtreſs.

ON THE PROSPECT OF ARTS AND SCIENCES IN AMERICA.

Written near ſixty years ago, by the celebrated Dr. George Berkley, Dean of Derry, and afterwards Lord Biſhop of Cloyne, while he was in America.

THE muſe, diſguſted at an age and clime,
Barren of every glorious theme,
In diſtant lands now waits a better time,
Producing ſubjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial ſun
And virgin earth ſuch ſcenes enſue,
The force of art by nature ſeems out-done,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the ſeat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules—
Where men ſhall not impoſe, for truth and ſenſe,
The pedantry of courts and ſchools:

There ſhall be ſeen another golden age,
The riſe of empire and of arts,
The good and great inſpiring epic rage,
The wiſeſt heads and nobleſt hearts:

Not ſuch as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as ſhe bred when freſh and young,
When heav'nly flame did animate her clay,
By future ages ſhall be ſung.

Weſtward the courſe of empire takes its way;
The four firſt acts already paſt,
A fifth ſhall cloſe the drama with the day:
Time's nobleſt offspring is the laſt.

Verſes occaſioned by the burning of Mr. Wilberforce's Effigy at Briſtol.

"WHEN vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation:"
When Traffic's ſordid ſons their hate diſplay,
'Tis, Wilberforce, thy glorious exaltation.

When on the pile the mimic body's laid,
And vengeful torches light the unhallow'd fire,
A ſacrifice is to thy virtue made;
The flames, tho' ſprang from hell, to heav'n aſpire.

The mimic body ſoon returns to duſt,
Borne on the air, or ſcatter'd on the plain;
Virtue herſelf ſhall form thy marble buſt,
Thy golden ſtatue ages to remain.

But guard the ſtatue and the buſt with care;
Erect them not on Afric's grateful ſhore!
Leſt all her nations to the ſpot repair,
And in thy ſymbols, thee their god adore.

ON LOVE AND THE AMERICAN FAIR.

Written by Col. Humphreys.

O Thou ſweet paſſion, whoſe bleſt charm connects
In heav'n's own ties, the ſtrong and feebler ſex!
Shed thy ſoft empire o'er the willing mind,
Exalt, adorn, and purify mankind!
All nature feels thy pow'r. The vocal grove
With air-borne melody awakes to love;
To love the boldeſt tenants of the ſky,
To love the little birds, extatic, fly;
To love ſubmit the monſters of the main,
And ev'ry beaſt that haunts the deſert plain:
But man, alone, the brighteſt flame inſpires,
A ſpark enkindled from celeſtial fires.
Hail, hallow'd wedlock! pureſt, happieſt ſtate,
Thy untry'd raptures let my ſong relate:
Give me, ere long, thy myſteries to prove,
And taſte, as well as ſing, the ſweets of love!
Ye blooming daughters of the weſtern world,
Whoſe graceful locks by artleſs hands are curl'd,
Whoſe limbs of ſymmetry, and ſnowy breaſt,
Allure to love, in ſimple neatneſs dreſt;
Beneath the veil of modeſty, who hide
The boaſt of nature and of virgin pride—
(For beauty needs no meretricious art
To find a paſſage to the op'ning heart)
Oh make your charms ev'n in my ſong admir'd,
My ſong immortal by your charms inſpir'd.
Tho' laviſh nature ſheds each various grace,
That forms the figure, or that decks the face—
Though Health, with Innocence, and Glee, the while,
Dance in their eye, and wanton in their ſmile—
Tho' mid the lilly's white, unfolds the roſe,
As on their cheek the bud of Beauty blows,

Spontaneous bloſſom of the tranſient fluſh,
Which glows and reddens to a ſcarlet bluſh,
What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,
Firſt feels of love the palpitating ſtarts,
Feels from the heart, life's quicken'd currents glide,
Her boſom heaving with the bounding tide—
Though ſweet their lips, their features more than fair—
Though curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair
Grow long, and add unutterable charms,
While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms;
Yet ſomething ſtill beyond th' exterior form,
With goodneſs fraught, with animation warm,
Inſpires their actions; dignifies their mien;
Gilds ev'ry hour; and beautifies each ſcene.
'Tis thoſe perfections of ſuperior kind,
The moral beauties which adorn the mind;
'Tis thoſe enchanting ſounds mellifluous hung,
In words of truth and kindneſs on their tongue—
'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,
And calls the lovelineſs of beauty forth;
'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,
Like vernal ſun-beams, round cœrulian ſkies;
Bright emanations of the ſpotleſs ſoul,
Which warm, and cheer, and vivify the whole!
Here the fair ſex an equal honour claims,
Wakes chaſte deſire, nor burns with lawleſs flames:
No eaſtern manners, here, conſign the charms
Of beauteous ſlaves to ſome loath'd maſter's arms:
No lovely maid in wedlock e'er was ſold
By parents baſe, for mercenary gold;
Nor forc'd the hard alternative to try,
To live diſhonour'd, or with hunger die.
Here, uncontroul'd, and foll'wing nature's voice,
The happy lovers make th' unchanging choice,
While mutual paſſions in their boſoms glow,
While ſoft confeſſions in their kiſſes flow,
While their free hands in plighted faith are giv'n,
Their vows, accordant, reach approving heav'n.
Nor here the wedded fair in ſplendor vie,
To ſhine the idols of the public eye;
Nor place their happineſs, like Europe's dames,
In balls and maſquerades, in plays and games;
Each home-felt bliſs exchang'd for foreign ſports,
A round of pleaſures, or th' intrigues of courts;
Nor ſeek of government to guide the plan,
And wreſt his bold prerogatives from man.
What though not form'd in Affectation's ſchool,
Nor taught the wanton eye to roll by rule,
Nor how to prompt the glance, the frown, the ſmile,

Or practice all the little arts of guile—
What though not taught the uſe of female arms,
Nor cloth'd in panoply of conqu'ring charms,
Like ſome fine garniſh'd heads—th' exterior fair,
In paints, coſmetics, powder, borrow'd hair:
Yet theirs are pleaſures of a diff'rent kind,
Delights at home, more uſeful, more refin'd:
Theirs are th' attentions, theirs the ſmiles that pleaſe,
With hoſpitable cares and modeſt eaſe:
Their youthful taſte, improv'd by finer arts,
Their minds embelliſh'd, and refin'd their hearts—
'Tis theirs to act, in ſtill, ſequeſter'd life,
The glorious parts of parent, friend, and wife:
What nameleſs grace, what unknown charm is theirs,
To ſoothe their partners, and divide their cares,
Calm raging pain, delay the parting breath,
And light a ſmile on the wan cheek of death!

FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

From 'Philoſophic Solitude,' a Poem by LIVINGSTON.

RELATE, inſpiring muſe! where ſhall I find
A blooming virgin with an angel mind?
Unblemiſh'd as the white-rob'd virgin quire
That fed, O Rome! thy conſecrated fire?
By reaſon aw'd, ambitious to be good,
Averſe to vice, and zealous for her God?
Relate, in what bleſt region can I find
Such bright perfections in a female mind?
What phœnix-woman breathes the vital air
So greatly good, and ſo divinely fair?
Sure not the gay and faſhionable train,
Licentious, proud, immoral, and profane;
Who ſpend their golden hours in antic dreſs,
Malicious whiſpers, and inglorious eaſe.—
Lo! round the board a ſhining train appears
In roſy beauty, and in prime of years!
This hates a flounce, and this a flounce approves,
This ſhows the trophies of her former loves;
Polly avers, that Sylvia dreſt in green,
When laſt at church the gaudy nymph was ſeen;
Chloe condemns her optics; and will lay
'Twas azure ſattin, interſtreak'd with grey;
Lucy, inveſted with judicial pow'r,
Awards 'twas neither—and the ſtriſe is o'er.
Then parrots, lap-dogs, monkeys, ſquirrels, beaux,
Fans, ribands, tuckers, patches, furbeloes,
In quick ſucceſſion, thro' their fancies run,

And dance inceſſant on the flippant tongue.
And when, fatigu'd with ev'ry other ſport,
The belles prepare to grace the ſacred court,
They marſhal all their forces in array,
To kill with glances, and deſtroy in play.
Two ſkilful maids with reverential fear
In wanton wreaths collect their ſilken hair ;
Two paint their cheeks, and round their temples pour
The fragrant unguent, and th' ambroſial ſhow'r ;
One pulls the ſhape-creating ſtays ; and one
Encircles round her waiſt the golden zone ;
Not with more toil t' improve immortal charms,
Strove Juno, Venus, and the queen of arms,
When Priam's ſon adjudg'd the golden prize,
To the reſiſtleſs beauty of the ſkies.
At length, equip'd in Love's enticing arms,
With all that glitters, and with all that charms,
Th' ideal goddeſſes to church repair,
Peep thro' the fan, and mutter o'er a pray'r,
Or liſten to the organ's pompous ſound,
Or eye the gilded images around ;
Or deeply ſtudied in coquettiſh rules,
Aim wily glances at unthinking fools ;
Or ſhow the lily hand with graceful air,
Or wound the fopling with a lock of hair :
And when the hated diſcipline is o'er,
And miſſes tortur'd with repent, no more,
They mount the pictur'd coach ; and, to the play,
The celebrated idols hie away.

Not ſo the laſs that ſhould my joys improve,
With ſolid friendſhip, and connubial love :
A native bloom, with intermingled white,
Should ſet her features in a pleaſing light ;
Like Helen fluſhing with unrival'd charms,
When raptur'd Paris darted in her arms.
But what, alas ! avails a ruby cheek,
A downy boſom, or a ſnowy neck !
Charms ill ſupply the want of innocence,
Nor beauty forms intrinſic excellence :
But in her breaſt let moral beauties ſhine,
Supernal grace and purity divine :
Sublime her reaſon, and her native wit
Unſtrain'd with pedantry, and low conceit ;
Her fancy lively and her judgment free
From female prejudice and bigotry :
Averſe to idol pomp, and outward ſhow,
The flatt'ring coxcomb, and fantaſtic beau,
The fop's impertinence ſhe ſhould deſpiſe,
Tho' ſorely wounded by her radiant eyes ;

But pay due rev'rence to th' exalted mind,
By learning poliſh'd, and by wit refin'd,
Who all her virtues, without guile, commends,
And all her faults as freely reprehends.
Soft Hymen's rites her paſſion ſhould approve,
And in her boſom glow the flames of love:
To me her ſoul, by ſacred friendſhip, turn,
And I, for her, with equal friendſhip burn:
In ev'ry ſtage of life afford relief,
Partake my joys, and ſympathize my grief;
Unſhaken, walk in Virtue's peaceful road,
Nor bribe her Reaſon to purſue the mode;
Mild as the ſaint whoſe errors are forgiv'n,
Calm as a veſtal, and compos'd as heav'n.
This be the partner, this the lovely wife,
That ſhould embelliſh and prolong my life;
A nymph! who might a ſecond fall inſpire,
And fill a glowing cherub with deſire!
With her I'd ſpend the pleaſurable day,
While fleeting minutes gayly danc'd away:
With her I'd walk, delighted, o'er the green,
Thro' ev'ry blooming mead, and rural ſcene;
Or ſit in open fields damaſk'd with flow'rs,
Or where cool ſhades imbrown the noon-tide bow'rs.
Imparadis'd within my eager arms,
I'd reign the happy monarch of her charms;
Oft on her panting boſom would I lay,
And, in diſſolving raptures, melt away;
Then lull'd by nightingales, to balmy reſt,
My blooming fair ſhould ſlumber at my breaſt.

RADIPOLE:*

A Familiar Ballad. Inſcribed to Mrs. H—. By William Halloway.

FAR ſhining down the deep-green vales,
Methinks, the wand'ring *Wey* I trace,
Beſide whoſe willowy borders fair
I oft have rov'd with idling pace;

And ſtill, upon the neighb'ring ſlope,
Where, o'er the lane, the thick elms ſpread,
I ſee a *long-remember'd cot*
Preſent its unambitious head.

---

* A ſcatter'd, but romantic, little village, on the banks of the river Wey, about two miles from Weymouth. The *Dame*, here deſcribed, is a well known character at that place; to whom the author does not, however, by what follows, mean to attribute the gift of *Fortune-telling*, for he believes her to be ſuperior to the arts of diſſimulation.

Ah! tell me, KITTY, know not you
  Who owns that lone, obſcure retreat—
Where we have ſhar'd the ſweeteſt hour
  That Love could give—with bliſs replete?

Yes! there the virtuous lover's friend,
  Dame Ellis, ſpread her rural ſtore
On ev'ry "ſunſhine holiday,"
  And open ſet her cheerful door.

In ruſtic ſtyle, hot cakes ſhe brought,
  And, on a ſturdy ſtool of oak,
Her cleanly equipage would ſhine,
  Her tea, delightful bev'rage! ſmoke;

And while each brimming cup ſhe fill'd,
  And ſerv'd around her happy gueſt,
Full many a tale ſhe had to tell,
  Long ſtor'd and cheriſh'd in her breaſt—

How ſuch a youth and ſuch a maid,
  Here firſt exchang'd their mutual vows;
And how they ſhortly after prov'd
  A faithful wife and faithful ſpouſe.

And ſhe, with penetrating ſkill,
  Could tell if ſuitors were ſincere;
Would rovers chide, with matron grace,
  And lecture the capricious fair.

And had ſhe—partner of my life!
  Think you, indeed, the Sybil's art,
When ſhe pronounced *our* paſſion pure,
  And read the language of the heart?

Own you her ſkill?—For, many a year,
  Thro' many a varied ſcene the ſame,
In brighteſt days, or darkeſt hours,
  Have we not felt Affection's flame?

Sometimes the dame, to ſadder themes,
  With retroſpective view, would turn,
And o'er her comforts, paſt and gone,
  With momentary anguiſh mourn.

Full forty years are now elaps'd,
  Since in yon church, beſide the hill,
Her blithſome ROBIN heard her vows;—
  And dear ſhe holds his mem'ry ſtill!

Tho' twenty ſummers now are flown,
  And twenty winters, long and drear,
Since, on that churchyard's graſſy ſod,
  O'er him ſhe ſhed the fun'ral tear.

And ſtill, on bridal morns, when gay,
The happy, nuptial pairs paſs by,
And the melodious bells ſtrike out,
The big drop trickles from her eye:

Tho' oft, ſhe ſays, have honeſt ſwains
Woo'd her to change her widow'd ſtate—
But, no!—unmov'd, ſhe heard their vows—
'Twas then too ſoon!—'tis now too late!'

Nor would ſhe that lov'd *name* forego
A huſband gave—her boaſt and pride:
Tho' wealth, with all its gaudes, ſhould ſue,
Or pain, or poverty, betide.

The garden, fenc'd with rugged thorn,
Behind her mud-wall'd cot outſpread,
Beneath her cultivating hand,
Affords the ſtores that give her bread:

Bright, on the buſh, plump gooſeberries ſhine;
Like cluſt'ring grapes, her currants glow;
With pears and codlins, bend her trees,
And pinks and lupines wave below.

Cloſe ſhelter'd, in a ſunny nook,
Rang'd in a row, her hives appear,
Where toil her bees—a favour'd race,
To form nectareous treaſures there.

Here all her viſitants ſhe leads,
And guides their ſteps, with ſocial pride,
Round her domain; nor to their wiſh
Is choiceſt flower, or fruit, denied.

Fondly ſhe ſhows the chicken-train,
Or waddling duck's amphibious brood;
And, as of paſt ſucceſs ſhe tells,
Cries—"Providence, my friends, is good!"

In harveſt months, ſhe oft is ſeen
Gleaning the lane, where bearded corn,
Bruſh'd from the waggon's loſty load,
Dangles from ev'ry pilf'ring thorn;

And oft ſhe picks the ſcatter'd ſprays,
Beneath the clam'rous rook'ry's ſhade,
To feed her little ev'ning fire,
And light her at her ſpinning trade.

Her tarts and cuſtards long have been,
By ruſtics, deem'd a luſcious treat;
And even, at the daintier town,
Sure ſale *her* delicacies meet.

Thither, when, cheerful as the morn,
She trudges with her baſket's load,
Full many a well-known face ſhe greets,
And e'en to Fortune's proud abode,

The dame is known,—and welcom'd too,
For well her worth is underſtood;
And ſtill, amid amid her toils and cares,
She proves, that—*Providence is good!*

MODERN SONNETS.

Containing more Morality, more Sublimity, and more Sympathy, than any Sonnets hitherto publiſhed.

To an Old Wig.

HAIL thou! who lieſt ſo ſnug in this old box!
With ſacred awe I bend before thy ſhrine!
O 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliſs of viewing thee is mine!

Like my poor aunt, thou haſt ſeen better days!
Well curled and powdered, once it was thy lot,
To frequent balls, and maſquerades, and plays,
And panorama's, and the Lord knows what!

O thou haſt heard e'en Madam Mara ſing,
And oft-times viſited my Lord Mayor's treat;
And once, at Court, was noticed by the King,
Thy form was ſo commodious, and ſo neat!

Alas! what art thou now? a mere old mop!
With which our houſe-maid Nan, who hates a broom,
Duſts all the chambers in my little ſhop,
Then hides thee, ſlily, in this lumber-room!

Such is the fate of *Wigs!* and *Mortals* too!!
After a few more years than thine are paſt,
The Turk, the Chriſtian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Muſt all be ſhut up in a *box* at laſt!

Vain *Man!* to talk ſo loud, and look ſo big!
How ſmall's the difference 'twixt thee and a *Wig!*
How ſmall indeed! for ſpeak the truth I muſt,
Wigs turn to *duſters*, and *man* turns to *duſt*.

To a Mouſe.

HAIL, little ſleek and nimble fellow, hail!
Thy ſparkling eyes, and ears erect I ſee;
And eke thy whiſkers, and thy pointed tail,
And wiſh that I could run as faſt as thee.

Thou nightly robber of my cheeſe and bread,
I grudge thee not thy theſts, thou art ſo ſmall;
And, even ſhould'd thou bite my noſe in bed,
My heart's ſo ſoft, I ſhould forgive thee all!

How ſweet is pity! how it makes us weep!
And how it makes us cling to one-another!
We feel for dogs, for aſſes, calves, and ſheep,
Juſt as we feel for ſiſter and for brother.

Yes! I can pity even thee, O Mouſe!
And ſmaller things than thee have made me cry;
Twas but laſt week I ſaved a wounded louſe,
Thrown from a beggar that was paſſing by!

Inhuman beggar! may'ſt thou vainly beg,
For, O, the louſe had broke its ſeventh leg!
Hail *Sympathy!* hail *Pratt*, her darling ſon!
Hail to them both!—and now my Sonnet's done.

THE VOICE OF HIM I LOVE.—*By Mrs.* Opie.

HENCE far from me, ye ſenſeleſs joys,
That fade before ye reach the heart—
The crowded dome's diſtracted noiſe,
Where all is pomp and uſeleſs art!

Give me my home, to quiet dear,
Where hours untold and peaceful move;
So fate ordain I ſometimes there
May hear the voice of him I love.

I hate e'en muſic's pleaſing power
When giddy crowds my tones attend,
But love to ſing at evening's hour
To ſooth the ſorrows of a friend.

I love to breathe the plaintive lays
That Henry's heart and taſte approve,
For, oh! how ſweet in tones of praiſe
Appears the voice of him I love!

The praiſes I from others hear
Some joy may to my pride impart,
But Henry's wake the rapturous tear,
For his applauſes touch my heart.

From buſy crowds o'erjoyed I fly,
With him in lonely ſhades to rove,
For e'en in gayeſt ſcenes I ſigh
To hear the voice of him I love,

I woo the drama's magic powers,
Seek muſic's ever-crowded ſhrine,

In learning paſs the ſtudious hours,
Or try the Muſe's wreath to twine;
Yet ſtill I feel a joy more dear,
Though I theſe pure delights approve,
When in retirement's ſcenes I hear
The ſoothing voice of him I love.

A CHARACTER.

By Mrs. Barbauld.

O BORN to ſooth diſtreſs, and lighten care,
Lively as ſoft, and innocent as fair!
Bleſt with that ſweet ſimplicity of thought
So rarely found, and never to be taught;
Of winning ſpeech, endearing, artleſs, kind,
The lovlieſt pattern of a female mind;
Like ſome fair ſpirit from the realms of reſt
With all her native heaven within her breaſt;
So pure, ſo good, ſhe ſcarce can gueſs at ſin,
But thinks the world without like that within;
Such melting tenderneſs, ſo fond to bleſs,
Her charity almoſt becomes exceſs.
Wealth may be courted, wiſdom be rever'd,
And beauty prais'd, and brutal ſtrength be fear'd;
But goodneſs only can affection move;
And love muſt owe its origin to love.

TO MISS R——,

ON HER ATTENDANCE UPON HER MOTHER.

By the Same Lady.

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath.—POPE.

WHEN blooming beauty in the noon of power,
While offer'd joys demand each ſprightly hour,
With all that pomp of charms and winning mien
Which ſure to conquer needs but to be ſeen;
When ſhe, whoſe name the ſofteſt love inſpires,
To the huſh'd chamber of diſeaſe retires,
To watch and weep beſide a parent's bed,
Catch the faint voice, and raiſe the languid head,
What mixt delight each feeling heart muſt warm!
An angel's office ſuits an angel's form.
Thus the tall column graceful rears its head

To prop ſome mould'ring tower with moſs o'erſpread,
Whoſe ſtately piles and arches yet diſplay
The venerable graces of decay :
Thus round the wither'd trunk freſh ſhoots are ſeen
To ſhade their parent with a chearful green.
More health, dear maid! thy ſoothing preſence brings
Than pureſt ſkies, or ſalutary ſprings.
That voice, thoſe looks ſuch healing virtues bear,
Thy ſweet reviving ſmiles might cheer deſpair ;
On the pale lips detain the parting breath,
And bid hope bloſſom in the ſhades of death.
Beauty, like thine, could never reach a charm
So powerful to ſubdue, ſo ſure to warm.
On her lov'd child behold the mother gaze,
In weakneſs pleas'd and ſmiling thro' decays,
And leaning on that breaſt her cares aſſwage ;
How ſoft a pillow for declining age!
For this, when that fair frame muſt feel decay,
(Ye fates protract it to a diſtant day)
When thy approach no tumults ſhall impart,
Nor that commanding glance ſtrike thro' the heart,
When meaner beauties ſhall have leave to ſhine,
And crowds divide the homage lately thine,
Not with the tranſient praiſe thoſe charms can boaſt
Shall thy fair fame and gentle deeds be loſt :
Some pious hand ſhall thy weak limbs ſuſtain,
And pay thee back theſe generous cares again ;
Thy name ſhall flouriſh by the good approv'd,
Thy memory honour'd, and thy duſt belov'd.

FINIS.

THE

NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

MAGAZINE.

No. 2.

For July, Auguſt & September, 1802.

Conditions of the New England QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

1. Each Number ſhall contain 288 pages.
2. The Numbers ſhall be publiſhed once a Quarter.
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BOSTON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
By Hoſea Sprague, No. 44 Marlboro' Street.

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The *Moral Obſerver* will always receive inſertion.

We are obliged to *Hortenſius* for his hint.

The communication of *Clio* is under conſideration.

There is ſomething too pointed in *Brutus'* remarks for inſertion.

If *Philoguniſt* would rave leſs and think more, we would be obliged to him for his communications

Poetatter is inadmiſſible. We ſhall always be pleaſed with Satire without *malice*.

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